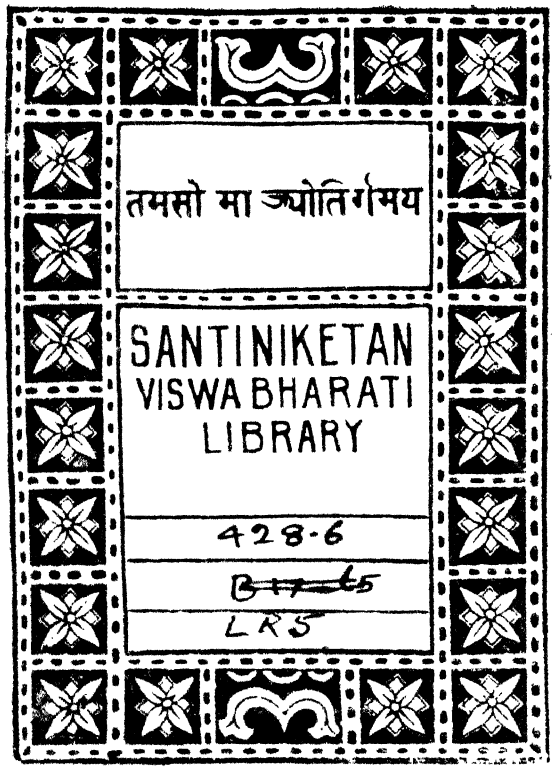

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FIFTH YEAR

LANGUAGE READER


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See page 218.

From the painting by G. F. Watts.

SIR GALAHAD

FIFTH YEAR

LANGUAGE READER

BY

FRANKLIN T. BAKER

PROFESSOR OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE AND LITERATURE
IN TEACHERS COLLEGE

GEORGE R. CARPENTER

PROFESSOR OF RHETORIC AND ENGLISH COMPOSITION
IN COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY

AND

MARY F. KIRCHWEY

INSTRUCTOR IN THE HORACE MANN SCHOOL

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PREFACE

1. The *distinctive feature* of the Language Reader Series is that it includes in one book for each of the first six grades all the work in English needed for the grade, except the supplementary reading. This plan may be defended by the arguments, (*a*) economy of time and money, and (*b*) efficiency in instruction. At the present time, when the curriculum has become unduly crowded, it is imperatively necessary that certain lines of the work should be unified. The close relation of reading, composition, spelling, etc., attained by viewing them definitely as only certain elements of the work in English, tends to reduce the confusion in the mind of the pupil.

Teachers agree as to the value of good literature as the basis of the English work. But the classics are often either not related at all to the work in expression, or the relationship is indicated in a vague and desultory fashion. The Language Readers make the relationship close and vital, without killing the pupil's enjoyment of literature or rendering the work in expression pedantic.

It is agreed, further, that the facts of language — both the definite things, such as spelling and sentence structure, and the indefinite things, such as the connotation of terms and discrimination between synonyms — are not to be learned and fixed by one act of attention, but that we learn and relearn some of them by continued observation, and come to the knowledge of others by approximating steps. It follows that a plan of teaching English which gives the pupil the *habit of observing the facts of language as he reads* must be the best

guarantee of his permanent hold upon it and his continued growth in it. This id ɑ is indeed not new. Books upon composition draw largely upon literature for their exercises, and reading books introduce — though timidly and incompletely — lessons in the study of language. The present series is an attempt to work out fully the idea toward which books of both classes have been tending in the past ten years.

2. Each Reader has some dominating interest in its subject-matter. In the first two books, where the main problem is to teach the beginnings of reading, much must be sacrificed to interest and simplicity, and these books deal with simple story and poetry, mostly of folk tale and child life. In the third book, the dominant element is the fairy and folk tale; in the fourth, the animal story and the tale of adventure; in the fifth, the great myths of the world; and in the sixth, a selection of stories, poems, and essays, serving as an introduction to general literature.

Great care has been taken that the books shall be *good readers*, independent of the language work introduced. The standards of good literature and the interests of the normal child have been kept in mind. The language work has been so handled as not to make it obtrusive in appearance or impertinent in comment; and the division of these two phases of the work makes it possible to treat them separately, where separate treatment is necessary for the preservation of the purely literary interest.

3. In grading the reading and language work, the editors have had the assistance of able and experienced teachers from both public and private schools. The language work increases in importance in the higher grades. As repetition is an important element in instruction, the editors have not hesitated to bring in certain facts more than once; and for the same reason reviews and summaries are inserted.

As has been said above, the dominant element in this volume is the myth, the legend, the heroic tale, in prose and in verse. Experience has shown that such material appeals most strongly to pupils of the Fifth Grade, and it is noteworthy that accounts of heroism — mental, moral, or physical — are apt to inspire children at this impressionable age with ideals that may go far to shape their lives. In the selection of this material we have searched with care the literature of antiquity and of the Middle Ages, and we believe that the stories which we have chosen are those best adapted to the purpose all teachers have in mind in such work; namely, acquainting the children with the most noble and typical ideals of heroic conduct in ancient and modern civilization. A considerable number of extracts of a different character have, however, been included, in order to introduce other interesting material and to avoid monotony.

As the object of language study is to aid the child toward a better comprehension of the thoughts of others and to a clear expression of his own thoughts, the language lessons which we have introduced are frequently simply interpretative of the author's thought. In other cases they give the pupil the chance to express the same or similar ideas in his own words. While, however, the character of the language work is frequently suggested by a given selection, the work covers all the topics usually allotted to Fifth Grade work, including necessary reviews, and without sacrifice of logical sequence.

THE AUTHORS.

New York City,
July, 1905.

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FIFTH YEAR LANGUAGE READER

THE WANDERINGS OF ULYSSES

THREE thousand years ago the world was still young. The western continent was a huge wilderness, and the greater part of Europe was inhabited by savage and wandering tribes. Only a few nations at the eastern end of the Mediterranean and in the neighboring parts of Asia had learned to dwell in cities, to use a written language, to make laws for themselves, and to live in a more orderly fashion. Of these nations the most brilliant was that of the Greeks, who were destined in war, in learning, in government, and in the arts, to play a great part in the world, and to be the real founders of our modern civilization. While they were still a rude people, they had noble ideals of beauty and bravery, of duty and justice. Even before they had a written language, their singers had made songs about their heroes and their great deeds; and later, these songs, which fathers had taught to children, and these children to their children, were brought together into two long and wonderful poems, the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey*,* which have ever since been the delight of the world.

* The pronunciation of proper names is given at the end of the volume.

The *Iliad* is the story of the siege of Ilium, or Troy, on the western coast of Asia Minor. Paris, son of the king of Troy, had enticed away Helen, the most beautiful of Grecian women, and the wife of a king; and the kings and princes of the Greeks had gathered an army and a fleet and sailed across the Ægean Sea to rescue her. For ten years they strove to capture the city. According to the fine old legends, the gods themselves took a part in the war, some siding with the Greeks, and some with the Trojans. It was finally through Ulysses, a famous Greek warrior, brave and fierce as well as wise and crafty, that the Greeks captured the city.

The second poem, the *Odyssey*, tells what befell Ulysses, or Odysseus, as the Greeks called him, on his homeward way. Sailing from Troy with his little fleet of ships, which were so small that they used oars as well as sails, he was destined to wander for ten years longer before he could return to his rocky island of Ithaca, on the west shore of Greece, and to his faithful wife, Penelope.

He had marvelous adventures, for the gods who had opposed the Greeks at Troy had plotted to bring him ill-fortune. Just as his ships were safely rounding the southern cape of Greece, a fierce storm took them out of their course, and bore them to the land of the Lotus, a plant which brings to whosoever eats it forgetfulness of home and duty, and gives desire for sleep and indolence; and he had much ado to get his crew away. Then they

came to the land of the one-eyed, man-eating giants, where he had the adventure told in the next lesson.

As you read the selections from these ancient tales, you will see why, for century after century, they have been the longest loved and the best loved of all tales — beloved by old and young, by men and women and children. For they are hero-tales, — tales of war and adventure, tales of bravery and nobility, tales of the heroes that mankind, almost since the beginning of time, have looked to as ideals of wisdom and strength and beauty.

— G. R. Carpenter.

were des'tined, were fated, whose fortune or fate or destiny it was; **mod'ern**, new, recent; **civ il i za'tion**, state of refinement; **i de'als**, standards of perfection; **siege**, encamping round a city or fortified place for the purpose of capturing it; **in'do lence**, laziness.

1. Find Greece on your maps. 2. What direction is it from us? 3. How long would it take you to go there? 4. What sea did the Greeks cross in going from their country to Troy? Trace their route on your map. 5. Who was Ulysses and why do we read of his adventures? 6. When did these adventures befall him? 7. Find out what gods the Greeks worshiped.

Oral Composition. — Tell the story of *The Siege of Troy* in your own words.

Capital Letters. — 1. In the title of Lesson 1, as given in the table of contents (page xi), why is the word **The** written with a capital letter? 2. Why is **Wanderings** written with a capital? 3. What is the rule for the use of capitals in titles? 4. Copy the titles of five of the stories in this book, and of five of the poems. 5. Write the names of ten books that you have read. 6. Write the titles of five compositions that you have written.

2

ULYSSES AND THE CYCLOPS

[Ulysses is telling his adventures to the king of the Phæacians, who helped him on his journey homeward.]

"THEN we took to our oars, and rowed for many days till we came to the country where the Cyclopes dwell. Now a mile or so from the shore there was an island, very fair and fertile, but no man dwells there or tills the soil; and in the island was a harbor where a ship may be safe from all winds, and at the head of the harbor a stream falling from a rock, and whispering alders all about it. Into this the ships passed safely, and were hauled up on the beach, and the crews slept by them, waiting for the morning.

"When the dawn appeared, then we wandered through the island; and the Nymphs of the land started the wild goats that my company might have food to eat. Thereupon we took our bows and our spears from the ships, and shot at the goats; and the gods gave us plenty of prey. Twelve ships I had in my company, and each ship had nine goats for its share, and my own portion was ten.

"Then all the day we sat and feasted, drinking sweet wine and eating the flesh of the goats; and we looked across to the land of the Cyclopes, seeing the smoke and hearing the voices of the men and of the sheep and of

the goats. And when the sun set and darkness came over the land, we lay down upon the seashore and slept.

"The next day I gathered my men together, and said, 'Abide ye here, dear friends; I with my own ship and my own company will go and make trial of the folk that dwell in yonder island, and see whether they are just or unjust.'

"So I climbed into my ship and bade my company follow me, and we came to the land of the Cyclopes. Close to the shore was a cave, with laurels round about the mouth. This was the dwelling of the Cyclops. Alone he dwelt, a creature without law. Nor was he like to mortal men, but rather like to some wooded peak of the hills that stands out apart from all the rest.

"Then I bade the rest of my comrades abide by the ship, and keep it, but I took twelve men, the bravest that there were in the crew, and went forth. I had with me a goatskin full of the wine, dark red and sweet, which the priest of Apollo at Ismarus had given me. So precious was it that none in his house knew of it saving himself and his wife and one dame that kept the house. When they drank of it, they mixed twenty measures of water with one of wine, and the smell that went up from it was wondrous sweet. No man could easily refrain from drinking it. With this wine I filled a great skin and bore it with me; also I bore corn in a pouch, for my heart told me that I should need it.

"So we entered the cave, and judged that it was the dwelling of some rich and skillful shepherd. For within there were pens for the young of the sheep and of the goats, divided all according to their age, and there were baskets full of cheeses, and full milkpails ranged along the wall. But the Cyclops himself was away in the pastures. Then my companions besought me that I would depart, taking with me, if I would, a store of cheeses and sundry of the lambs and of the kids. But I would not, for I wished to see what manner of host this strange shepherd might be, and, if it might be, to take a gift from his hand, such as is the due of strangers. Verily, his coming was not to be a joy to my company.

"It was evening when the Cyclops came home, a mighty giant, very tall of stature, and when we saw him we fled into the secret place of the cave in great fear. On his shoulder he bore a vast bundle of pine logs for his fire, and threw them down outside the cave with a great crash, and drove the flocks within, and closed the entrance with a huge rock, which twenty wagons and more could not bear. Then he milked the ewes and the she-goats, and half of the milk he curdled for cheese, and half he set ready for himself, when he should sup. Next he kindled a fire with the pine logs, and the flame lighted up all the cave, showing to him both me and my comrades.

"'Who are ye?' cried Polyphemus, for that was the giant's name. 'Are ye traders or, perhaps, pirates?'



ULYSSES IN THE CAVE OF THE CYCLOPS

"I shuddered at the dreadful voice and shape, but bore me bravely, and answered: 'We are no pirates, mighty sir, but Greeks sailing back from Troy, and subjects of the great King Agamemnon, whose fame is spread from one end of heaven to the other. And we are come to beg hospitality of thee in the name of Zeus, who rewards or punishes hosts and guests, according as they be faithful the one to the other or no.'

"'Nay,' said the giant; 'it is but idle talk to tell me of Zeus and the other gods. We Cyclopes take no account of gods, holding ourselves to be much better and stronger than they. But come, tell me where you have left your ship?'

"But I saw his thought when he asked about the ship, for he was minded to break it, and take from us all hope of flight. Therefore I answered him craftily: —

"'Ship have we none, for that which was ours Poseidon broke, driving it on a jutting rock on this coast, and we whom thou seest are all that are escaped from the waves.'

"Polyphemus answered nothing, but without more ado caught up two of the men, as a man might catch up a dog's puppies, and dashed them on the ground, and tore them limb from limb, and devoured them, with huge draughts of milk between, leaving not a morsel, not even the very bones. But we that were left, when we saw the dreadful deed, could only weep and pray to Zeus for help.

And when the giant was filled with human flesh and with the milk of the flocks, he lay down among his sheep and slept.

"Then I questioned much in my heart whether I should slay the monster as he slept, for I doubted not that my good sword would pierce the giant's heart, mighty as he was. But my second thought kept me back, for I remembered that, should I slay him, I and my comrades would yet perish miserably. For who could move away the great rock that lay against the door of the cave? So we waited till the morning, with grief in our hearts. And the monster woke, and milked his flocks, and afterwards, seizing two men, devoured them for his meal. Then he went to the pasture, first putting the great rock against the mouth of the cave."

— A. J. Church: *The Story of the Odyssey.*

sun'dry, several; **ver'i ly**, truly; **stat'ure**, height; **pi'rates**, sailors who capture ships and rob them; **hos pi tal'i ty**, kindness to strangers or guests; **a do'**, trouble, bother.

1. What preparation did Ulysses make for his visit to the cave of the Cyclops? 2. Describe the cave. 3. Describe the appearance of the Cyclops. 4. Who was Zeus? 5. Who was Poseidon? 6. Why did Ulysses deceive the Cyclops about his ship? 7. Why did he refrain from killing the sleeping Cyclops? 8. What trait of the hero's character does this show?

Spelling. — Learn to spell these words orally, and to write them from dictation: government, civilization, neighboring, siege, captured, adventures, marvelous, journey, shepherd, comrades.

Word Study: *Words that sound alike but have different meanings.*

1. I **hear** the voices of men.
2. Abide **here**, my comrades.

What is the meaning of **hear** in the first sentence? of **here** in the second?

Remember to write **hear** when you are thinking of a sound that comes to the **ear**, and **here** when you mean "in this place."

Fill in the following blanks properly with **hear** or **here**: —

1. I —— the rushing of the blast.
2. Mute did the minstrels stand to —— my story.
3. ——! was the answer, loud and clear.
4. —— is the steed that saved the day.
5. Lay thine ear close to the ground, and list if thou canst —— the tread of the travelers.
6. The world will little note nor long remember what we say ——, but it can never forget what they did ——.

Written Exercise. — Write ten sentences, using **here** properly. Write ten, using **hear**. Exchange papers and correct one another's work.

3

ULYSSES AND THE CYCLOPS (*Concluded*)

"ALL that day I was thinking what I might best do to save myself and my companions, and the end of my thinking was this. There was a mighty pole in the cave, green wood of an olive tree, big as a ship's mast, which Polyphemus purposed to use, when the smoke should have dried it, as a walking staff. Of this I cut off a fathom's length, and my comrades sharpened it and hardened it in the fire, and then hid it away. At evening the giant came

back, and drove his sheep into the cave, nor left the rams outside, as he had been wont to do before, but shut them in. And having duly done his shepherd's work, he took, as before, two of my comrades, and devoured them. And when he had finished his supper, I came forward, holding the wine-skin in my hand, and said: —

"'Drink, Cyclops, now that thou hast feasted. Drink, and see what precious things we had in our ship. But no one hereafter will come to thee with such like, if thou dealest with strangers as cruelly as thou hast dealt with us.'

"Then the Cyclops drank, and was mightily pleased, and said: 'Give me again to drink, and tell me thy name, stranger, and I will give thee a gift such as a host should give. In good truth this is a rare liquor. We, too, have vines, but they bear not wine like this, which, indeed, must be such as the gods drink in heaven.'

"Then I gave him the cup again, and he drank. Thrice I gave it to him, and thrice he drank, not knowing what it was, and how it would work within his brain.

"Then I spake to him: 'Thou didst ask my name, Cyclops. My name is No Man. And now that thou knowest my name, thou shouldst give me thy gift.'

"And he said, 'My gift shall be that I will eat thee last of all thy company.'

"And as he spake, he fell back in a drunken sleep. Then I bade my comrades be of good courage, for the time was come when they should be delivered. And they

thrust the stake of olive into the fire till it was ready, green as it was, to burst into flame, and they thrust it into the monster's eye; for he had but one eye, and that in the midst of his forehead, with the eyebrow below it. And I, standing above, leaned with all my force upon the stake, and turned it about, as a man bores the timber of a ship with a drill. And the burning wood hissed in the eye, just as the red-hot iron hisses in the water when a man seeks to temper steel for a sword.

"Then the giant leapt up, and tore away the stake, and cried aloud, so that all the Cyclopes who dwelt on the mountain side heard him and came about his cave, asking him: 'What aileth thee, Polyphemus, that thou makest this uproar in the peaceful night, driving away sleep? Is any one robbing thee of thy sheep, or seeking to slay thee by craft or force?'

"And he answered, 'No Man slays me by craft.'

"'Nay,' they said, 'if no man does thee wrong, we cannot help thee. The sickness which great Zeus may send, who can avoid? Pray to our father, Poseidon, for help.'

"So they spake, and I laughed in my heart when I saw how I had beguiled them by the name that I gave.

"But the Cyclops rolled away the great stone from the door of the cave, and sat in the midst, stretching out his hands, to feel whether perchance the men within the cave would seek to go out among the sheep.

"Long did I think how I and my comrades should best

escape. At last I lighted upon a device that seemed better than all the rest, and much I thanked Zeus that this once the giant had driven the rams with the other sheep into the cave. For, these being great and strong, I fastened my comrades under the bellies of the beasts, tying them with willow twigs, of which the giant made his bed. One ram I took, and fastened a man beneath it, and two others I set, one on either side. So I did with the six, for but six were left out of the twelve who had ventured with me from the ship. And there was one mighty ram, far larger than all the others, and to this I clung, grasping the fleece tight with both my hands. So we all waited for the morning. And when the morning came, the rams rushed forth to the pasture; but the giant sat in the door and felt the back of each as it went by, nor thought to try what might be underneath. Last of all went the great ram. And the Cyclops knew him as he passed, and said: —

"'How is this, thou who art leader of the flock? Thou art not wont thus to lag behind. Thou hast always been the first to run to the pastures and streams in the morning, and the first to come back to the fold when evening fell; and now thou art last of all. Perhaps thou art troubled about thy master's eye, which some wretch — No Man they call him — has destroyed, having first mastered me with wine. I would that thou couldest speak, and tell me where he is lurking. Of a truth, I would dash out his brains upon the ground.'



POLYPHEMUS HURLING THE ROCK

"So speaking, he let the ram pass out of the cave. But when we were now out of reach of the giant, I loosed my hold of the ram, and then unbound my comrades. And we hastened to our ship, not forgetting to drive the sheep before us, and often looking back till we came to the seashore. Right glad were those who had abode by the ship to see us. Nor did they lament for those that had died, though we were fain to do so, for I forbade, fearing lest the noise of their weeping should betray to the giant where we were. Then we all climbed into the ship, and sitting well in order on the benches smote the sea strongly with our oars, that we might the sooner get away from the accursed land. And when we had rowed a hundred yards or so, so that a man's voice could yet be heard by one who stood upon the shore, I stood up in the ship and shouted: —

"'He was no coward, O Cyclops, whose comrades thou didst so foully slay in thy den. Justly art thou punished, monster, who devoured thy guests in thy dwelling. May the gods make thee suffer yet worse things than these!'

"Then the Cyclops in his wrath broke off the top of a great hill a mighty rock, and hurled it where he had heard the voice. Right in front of the ship's bow it fell, and a great wave rose as it sank, and washed the ship back to the shore. But I seized a long pole with both hands, and pushed the ship from the land, and bade my comrades ply their oars, nodding with my head, for I

would not speak, lest the Cyclops should know where we were. Then they rowed with all their might and main.

"And when we had gotten twice as far as before, I made as if I would speak again; but my comrades sought to hinder me, saying: 'Nay, my lord, anger not the giant any more. Surely we thought before we were lost, when he threw the great rock, and washed our ship back to the shore. And if he hear thee now, he may crush our ship and us.'

"But I would not be persuaded, but stood up and said: 'Hear, Cyclops! If any man ask who blinded thee, say that it was the warrior Ulysses, son of Laertes, dwelling in Ithaca.'

"And the Cyclops answered with a groan: 'Of a truth the old oracles are fulfilled; for long ago there came to this land a prophet, and dwelt among us even to old age. This man foretold to me that one Ulysses would rob me of my sight. But I looked for a great man and a strong, who should subdue me by force, and now a weakling has done the deed, having cheated me with wine. But come thou hither, Ulysses, and I will be a host indeed to thee. Or, at least, may Poseidon give thee such a voyage to thy home as I would wish thee to have. For Poseidon is my sire, and he may heal me of my grievous wound.'

"And I said, 'Would to heaven I could send thee down to the abode of the dead, where thou wouldst be past all healing, even from Poseidon himself.'

"Then the Cyclops lifted up his hands to Poseidon and prayed: 'Hear me, Poseidon, if I am indeed thy son and thou my father. May this Ulysses never reach his home! Or, if the Fates have ordered that he should reach it, may he come alone, all his comrades lost, and find sore trouble in his house!'

"And as he ended, he hurled another mighty rock, which almost lighted on the rudder's end, yet missed it as by a hair's breadth. And the wave that it raised was so great that it bore us to the other shore.

"So we came to the island of the wild goats, where we found our comrades, who indeed had waited long for us in sore fear lest we had perished. Then I divided amongst my company all the sheep which we had taken from the Cyclops. And all, with one consent, gave me for my share the great ram which had carried me out of the cave, and I sacrificed it to Zeus. And all that day we feasted right merrily on the flesh of sheep and on sweet wine, and when the night was come, we lay down upon the shore and slept.

—A. J. Church: *The Story of the Odyssey.*

fath'om, six feet, a measure used by sailors; **tem'per**, to chill red-hot iron in water in order that it may become hardened; **be guiled'**, deceived; **la ment'**, weep for; **ac cur'sed**, full of evil; **proph'et**, one who foretells the future; **or'a cles**, prophecies; **sire**, father; **a bode'**, dwelling place; **sac'ri ficed**, killed as an offering to the gods.

1. How long was the pole — "a fathom's length"? 2. Read the conversation between Polyphemus and the other Cyclopes. Do you see now why Ulysses was called "the crafty"? Find as many other instances of his craftiness as you can. 3. What other expression might be used in place of "smote the sea strongly with our oars"? 4. **Weakling** means a weak little person. What does **darling** mean? **duckling**?

Capital Letters. — 1. "And he said, 'My gift shall be that I will eat thee last of all thy company.'"

2. "And I said, 'Would to heaven I could send thee down to the abode of the dead.'"

In the two sentences given above why are the words **My** and **Would** written with capital letters? What other instances of the same kind can you find in Lesson 3?

Notice each word in the lesson that is written with a capital, and tell in each case why it is so written.

ULYSSES AND CIRCE

Though Ulysses succeeded in escaping from the cave of the Cyclops, his troubles were by no means over. The great sea god, Poseidon, angry with him for having blinded his son, threw many obstacles in the way of the little fleet as it journeyed onward toward Ithaca.

Ulysses first directed his course to the island of Æolus, the king of the winds. When he was brought before the great king and implored him for help on his homeward way, Æolus gave him the skin of an ox in which he had bound all the contrary winds, so that they should not

hinder him, leaving out only a gentle west wind, which carried him and his comrades toward their home. For nine days it blew, and now they were nearing their native land, so that they saw lights burning in it, it being night-time. But now, by an ill chance, Ulysses fell asleep, being wholly wearied out, for he had held the helm for nine days, nor trusted it to any of his comrades. And while he slept, his comrades, who had cast eyes of envy on the great oxhide, said one to another: —

"Strange it is how men love and honor this Ulysses whithersoever he goes. And now he comes back from Troy with much spoil, but we with empty hands. Let us see what it is that Æolus hath given, for doubtless in this oxhide is much silver and gold."

So they loosed the great bag of oxhide, and lo! all the winds rushed out, and carried them far away from their country. But Ulysses, waking with the tumult, doubted much whether he should not throw himself into the sea and so die. But he endured, thinking it better to live. Only he veiled his face and so sat, while the ships drove before the winds, till they came once more to the island of Æolus. Then Ulysses went to the palace of the king, and found him feasting with his wife and children, and sat him down on the threshold. Much did they wonder to see him, saying, "What evil power has hindered thee, that thou didst not reach thy country and home?"

Then he answered, "Blame not me, but the evil coun-

sels of my comrades, and sleep, which mastered me to my hurt. But do ye help me again."

But they said, "Begone; we may not help him whom the gods hate; and hated of them thou surely art."

So Æolus sent him away. Then again they launched their ships and set forth, toiling wearily at the oars, and sad at heart. They came finally to the land of Circe, the daughter of the Sun, who had the art of enchantment, and here we will let Ulysses take up the tale as he does in the poem.

"Two days and nights we lay upon the shore in great trouble and sorrow. On the third I took my spear and sword and climbed a hill, for I wished to see to what manner of land we had come. And having climbed it, I saw the smoke rising from the palace of Circe, where it stood in the midst of a wood. Then I thought awhile; should I go straightway to the palace that I saw, or first return to my comrades on the shore? And it seemed the better plan to go to the ship and bid my comrades make their midday meal, and afterwards send them to explore the place. But as I went some god took pity on me, and sent a great stag with mighty antlers across my path. The stag was going down to the river to drink, for the sun was now hot; and casting my spear at it I pierced it through. And all that day we feasted on deer's flesh and sweet wine, and at night lay down to sleep on the shore. But when the morning was come, I called my

comrades together and spake: 'I know not, friends, where we are. Only I know, having seen smoke yesterday from the hill, that there is a dwelling in this island.'

"It troubled the men much to hear this, for they thought of the Cyclops, and they wailed aloud. But I divided them into two companies. I set Eurylochus over the one, and I myself took command of the other, and I shook lots in a helmet to see who should go and explore the island, and the lot of Eurylochus leaped out. So he went, and comrades twenty and two with him. And in an open space in a wood they found the palace of Circe. All about were wolves and lions; yet these harmed not the men, but stood up on their hind legs, fawning upon them, as dogs fawn upon their master when he comes from his meal, because he brings the fragments with him that they love. And the men were afraid. And they stood in the porch and heard the voice of Circe as she sang with a lovely voice and plied the loom. Then said Polites, who was dearest of all my comrades to me, in whom also I most trusted: 'Some one within plies a great loom, and sings with a loud voice. Some goddess is she, or a woman. Let us make haste and call.'

"So they called to her, and she came out and beckoned to them that they should follow. So they went in their folly, all except Eurylochus. And she bade them sit, and mixed for them red wine, and barley meal, and cheese, and honey, and mighty drugs, of which, if a man drank

he forgot all that he loved. And when they had drunk she smote them with her wand. And lo! they had of a sudden the heads and the voices and the bristles of swine, but the heart of a man was in them still. And Circe shut them in sties, and gave them acorns to eat.

"But Eurylochus fled back to the ship, bringing tidings of what had befallen his comrades. For a time he could not speak a word, so full was his heart of grief and his eyes of tears. But at last, when we had asked him many questions, he told us the tale.

"Thereupon I cast about my shoulder my silver-studded sword, and took my bow also, and bade him lead me by the way by which he had gone. But he caught me by both my hands, and besought me, saying: 'Take me not thither against my will; for I am persuaded that thou thyself will not return again, nor bring any of thy comrades. Let us rather that remain flee, and escape death.' Then I said, 'Stay here by the ship, eating and drinking, if it be thy will, but I must go, for necessity drives.'

"And when I had come to the house, there met me Hermes of the golden wand, the messenger of the gods, in the shape of a fair youth, who said to me: —

"'Art thou come to rescue thy comrades that are now swine in Circe's house? Stay, I will give thee a drug which shall give thee power to resist all her charms. And when she smites thee with her wand, rush upon her with thy sword, as if thou wouldst slay her. And

when she shall pray for peace, make her swear by the great oath that binds the gods that she will not harm thee.'

"Then Hermes gave me the precious herb, whose root was black, but the flower white as milk. Very hard it is for mortal man to find; but to the gods all things are possible.



"Thereupon Hermes departed to Olympus, the home of the gods, but I went on to the palace of the goddess, much troubled in heart. When I came thither, I stood in the porch and called, and Circe came and opened the doors, and bade me come in.

"Then she set me on a great chair, skillfully carved, with a footstool for my feet. Afterwards she gave me drink in a cup of gold, but she had mixed in it a deadly

charm. This I drank, but was not bewitched, for the herb saved me. Then she smote me with her wand, saying: 'Go now to the sty and lie there with thy fellows.' Thereupon I drew my sword and rushed upon her as though I would have slain her. Then she caught me by the knees, and cried aloud: 'Who art thou? What is thy race? I marvel that thou couldst drink of this drink that I have charmed, and yet take no hurt. I thought that there was no mortal man that could do so. Thou must have a soul against which there is no enchantment. Verily, thou must be that Ulysses who was to come to this island as he returned from Troy, for so Hermes told me. Come, let us be friends.' Then I said to her: 'Nay, goddess, how can we two be friends, when thou hast turned my companions into swine? I fear that thou hast deceit in thy heart, and thou wilt take me unawares, and do me a great mischief. Swear a mighty oath, even the oath by which the gods are bound, that thou wilt not harm me.'

"Then Circe swore the mighty oath, even the oath by which the gods are bound.

"After this her handmaids, who were fair women born of the springs and streams and woods, prepared a feast. One set coverlets of purple on the chairs, and another brought up tables of silver to the chairs, and set on the tables baskets of gold. A third mixed sweet wine in a bowl of silver, and set thereby cups of gold; and a

fourth filled a great caldron with water, and put fire under it. And when it boiled, she mixed it with water in the bath, and the bath took away the weariness from my limbs. Then the housekeeper brought me wheaten bread, and set many dainties on the table; and Circe bade me eat; but I sat silent and sorrowful, having other thoughts in my mind.

"And when the goddess perceived that I was silent and ate not, she said: 'Why dost thou sit, Ulysses, as though thou wert dumb? Fearest thou any deceit of mine? Have I not sworn the oath that binds the gods?'

"Then I made answer, 'Nay; who could think of meat and drink, when such things had befallen his companions?'

"Then Circe led the way, holding her wand in her hand, and opened the doors of the sties, and drove out the swine that had been men. Then she rubbed on each another mighty drug, and the bristles fell from their bodies and they became men, only younger and fairer than before. And when they saw me, they clung to me and wept for joy, and Circe herself was moved with pity."

—A. J. Church: *The Story of the Odyssey.*

spoil, plunder, treasure taken by force; **en chant'ment**, the magic art of changing the form of persons or things; **be witched'**, enchanted; **mar'vel**, wonder; **de ceit'**, trickery; **cal'dron**, a large kettle.

1. Who was Circe? What is meant by her having the "art of enchantment"? 2. Explain "I shook lots." What do we sometimes do that corresponds to this? 3. Describe what the men saw as they approached the palace of Circe. 4. What is a loom? What is meant by "plying it"? 5. What enchantment did Circe practice upon the men? 6. How did Ulysses escape the enchantment? 7. Who was Hermes and why did he carry a golden wand? 8. What traits of character does Ulysses show in his search for the men who had been enchanted? 9. Recall the prayer of the Cyclops. How was it answered?

Oral Composition. — Tell the story of *The Bag of Winds.* Notice which of your classmates tells it in the most interesting way.

Word Study: *Words that sound alike but have different meanings.* — There are no two words that pupils are more apt to confuse in written work than **their** and **there.**

1. They launched **their** ships.
2. He went **there** to seek his comrades.
3. **There** is a dwelling on the island.

Whenever the word means "belonging to" it is written **their.** What does the word **there** mean in the second sentence? Whenever the word means "in that place" it is written **there.** Notice that **here and there** have similar meanings and similar forms.

There is also frequently used in an indefinite way in a sentence, especially to introduce it. See the third of the numbered sentences above.

Written Exercise. — Fill in the blanks below with the proper word — **their** or **there.**

1. Ulysses and his men started again on —— homeward voyage.
2. Long they dwelt —— in that distant land.
3. —— was a man in our town, and he was wondrous wise.
4. And all night long —— nets they threw.
5. —— is no smoke without some fire.

6. And ——- lay the rider, distorted and pale.
7. And the sheen of —— spears was like stars on the sea.
8. Where your treasure is, —— will your heart be also.
9. —— is many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip.

5

THE RETURN OF ULYSSES

[The whole *Iliad* and *Odyssey* have been charmingly and accurately retold by A. J. Church in his two volumes, *The Story of the Iliad* and *The Story of the Odyssey*. Children of this grade will be interested in having other passages read to them, — those, for instance, dealing with Nausikaa and the return of Ulysses, in the *Odyssey*. Some other passages from Bryant's translation of either poem may be read them.]

Ulysses and his little company (for the fleet was now reduced to a single ship) stayed a year with Circe, and then voyaged to the shadowy land of the dead, where an ancient prophet foretold that they should have still further trials. Then they started again on their homeward voyage. First they came to the isle of the sirens, maidens who sang so sweetly that mariners turned their ships ashore, only to be wrecked and perish miserably. But this danger the crafty Ulysses avoided, for he filled the ears of the sailors with wax and had them bind him hand and foot until the island was past.

Then they came to the land where the oxen of the sun god were pastured, and some of these oxen the sailors killed, disobeying the command of Ulysses, and from this sprang greater trouble. For a fierce storm arose, destroy-

ing the ship, and casting Ulysses alone on the island of the goddess Calypso.

Long he dwelt there, in that magic, and lonely, and distant land; but at last he built himself a raft, and again began his perilous journey. After long sailing he was cast on the island of the Phæacians, and their king, after hearing his sad tale of wandering, sent him homeward in a good ship. In truth, the prayer of the Cyclops was answered. Ulysses came alone to his native land, all his comrades lost, and found sore trouble in his house. A score of greedy princes had seized his property and were roughly wooing his wife, who after twenty years could scarcely believe he was still alive. Indeed, the only living thing that recognized him at once was his dog, then dying of old age, who had just strength to wag his tail and feebly welcome his master. But by the help of his son and a few faithful servants, and by his own strength and craft, Ulysses destroyed the greedy and wicked princes and came at last to the possession of his own.

Thus ends one of the most charming poems in all the literature of the world, which men have loved for thousands of years, because it told of a brave and lonely wanderer, who found adventures in many lands and finally won his way homeward. — G. R. CARPENTER.

[The *Odyssey* was written in verse, and though it is not difficult to retell the story in prose, it is impossible to translate it into equally beautiful English verse. Here are a few lines from the *Odyssey*,

however, as translated by the American poet, Bryant. They tell how Ulysses, when first he landed on his native shore, met the goddess Athene, or Pallas, as he calls her, and how she helped him, first by disguising him in order that he might return to his home unrecognized and so take the suitors by surprise, and next by summoning his young son, Telemachus, to aid his father in destroying his enemies.]

And then the goddess, blue-eyed Pallas, said:
"O nobly born and versed in many wiles,
Son of Laertes! now the hour is come
To think how thou shalt lay avenging hands
Upon the shameless crew who, in thy house,
For three years past have made themselves its lords,
And wooed thy noble wife and brought her gifts."
Ulysses the sagacious answered her: —
"Now counsel me how I may be avenged.
Be ever by my side, and strengthen me
With courage, as thou didst when we o'erthrew
The towery crest of Ilium. Would thou wert
Still my ally, as then! I would engage,
O blue-eyed Pallas, with three hundred foes,
If thou, dread goddess, wouldst but counsel me."
And then the blue-eyed Pallas spake again:
"I will be present with thee. When we once
Begin the work, thou shalt not leave my sight;
And many a haughty suitor with his blood
And brains shall stain thy spacious palace floor.
Now will I change thy aspect, so that none



THE MEETING BETWEEN PALLAS AND ULYSSES

Shall know thee. I will wither thy fair skin,
And it shall hang on crooked limbs; thy locks
Of auburn I will cause to fall away,
And round thee fling a cloak which all shall see
With loathing. I will make thy lustrous eyes
Dull to the sight, and thus shalt thou appear
A squalid wretch to all the suitor train,
And to thy wife, and to the son whom thou
Didst leave within thy palace. Then at first
Repair thou to the herdsman, him who keeps
Thy swine; for he is loyal, and he loves
Thy son and the discreet Penelope.
There wilt thou find him as he tends his swine,
That find their pasturage beside the rock
Of Corax, and by Arethusa's fount.
On nourishing acorns they are fed, and drink
The dark clear water, whence the flesh of swine
Is fattened. There remain, and carefully
Inquire of all that thou wouldst know, while I,
Taking my way to Sparta, call Telemachus,
Thy son, Ulysses, who hath visited
King Menelaus in his broad domain,
To learn if haply thou art living yet."

So Pallas spake, and touched him with her wand,
And caused the blooming skin to shrivel up
On his slow limbs, and the fair hair to fall,
And with an old man's wrinkles covered all

His frame, and dimmed his lately glorious eyes.
Another garb she gave, — a squalid vest;
A ragged, dirty cloak, all stained with smoke;
And over all the huge hide of a stag,
From which the hair was worn; a staff, beside,
Tied with a twisted thong. This said and done,
They parted; and the goddess flew to seek
Telemachus in Sparta's sacred town.

— WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT: *The Odyssey*, Book xiii.

an'cient, old, belonging to former times; **lit'er a ture**, fine and noble writings; **trans late'**, to express in one language what has been said or written in another; **suit'ors**, wooers, men who offer marriage; **dis guis'ing**, concealing the appearance by changing the dress; **sa ga'cious**, wise; **al ly'**, one who has promised help; **as'pect**, looks; **squal'id**, miserable in appearance; **dis creet'**, cautious, prudent.

1. Who was Pallas Athene? 2. Why does Ulysses call her "dread goddess"? 3. Tell in what ways she helped Ulysses. 4. Where is Sparta? 5. Why had Telemachus gone there? 6. What word could you use in place of "ally"? 7. Why do you think the story of Ulysses has become so famous that poets and prose writers of all ages and of all times tell it over?

Sentence Study. — Read these sentences carefully to get their meaning; then rewrite them, expressing the same idea in as few words as possible.

1. One ram I took and fastened a man beneath it.

2. And there was one mighty ram, far larger than all the others, and to this I clung, grasping the fleece tight with both my hands.

3. Then spoke Polites, who was dearest of all my comrades to me, in whom also I most trusted.

4. And lo! they had of a sudden the heads and the voices and the bristles of swine, but the heart of a man was in them still.

Example. — The second might be written as follows: "I clung to the largest ram, grasping the fleece with both hands." Rewrite in still another way.

Composition. — 1. Copy the Cyclops' prayer (page 17). Write it carefully, copying every punctuation mark and every capital.

2. Suppose Ulysses had killed the Cyclops when he was asleep in the cave. Plan some way by which he might have escaped with his men. You may imagine that the great stone was rolled away from the entrance by the help of the gods, or of men, or of the other Cyclopes, or you may lay it all to Ulysses' cunning. Write the story as follows: —

How Ulysses Escaped from the Cave

1. His efforts to roll the stone from the entrance.
2. How he finally succeeded.

Be very careful to place your composition neatly on the page. Where should the title be written? Your name?

Keep in mind these rules in all composition writing: —

1. Leave a blank line between the title and the first line of your composition.
2. Leave a margin of at least an inch on the left side of every page.
3. Indent every paragraph.

Do not forget that the first word of your composition is the beginning of your first paragraph and so should be indented.

Capital Letters. — Why are the words **Ulysses** and **Circe** written with capital letters? **English** and **American**? **Sparta** and **Ilium**? Why does every line on page 31 begin with a capital?

Read the following rules for the use of capital letters carefully. Write a sentence to illustrate each rule.

Begin with a capital letter: —

1. Every sentence. 2. Every line of poetry. 3. Every direct quotation. 4. Names of persons. Initials. Titles. 5. Names of

places. 6. Names of months. 7. Names of days. 8. All names applied to God. 9. The principal words in titles. 10. The words I and O.

6

PERSEUS AND ANDROMEDA

THESE same Greeks who gave us this wonderful story of Ulysses — *The Odyssey* — had, as we have said before, the highest ideals of bravery and justice, and their minstrels were never weary of singing nor the people of listening to tales of courage and of daring.

From the simple recital of brave deeds done by brave men, these stories grew until the heroes became wonderful beings — half gods, half men — who fought with dragons and centaurs, and other monsters of the land and of the sea. And these hero tales, whether true or not, so long as they told of the brave and the good conquering the false and the evil, were loved by the people and were told over and over, again and again, until finally they have come down to us.

Perseus, like other Greek heroes, belonged on one side to the race of the gods. His father was Zeus, the great god of heaven, his mother a mortal woman; and he was a youth of great strength and bravery. But his very virtues made the ruling king look on him with suspicion, as one who might take from him his crown. The king,

therefore, sent him on a perilous adventure, to slay Medusa, one of the three huge Gorgons, half beast, half woman, whose very glance turned to stone all that they



looked on. But the gods were his friends. Athene, goddess of wisdom, who had protected Ulysses in all his wanderings, gave him good counsel and lent him her

polished shield, that he might see the reflection of the monster in it, and need not look directly at her. Hermes, messenger of the gods, who had helped Ulysses in Circe's isle, gave him his winged sandals and his famous sword, and from another god he received a magic cap which made the wearer invisible. Thus equipped, he flew over land and sea to the far western isle where dwelt the Gorgons, found them asleep, drew near till he saw the face of Medusa in the polished shield, severed her head with one sweep of his mighty sword, and seizing it by its snaky locks, fled invisibly through the air beyond the pursuit of the remaining Gorgons. And then his magic sandals, of their own accord, bore him across the desert of Sahara to another adventure, of which you will now read.

—G. R. CARPENTER.

So Perseus flitted onward to the northeast over many a league of sea, till he came to the rolling sand hills, and the dreary Libyan shore.

And he flitted on across the desert, over rock ledges, and banks of shingle, and level wastes of sand, and shell drifts bleaching in the sunshine, and the skeletons of great sea monsters, and dead bones of ancient giants, strewn up and down upon the old sea floor. And as he went, the blood drops fell to the earth from the Gorgon's head and became poisonous asps and adders, which breed in the desert to this day.

Out of the north the sand storms rushed upon him, blood-red pillars and wreaths, blotting out the noonday sun; and Perseus fled before them, lest he should be choked by the burning dust. At last the gale fell calm, and he tried to go northward again; but again came down the sand storms, and swept him back into the waste, and then all was calm and cloudless as before. Seven days he strove against the storms, and seven days he was driven back, till he was spent with thirst and hunger, and his tongue clove to the roof of his mouth. Here and there he fancied that he saw a fair lake, and the sunbeams shining on the water; but when he came to it, it vanished at his feet, and there was naught but burning sand. And if he had not been of the race of the Immortals, he would have perished in the waste; but his life was strong within him, because it was more than man's.

Then he cried to Athene, and said: "Oh, fair and pure, if thou hearest me, wilt thou leave me here to die of drought? I have brought thee the Gorgon's head at thy bidding, and hitherto thou hast prospered my journey; dost thou desert me at the last? Else why will not these immortal sandals prevail, even against the desert storms? Shall I never see my mother more, and the hills of Greece?"

So he prayed; and after he had prayed there was a great silence. The heaven was still above his head, and the sand was still beneath his feet; and Perseus looked

up, but there was nothing but the blinding sun in the blinding blue; and round him, but there was nothing but the blinding sand.

And Perseus stood still awhile, and waited, and said, "Surely I am not here without the will of the Immortals, for Athene will not lie. Were not these sandals to lead me in the right road? Then the road in which I have tried to go must be a wrong road."

Then suddenly his ears were opened, and he heard the sound of running water. And at that his heart was lifted up, though he scarcely dared believe his ears; and weary as he was, he hurried forward, though he scarcely could stand upright; and within a bowshot of him was a glen in the sand, and marble rocks, and date trees, and a lawn of gay green grass. And a streamlet trickled among the rocks, and a pleasant breeze rustled in the dry date branches; and Perseus laughed for joy, and leapt down the cliff, and drank of the cool water, and ate of the dates, and slept upon the turf, and leapt up and went forward again: but not toward the north this time; for he said — "Surely Athene has sent me hither, and will not have me go homeward yet. What if there be another noble deed to be done, before I see the sunny hills of Greece?"

So he went east, and east forever, by fresh oases and fountains, date palms, and lawns of grass, till he saw before him a mighty mountain wall, all rose-red in the

setting sun. Then he towered in the air like an eagle, for his limbs were strong again; and he flew all night across the mountain till the day began to break, and rosy-fingered dawn came blushing up the sky. And then, behold, beneath him was the long green garden of Egypt, and the shining stream of Nile.

And he saw cities walled up to heaven, and temples, and obelisks, and pyramids, and giant gods of stone. And he came down amid fields of barley, and flax, and millet, and clambering gourds; and saw the people coming out of the gates of a great city, and setting to work, each in his place, among the water courses, parting the streams among the plants cunningly with their feet, according to the wisdom of the Egyptians. But when they saw him they all stopped their work, and gathered round him, and cried: —

"Who art thou, fair youth? and what bearest thou beneath thy goatskin there? Surely, thou art one of the Immortals; for thy skin is white like ivory, and ours is red like clay. Thy hair is like threads of gold, and ours is black and curled. Surely thou art one of the Immortals;" and they would have worshiped him then and there; but Perseus said: —

"I am not one of the Immortals; but I am a hero of the Greeks. And I have slain the Gorgon in the wilderness, and bear her head with me. Give me food, therefore, that I may go forward and finish my work."

Then they gave him food, and fruit, and wine; but they would not let him go. And when the news came into the city that the Gorgon was slain, the priests came out to meet him, and the maidens, with songs and dances; and they would have brought him to their temple and to their king; but Perseus put on the hat of darkness, and vanished away out of their sight.

Then he went to the eastward, along the Red Sea shore; and then, because he was afraid to go into the Arabian deserts, he turned northward once more, and this time no storm hindered him.

— CHARLES KINGSLEY: *The Greek Heroes.*

cen'taurs, beings with the head and shoulders of a man and the body of a horse; **e quipped'**, furnished with; **in vis'i bly**, without being seen; **im mor'tal**, undying; **drought**, lack of water; **ob'e lisk**, tall pillar of stone.

1. Who was Perseus? 2. What aid did the gods give him as he set out on his adventure? 3. Where is the Libyan Desert? On what sea does it border? 4. Why are the drops of blood from the Gorgon's head represented as turning to asps and adders? Compare with the fairy tale where kind words are changed to pearls and diamonds and unkind words to toads and vipers. 5. What is meant by the Immortals? 6. Why is **blinding** used three times in the same sentence (page 38)? Substitute some other word that means the same in at least two places. Which arrangement do you like the better — your own or that of the book? Why? 7. Find out all you can about the pyramids and obelisks that Perseus saw in Egypt. Are they still standing? When and for what purpose were they built?

Oral Composition. — Read again the description of the desert,

pages 36 and 37. If you have heard any stories of caravan travel across the desert, or of the wandering tribes that live there, tell it in class. Notice who tells the most interesting story and see if you can tell why it is more interesting than the others.

Written Composition.—Read all you can find about the desert, either in your geographies or in an encyclopedia. Write a short composition on *The Desert*. Have two paragraphs only—on (1) the appearance; (2) the life. For this composition you may make a title-page, placing on it the name of your composition, a drawing of a tent such as the Arabs live in, or of a pyramid, and your own name. Notice how the title-pages of some of your school books or your story books are arranged.

Remember the rule for the use of capital letters in the words of titles.

Word Study: *Oral Exercise.*—1. Find all the **there's** and **their's** on pages 38–39. Explain in each case why the word is written as it is. 2. Find five other sentences in this book wherein **their** occurs; five wherein **there** occurs.

Written Exercise. — Write ten sentences of your own, using **there** properly; ten, using **their**.

7

PERSEUS AND ANDROMEDA (*Concluded*)

And at the dawn of day Perseus looked toward the cliffs; and at the water's edge, under a black rock, he saw a white image stand. "This," thought he, "must surely be the statue of some sea god; I will go near and see what kind of gods these barbarians worship."

So he came near; but when he came, it was no statue,

but a maiden of flesh and blood; for he could see her tresses streaming in the breeze; and as he came closer still, he could see how she shrank and shivered, when the waves sprinkled her with cold salt spray. Her arms were spread above her head and fastened to the rock with chains of brass; and her head drooped on her bosom either with sleep, or weariness, or grief. But now and then she looked up and wailed, and called her mother; yet she did not see Perseus, for the cap of darkness was on his head.

Full of pity and indignation, Perseus drew near and looked upon the maid. Her cheeks were darker than his were, and her hair was blue-black like a hyacinth; but Perseus thought, "I have never seen so beautiful a maiden; no, not in all our isles. Surely, she is a king's daughter. Do barbarians treat their kings' daughters thus? She is too fair, at least, to have done any wrong. I will speak to her."

And lifting the hat from his head, he flashed into her sight. She shrieked with terror, and tried to hide her face with her hair, for she could not with her hands; but Perseus cried: —

"Do not fear me, fair one: I am a Greek, and no barbarian. What cruel men have bound you? But first I will set you free."

And he tore at the fetters; but they were too strong for him; while the maiden cried: —

"Touch me not; I am accursed, set apart as a victim to the sea gods. They will slay you, if you dare to set me free."

"Let them try," said Perseus; and drawing his sword from his thigh, he cut through the brass as if it had been flax.

"Now," he said, "you belong to me, and not to these sea gods, whosoever they may be!" But she only cried the more on her mother.

"Why call on your mother? She can be no mother to have left you here. If a bird is dropped out of the nest, it belongs to the man who picks it up. If a jewel is cast by the wayside, it is his who dare win it and wear it, as I will win you and will wear you. I know now why Athene sent me hither. She sent me to gain a prize worth all my toil, and more."

And he clasped her in his arms and cried, "Where are these sea gods, cruel and unjust, who doom fair maids to death? I carry the weapons of the Immortals. Let them measure their strength against mine! But tell me, maiden, who you are, and what dark fate brought you here."

And she answered, weeping: —

"I am the daughter of the king of Iopa, and my mother is Cassiopeia of the beautiful tresses, and they called me Andromeda, as long as life was mine. And I stand bound here, luckless that I am, for the sea

monster's food, to atone for my mother's sin. For she boasted of me once that I was fairer than the queen of the fishes; so she in her wrath sent the sea floods, and her brother the Fire King sent the earthquakes, and wasted all the land; and after the floods a monster bred of the slime, who devours all living things. And now he must devour me, guiltless though I am — who have never harmed a living thing, nor saw a fish upon the shore but gave it life, and threw it back into the sea. Yet the priests say that nothing but my blood can atone for a sin which I never committed."

But Perseus laughed and said, "A sea monster? I have fought with worse than him; I would have faced Immortals for your sake; how much more a beast of the sea?"

Then Andromeda looked up at him, and new hope was kindled in her breast, so proud and fair did he stand, with one hand round her, and in the other the glittering sword. But she only sighed, and wept the more, and cried: —

"Why will you die, young as you are? Is there not death and sorrow enough in the world already? It is noble for me to die, that I may save the lives of a whole people; but you, better than them all, why should I slay you too? Go your way; I must go mine."

But Perseus cried: "Not so; for the lords of Olympus, whom I serve, are the friends of the heroes, and help

them on to noble deeds. Led by them, I slew the Gorgon; and not without them do I come hither, to slay this monster with that same Gorgon's head. Yet hide your eyes when I leave you, lest the sight of it freeze you too to stone."

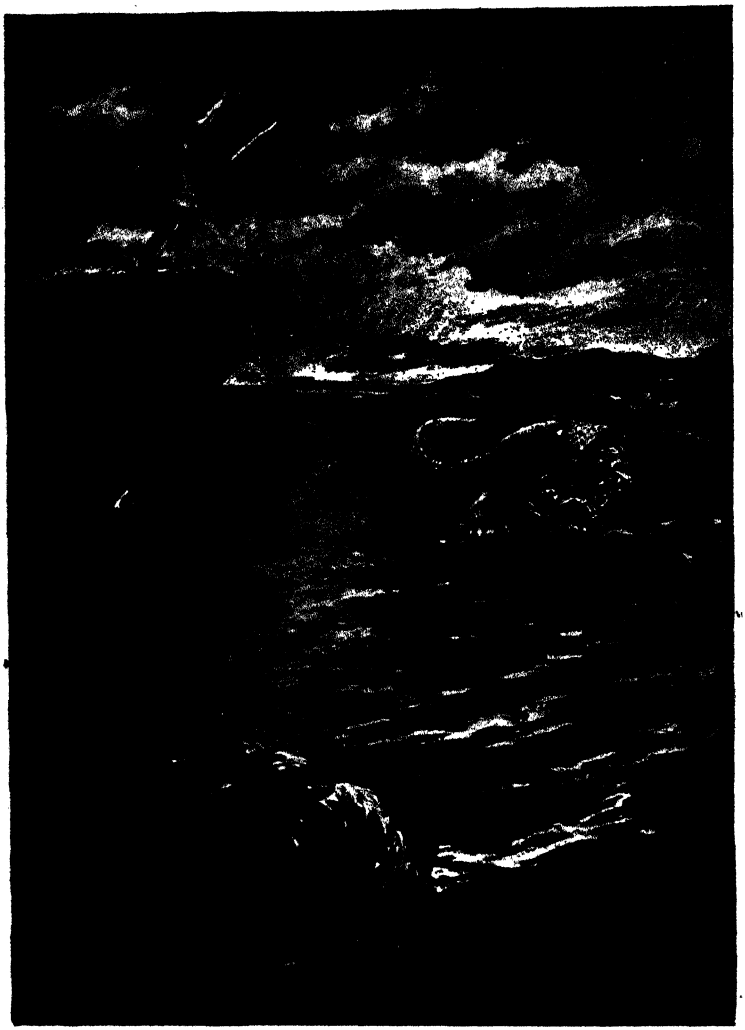
But the maiden answered nothing, for she could not believe his words. And then, suddenly looking up, she pointed to the sea, and shrieked: —

"There he comes, with the sunrise, as they promised. I must die now. How shall I endure it? Oh, go! Is it not dreadful enough to be torn piecemeal without having you to look on?" And she tried to thrust him away.

But he said, "I go; yet promise me one thing ere I go, that if I slay this beast you will be my wife, and come back with me to my kingdom, for I am a king's heir. Promise me, and seal it with a kiss."

Then she lifted up her face, and kissed him; and Perseus laughed for joy, and flew upward, while Andromeda crouched trembling on the rock, waiting for what might befall.

On came the great sea monster, coasting along like a huge black ship, lazily breasting the ripple, and stopping at times by creek or headland, to watch for the laughter of girls drying their freshly washed clothes on the sea sands, or cattle pawing on the sand hills, or boys bathing on the beach. His great sides were fringed with clustering shells and seaweeds, and the water gurgled in and



THE RESCUE OF ANDROMEDA

out of his wide jaws, as he rolled along, dripping and glistening, in the beams of the morning sun.

At last he saw Andromeda, and shot forward to take his prey, while the waves foamed white behind him, and before him the fish fled leaping. Then down from the height of the air fell Perseus, like a shooting star; down to the crests of the waves, while Andromeda hid her face as he shouted; and then there was silence for a while. At last she looked up trembling, and saw Perseus springing toward her; and instead of the monster a long black rock, with the sea rippling quietly round it.

Who then so proud as Perseus, as he leapt back to the rock, and lifted his fair Andromeda in his arms, and flew with her to the cliff-top, as a falcon carries a dove? Who so proud as Perseus, and who so joyful as all the Æthiop people? For they had stood watching the monster from the cliffs, wailing for the maiden's fate. And already a messenger had gone to the king and the queen, where they sat in sackcloth and ashes on the ground, in the innermost palace chambers, awaiting their daughter's end. And they came, and all the city with them, to see the wonder, with songs and with dances, with cymbals and harps, and received their daughter back again, as one alive from the dead.

—Charles Kingsley: *The Greek Heroes.*

bar ba'ri ans, people of an uncivilized race; **in dig na'tion**, anger at what is unjust; **hy'a cinth**, a flower; **vic'tim**, in its original mean-

ing, a person or animal that was to be killed as an offering to the gods; **a tone'**, to make up for; **heir**, one who is to receive the property of another at his death; **fal'con**, hawk.

1. Describe Andromeda. 2. Tell in your own words how Perseus found her. 3. Whom else that you have read about did Athene help? 4. Why was the maiden chained to the rock? 5. Tell the story of her rescue by Perseus.

Sentence Study. — Condense the following sentences as much as possible: —

1. Perseus saw a figure, which proved to be that of a young girl, chained to a rock.

2. He strove to loosen her chains and set her free, and he finally succeeded in doing so.

3. The young girl was Andromeda, a beautiful maiden, and a princess who had been devoted as a victim to the sea gods.

4. She was overcome with fear and continually cast her eyes toward the sea, watching for the approach of the monster.

5. Perseus attacked the monster and finally succeeded in destroying him.

6. He carried Andromeda, who was filled with joy over her release from her terrible fate, to the top of a great cliff.

JASON AND THE GOLDEN FLEECE

[Jason, the next of these famous heroes, was of mortal birth, but he had been given in childhood to Cheiron, the Centaur, half man, half horse, who had taught him much of the wisdom of the gods. When he came to manhood, his uncle, who feared that he would claim the kingship, sent him also on a perilous adventure to find the famous golden fleece.

Long years before a huge golden ram had carried away on his back a young Grecian prince, Phrixus by name, and taken him to Colchis in the far East. In that distant land the youth had lived and died; but men said that his spirit had not found rest, nor ever would, until the fleece of the golden ram was brought back to Greece.

Many heroes were tempted to undertake the adventure, but the way was long and perilous, and the wonderful fleece was guarded by a dragon so terrible that no mortal man dared approach it. It is no wonder that it still hung in the gloomy woods of Colchis. But nothing daunted, Jason gathered about him a band of young heroes, built the ship Argo, and set out on his dangerous voyage into unknown lands and seas.]

And what happened next, my children, whether it be true or not, stands written in ancient songs, which you shall read for yourselves some day. They tell how the heroes waited for the southwest wind, and chose themselves a captain from their crew: and how all called for Hercules, because he was the strongest and most huge; but Hercules refused, and called for Jason because he was the wisest of them all. So Jason was chosen captain: and Orpheus, the sweet musician, heaped a pile of wood, and slew a bull, and offered it to the gods, and called all the heroes to stand round, each man's head crowned with olive, and to strike their swords into the bull. Then he filled a golden goblet with the bull's blood, and with wheaten flour, and honey, and wine, and the bitter salt sea water, and bade the heroes taste. So each tasted the goblet, and passed it round, and vowed an awful vow: and

they vowed before the sun, and the night, and the blue-haired sea who shakes the land, to stand by Jason faithfully, in the adventure of the golden fleece; and whosoever shrank back, or disobeyed, or turned traitor to his vow, should be tracked by evil spirits.

Then Jason lighted the pile, and burnt the carcass of the bull, and they went to their ship and sailed eastward, like men who have a work to do. Three thousand years and more ago they sailed away, into the unknown Eastern seas; and great nations have come and gone since then, and many a storm has swept the earth; and many a mighty fleet — English and French, Turkish and Russian — to which Argo would be but one small boat, have sailed those waters since; yet the fame of that small Argo lives forever, and her name is become a proverb among men.

But the Argonauts, as the adventurers on the Argo were called, went eastward, and out into the open sea which we now call the Black Sea. No Greeks had ever crossed it, and all feared that dreadful sea, and its rocks, and shoals, and fogs, and bitter freezing storms; and they told strange stories of it, how it stretched northward to the ends of the earth, and the everlasting night, and the regions of the dead. So the heroes trembled, for all their courage, as they came into that wild Black Sea, and saw it stretching out before them, without a shore, as far as eye could see.

KING ÆETES MEETS THE ARGO

And at day dawn they looked eastward, and midway between the sea and the sky they saw white snow peaks hanging, glittering sharp and bright above the clouds. And they knew that they were come to Caucasus, at the end of all the earth, Caucasus, the highest of all mountains, the father of the rivers of the East, at whose feet are piled dark forests round the magic Colchian land.

And they rowed three days to the eastward, while Caucasus rose higher hour by hour, till they saw a dark stream rushing headlong to the sea, and, shining above the tree tops, the golden roofs of King Æetes, the child of the sun.

Then out spoke the helmsman: "We are come to our goal at last; for there are the roofs of Æetes, and the woods where all poisons grow; but who can tell us where among them is hid the golden fleece? Many a toil must we bear ere we find it, and bring it home to Greece."

But Jason cheered the heroes, for his heart was high and bold; and he said: "I will go alone up to Æetes, though he be the child of the sun, and win him with soft words. Better so than to go all together, and to come to blows at once." But his companions would not stay behind, so they rowed boldly up the stream.

And a dream came to Æetes, and filled his heart with fear. He thought he saw a shining star, which fell into his daughter's lap; and that Medea his daughter took it

gladly, and carried it to the riverside, and cast it in, and there the whirling river bore it down, and out into the Black Sea.

Then he leapt up in fear, and bade his servants bring his chariot, that he might go down to the riverside and appease the nymphs, and the heroes whose spirits haunt the bank. So he went down in his golden chariot, and his daughters by his side, — Medea, the fair witch maiden, and Chalciope, who had been Phrixus's wife, and behind him a crowd of servants and soldiers, for he was a rich and mighty prince.

And as he drove down by the reedy river, he saw Argo sliding up beneath the bank, and many a hero in her, like Immortals for beauty and for strength, as their weapons glittered round them in the level morning sunlight, through the white mist of the stream. But Jason was the noblest of all; for Hera, the queen of the gods, who loved him, gave him beauty and tallness and terrible manhood.

And when they came near together and looked into each other's eyes, the heroes were awed before Æetes as he shone in his chariot, like his father the glorious sun; for his robes were of rich gold tissue, and the rays of his diadem flashed fire; and in his hand he bore a jeweled scepter, which glittered like the stars; and sternly he looked at them under his brows, and sternly he spoke and loud: —

"Who are you, and what want you here, that you come to this shore? Do you take no account of my rule, nor of my people, the Colchians, who serve me, who never yet tired in the battle, and know well how to face an invader?"

And the heroes sat silent awhile before the face of that ancient king. But Hera, the awful goddess, put courage into Jason's heart, and he rose and shouted loudly in answer: "We are no pirates nor lawless men. We come not to plunder and to ravage, or to carry away slaves from your land; but my uncle, the Grecian king, has set me on a quest to bring home the golden fleece. And these too, my bold comrades, they are no nameless men; for some are the sons of Immortals, and some of heroes far renowned. And we, too, never tire in battle, and know well how to give blows and to take; yet we wish to be guests at your table; it will be better so for both."

Then Æetes' rage rushed up like a whirlwind, and his eyes flashed fire as he heard; but he crushed his anger down in his breast, and spoke mildly a cunning speech: —

"If you will fight for the fleece with my Colchians, then many a man must die. But do you indeed expect to win from me the fleece in fight? So few you are that if you be worsted, I can load your ship with your corpses. But if you will be ruled by me, you will find it better far to choose the best man among you, and let him fulfill the labors which I demand. Then I will give him the golden fleece for a prize and a glory to you all."

So saying, he turned his horses and drove back in silence to the town. And the Greeks sat silent with sorrow, and longed for Hercules and his strength; for there was no facing the thousands of the Colchians, and the fearful chance of war.

—CHARLES KINGSLEY: *The Greek Heroes.*

car'cass, the dead body of an animal; **ap peased'**, soothed; **di'a dem**, crown; **rav'age**, lay waste; **worst'ed**, beaten; **corpses**, dead bodies of human beings.

1. What was the golden fleece? Where was it? 2. Why were the Greek heroes so determined to get it back? 3. Describe the taking of the vow. 4. Find the Caucasus Mountains on your maps. Why are they called the "end of all the earth"? Why the "father of the rivers of the East"? 5. Trace the route of the Argo on your maps. Why did the Greeks fear the Black Sea? 6. What is a proverb? What is meant when we say the name Argo has become a proverb among men? 7. Who was Hera? Why is she called the *awful* goddess? 8. Describe Æetes.

Written Composition. — Write the following proverbs from dictation: —

1. It's an ill wind that blows nobody good.
2. Where there's a will there's a way.
3. Time and tide wait for no man.
4. God helps those that help themselves.

What other proverbs do you know? Make a list of five or six.

9

JASON AND THE GOLDEN FLEECE (*Continued*)

But Chalciope, Phrixus's widow, went weeping to the town; and she whispered to Medea her sister, "Why should all these brave men die? Why does not my father give them up the fleece, that my husband's spirit may have rest?" And Medea's heart pitied the heroes, and Jason most of all; and she answered, "Our father is stern and terrible, and who can win the golden fleece?" But Chalciope said, "These men are not like our men; there is nothing which they cannot dare and do." And Medea thought of Jason and his brave countenance, and said, "If there were one among them who knew no fear, I could show him how to win the fleece."

So in the dusk of evening they went down to the riverside, Chalciope and Medea, the witch maiden, and Argus, Phrixus's son. And Argus the boy crept forward, among the beds of reeds, till he came where the heroes were sleeping, on the thwarts of the ship, beneath the bank, while Jason kept watch on the shore, and leaned upon his lance, full of thought. And the boy came to Jason, and said, "I am the son of Phrixus, your cousin; and Chalciope my mother waits for you, to talk about the golden fleece."

Then Jason went boldly with the boy, and found the

two princesses standing; and when Chalciope saw him, she wept, and took his hands, and cried, "O cousin of my beloved, go home before you die!"

"It would be base to go home now, fair princess, and to have sailed all these seas in vain." Then both the princesses besought him; but Jason said, "It is too late."

"But you know not," said Medea, "what he must do who would win the fleece. He must tame the two brazen-footed bulls, who breathe devouring flame; and with them he must plow ere nightfall four acres in the field of the war god; and he must sow them with serpents' teeth, of which each tooth springs up into an armed man. Then he must fight with all those warriors; and little will it profit him to conquer them; for the fleece is guarded by a serpent, more huge than any mountain pine; and over his body you must step, if you would reach the golden fleece."

Then Jason laughed bitterly. "Unjustly is that fleece kept here, and by an unjust and lawless king; and unjustly shall I die in my youth, for I will attempt it ere another sun be set."

Then Medea trembled, and said, "No mortal man can reach that fleece, unless I guide him through. For round it, beyond the river, is a wall full nine ells high, with lofty towers and mighty gates of threefold brass; and over the gates the wall is arched, with golden battlements above. And over the gateway sits Brimo, the wild witch

huntress of the woods, brandishing a pine torch in her hands, while her mad hounds howl around. No man dare meet her or look on her, but only I, her priestess, and she watches far and wide lest any stranger should come near."

"No wall so high but that it may be climbed at last, and no wood so thick but that it may be crawled through; no serpent so wary but that he may be charmed, or witch queen so fierce but spells may soothe her; and I may yet win the golden fleece, if a wise maiden help bold men."

And he looked at Medea cunningly, and held her with his glittering eye, till she blushed and trembled, and said, "Who can face the fire of the bulls' breath, and fight ten thousand armed men?"

"He whom you help," said Jason, flattering her, "for your fame is spread over all the earth. Are you not the queen of all enchantresses, wiser even than your sister Circe, in her fairy island in the West?"

"Would that I were with my sister Circe in her fairy island in the West, far away from sore temptation and thoughts which tear the heart! But if it must be so — for why should you die? — I have an ointment here. Anoint yourself with that, and you shall have in you seven men's strength; and anoint your shield with it, and neither fire nor sword can harm you. But what you begin you must end before sunset, for its virtue lasts only one day. And anoint your helmet with it before you sow

the serpents' teeth; and when the sons of earth spring up, cast your helmet among their ranks, and the deadly crop of the war god's field will mow itself, and perish."

Then Jason fell on his knees before her, and thanked her, and kissed her hands; and she gave him the vase of ointment, and fled trembling through the reeds. And Jason told his comrades what had happened, and showed them the box of ointment; and all rejoiced.

And at sunrise Jason went and bathed, and anointed himself from head to foot, and his shield, and his helmet, and his weapons, and bade his comrades try the spell. So they tried to bend his lance, but it stood like an iron bar; and they hewed at it with their swords, but the blades flew to splinters. Then they hurled their lances at his shield, but the spear points turned like lead; and one tried to throw him, but he never stirred a foot; and another struck him with his fist, a blow which would have killed an ox; but Jason only smiled, and the heroes danced about him with delight; and he leapt, and ran, and shouted, in the joy of that enormous strength, till the sun rose, and it was time to claim Æetes' promise.

So he sent up messengers to tell Æetes that he was ready for the fight; and they went up among the marble walls, and beneath the roofs of gold, and stood in Æetes' hall, while he grew pale with rage.

"Fulfill your promise to us, child of the blazing sun. Give us the serpents' teeth, and let loose the fiery bulls;

for we have found a champion among us who can win the golden fleece."

And Æetes bit his lips, for he fancied that they had fled away by night; but he could not go back from his promise, so he gave them the serpents' teeth. Then he called for his chariot and his horses, and sent heralds through all the town; and all the people went out with him to the dreadful war god's field. And there Æetes sat upon his throne, with his warriors on each hand, thousands and tens of thousands, clothed from head to foot in steel-chain mail. And the people and the women crowded to every window and bank and wall, while the Greeks stood together, a mere handful in the midst of that great host. And Chalciope was there, and Argus, trembling, and Medea, wrapped closely in her veil; but Æetes did not know that she was muttering cunning spells between her lips.

Then Jason cried, "Fulfill your promise, and let your fiery bulls come forth." Then Æetes bade open the gates, and the magic bulls leapt out. Their brazen hoofs rang upon the ground, and their nostrils sent out sheets of flame, as they rushed with lowered heads upon Jason; but he never flinched a step. The flame of their breath swept round him, but it singed not a hair of his head; and the bulls stopped short and trembled, when Medea began her spell.

Then Jason sprang upon the nearest, and seized him

by the horn; and up and down they wrestled, till the bull fell on his knees; for the heart of the brute died within him, and his mighty limbs were loosed, beneath the steadfast eye of that dark witch maiden, and the magic whisper of her lips.

So both the bulls were tamed and yoked; and Jason bound them to the plow, and goaded them onward with his lance, till he had plowed the sacred field.

— CHARLES KINGSLEY: *The Greek Heroes.*

ell, an ancient measurement of about a yard; **bat'tle ments**, walls; **spells**, magic words; **an cint'**, to rub with salve or oil; **cham'pi on**, a protector.

1. Tell in your own words all the tasks that must be performed to win the golden fleece. 2. How high was the wall — nine ells? 3. What enchantment did Medea work; compare her spell with that wrought by her sister Circe upon Ulysses' companions. 4. Tell how Jason and his comrades tested the magic ointment.

Sentence Study. — Rewrite, keeping the thought, but expressing it more briefly: —

1. Medea, daughter of the king, was versed in magic and practiced the art of enchantment.

2. She made up her mind to aid Jason in his search for the golden fleece.

3. The fleece was concealed in a wood of dense and dark foliage, and was guarded by a dragon, huge in size and terrible of aspect.

4. No mortal man could reach it by his own strength alone, unaided by the gods or unassisted by magic.

5. Jason had many labors to perform, labors so filled with danger that only a man of the greatest courage would have dared undertake them.

10

JASON AND THE GOLDEN FLEECE (*Concluded*)

AND all the Greeks shouted; but Æetes bit his lips with rage; for the half of Jason's work was over, and the sun was yet high in heaven. Then Jason took the serpents' teeth and sowed them, and waited what would befall. But Medea looked at him and at his helmet, lest he should forget the lesson she had taught.

And every furrow heaved and bubbled, and out of every clod rose a man. Out of the earth they rose by thousands, each clad from head to foot in steel, and drew their swords and rushed on Jason, where he stood in the middle alone.

Then the Greeks grew pale with fear for him; but Æetes laughed a bitter laugh. "See! if I had not warriors enough already round me, I could call them out of the bosom of the earth."

But Jason snatched off his helmet, and hurled it into the thickest of the throng. And blind madness came upon them, suspicion, hate, and fear; and one cried to his fellow, "Thou didst strike me!" and another, "Thou art Jason; thou shalt die!" So fury seized those earth-born phantoms, and each turned his hand against the rest; and they fought and were never weary, till they all lay dead upon the ground. Then the magic furrows opened, and

the kind earth took them home into her breast; and the grass grew up all green above them, and Jason's work was done.

Then the Greeks rose and shouted, and Jason cried, "Lead me to the fleece this moment, before the sun goes down."

But Æetes thought: "He has conquered the bulls; and sown and reaped the deadly crop. Who is this who is proof against all magic? He may kill the serpent yet." So he delayed, and sat taking counsel with his princes, till the sun went down and all was dark. Then he bade a herald cry: "Every man to his home for to-night. To-morrow we will meet these heroes, and speak about the golden fleece."

Then he turned and looked at Medea. "This is your doing, false witch maid! You have helped these yellow-haired strangers, and brought shame upon your father and yourself!" Medea shrank and trembled, and her face grew pale with fear; and Æetes knew that she was guilty, and whispered, "If they win the fleece, you die!"

But the Greeks marched toward their ship, growling like lions cheated of their prey; for they saw that Æetes meant to mock them, and to cheat them out of all their toil. And they said, "Let us go to the grove together, and take the fleece by force." And one rash prince cried, "Let us draw lots who shall go in first; for while the dragon is devouring one, the rest can slay him, and carry off the

fleece in peace." But Jason held them back, though he praised them; for he hoped for Medea's help.

And after a while Medea came trembling, and wept a long while before she spoke. And at last: "My end is come, and I must die; for my father has found out that I have helped you. You he would kill if he dared; but he will not harm you, because you have been his guests. Go then, go, and remember poor Medea when you are far away across the sea."

But all the heroes cried, "If you die, we die with you; for without you we cannot win the fleece, and home we will not go without it, but fall here fighting to the last man."

"You need not die," said Jason. "Flee home with us across the sea. Show us first how to win the fleece; for you can do it. Why else are you the priestess of the grove? Show us but how to win the fleece, and come with us, and you shall be my queen, and rule over the rich princes of the Greeks, in my country by the sea."

Medea wept, and hid her face in her hands; for her heart yearned after her sisters and her playfellows and the home where she was brought up as a child. But at last she looked up at Jason, and spoke between her sobs: —

"Must I leave my home and my people, to wander with strangers across the sea? The lot is cast, and I must endure it. I will show you how to win the golden fleece.

Bring up your ship to the wood side, and moor her there against the bank; and let Jason come up at midnight, and one brave comrade with him, and meet me beneath the wall."

Then all the heroes cried together, "I will go!" "And I!" But Medea calmed them, and said, "Orpheus shall go with Jason, and bring his magic harp; for I hear of him that he is the king of all minstrels, and can charm all things on earth." And Orpheus laughed for joy, and clapped his hands, because the choice had fallen on him; for in those days poets and singers were as bold warriors as the best.

So at midnight they went up the bank, and found Medea; and besides came her young brother, leading a yearling lamb. Then Medea brought them to a thicket, beside the war god's gate; and there she bade Jason dig a ditch, and kill the lamb and leave it there, and strew on it magic herbs and honey from the honeycomb.

Then sprang up through the earth, with the red fire flashing before her, Brimo, the wild witch huntress, while her mad hounds howled around. She had one head like a horse's, and another like a hound's, and another like a hissing snake's, and a sword in either hand. And she leapt into the ditch with her hounds, and they ate and drank their fill, while Jason and Orpheus trembled, and Medea hid her eyes. And at last the witch queen vanished, and fled with her hounds into the woods; and the



THE TAKING OF THE GOLDEN FLEECE

bars of the gates fell down, and the brazen doors flew wide, and Medea and the heroes ran forward and hurried through the poison wood, among the dark stems of the mighty beeches, guided by the gleam of the golden fleece, until they saw it hanging on one vast tree in the midst. And Jason would have sprung to seize it, but Medea held him back, and pointed shuddering to the tree foot, where the mighty serpent lay, coiled in and out among the roots, with a body like a mountain pine. His coils stretched many a fathom, spangled with bronze and gold; and half of him they could see, but no more, for the rest lay in the darkness far beyond.

And when he saw them coming, he lifted up his head, and watched them with his small bright eyes, and flashed his forked tongue, and roared like the fire among the woodlands, till the forest tossed and groaned. But Medea called him gently to her; and he stretched out his long spotted neck, and licked her hand, and looked up in her face, as if to ask for food. Then she made a sign to Orpheus, and he began his magic song.

And as he sung, the forest grew calm again, and the leaves on every tree hung still; and the serpent's head sank down, and his brazen coils grew limp, and his glittering eyes closed lazily, till he breathed as gently as a child.

Then Jason leapt forward warily, and stepped across that mighty snake, and tore the fleece from off the tree

trunk; and the four rushed down the garden, to the bank where Argo lay.

There was a silence for a moment, while Jason held the golden fleece on high. Then he cried, "Go now, good Argo, swift and steady, if ever you would see home again."

And she went, as the heroes drove her, grim and silent all, with muffled oars, till the pine-wood bent like willow in their hands, and stout Argo groaned beneath their strokes.

Into the surge they rushed, and Argo leapt the breakers like a horse, till the heroes stopped all panting, each man upon his oar, as she slid into the still, broad sea.

Then Orpheus took his harp and sang a pæan, till the heroes' hearts rose high again; and they rowed on stoutly and steadfastly, away into the darkness of the West.

—Charles Kingsley: *The Greek Heroes.*

clod, lump; **sus pi'cion**, mistrust; **phan'tom**, ghost; **her'ald**, in old times, one who made announcements in a loud voice; **wa'ri ly**, cautiously; **pæ'an**, song of joy.

1. Why would Æetes not harm the Greeks because they had been his guests? 2. How does Medea suffer for the help she gives Jason? What proposition does Jason make to her? 3. What is a minstrel? How were minstrels regarded among the Greeks? 4. What other word or words could you use in place of **pæan** in the last sentence? 5. Tell why the Greek heroes made a wise choice in taking Jason as their leader in this expedition.

Oral Composition. — 1. Describe Jason's contest with the magic bulls. 2. Describe his contest with the warriors that rose from the furrows. 3. Describe his final adventure with the serpent.

Let one third of the class take the first topic; another third, the second; another, the third. Tell the stories as well and as fully as you can. Say your own story over to yourself several times before you tell it in class. Take a class vote as to which story was told in the most interesting way.

Word Study. — **die, dye; sun, son; pale, pail; peace, piece; sowed, sewed; steel, steal; prey, pray.**

Find the first word of each pair in Lesson 10. Read to yourself the sentences in which these words occur.

I. Write sentences of your own, using the first word of each pair.

II. Write sentences, using the second word of each pair.

III. Fill in the blanks in the following sentences with either **right** or **write**.

1. I am old, so old I can —— a letter.
2. My country, ——'or wrong!
3. They are slaves who dare not be
 In the —— with two or three.
4. —— it in letters of gold.
5. It is not enough to do the —— thing, but we must do it in the —— way, and at the —— time.

IV. Fill in the following blanks with **to, too,** or **two**: —

1. Little brook, sing —— me.
2. —— shall go, but neither shall return.
3. It was —— by the village clock,
 When he came —— the bridge in Concord Town.
4. Swiftly, swiftly flew the ship,
 Yet she sailed softly ——.

11

ORPHEUS WITH HIS LUTE

ORPHEUS with his lute made trees,
And the mountain-tops that freeze,
Bow themselves when he did sing;
To his music plants and flowers
Ever sprung, as sun and showers
There had made a lasting Spring.
Everything that heard him play,
Even the billows of the sea,
Hung their heads, and then lay by.
In sweet music is such art,
Killing care and grief of heart
Fall asleep, or, hearing, die.

— WILLIAM SHAKSPERE: *King Henry VIII.*

as, as if; in old times **sea** was pronounced "say"; **lay by,** remained quiet; **art,** power.

1. What did you learn about Orpheus in *The Story of Jason?* 2. What is a lute? 3. What different things were affected by the music of Orpheus? 4. What words at the ends of the lines rhyme in these verses?

Word Study. — sun, sea, mountain, showers, plants, flowers.

To how many things does each of the first three words refer? each of the second three? Find all the other words in the poem that refer to one thing only. Find those that refer to more than one.

Rule. — Words that refer to *one* person or thing are said to be singular. Words that refer to more than one person or thing are said to be plural.

Written Exercise. — Write the plural forms of the following words: —

1. boy. 2. box. 3. loaf. 4. city. 5. watch. 6. wife. 7. half. 8. girl. 9. potato. 10. leaf. 11. fairy. 12. life. 13. lady. 14. dress. 15. desk. 16. thief. 17. roof. 18. baby. 19. piano. 20. peach.

Which of these words form their plurals by adding **s** to the singular? Which by adding **es**?

Write in a group all those that form their plurals by changing **f** or **fe** into **ves**.

Write in another group those that form their plurals by changing **y** into **ies**.

Rules for the Formation of Plurals. — 1. Add **s** to the singular of most words to form the plural: **book — books.**

2. Add **es** to the singular of most words ending in a hissing sound, such as **s**, **sh**, **ch**, **x**, **z**: **class — classes**; **brush — brushes**; **church — churches**, **fox — foxes.**

3. Most words that end in **f** or **fe** change it into **ves** in the plural: **leaf — leaves**; **knife — knives.**

4. Many words ending in **y** change it into **ies** in the plural: **city — cities.**

12

HERCULES AND THE GOLDEN APPLES

[Hercules, perhaps the most celebrated of the Grecian heroes, was the ideal of the utmost strength and courage that man could possess. The gods had decreed that for twelve years he should serve a certain king, and this king gave him twelve mighty tasks to perform, and these are known as the twelve labors of Hercules. The first was to kill a terrible lion, whose skin he thereafter always wore. The second was to destroy a dreadful dragon-snake, which had a hundred heads. The third was to catch the swiftest of stags,

golden-headed, and with brazen feet. The eleventh Hawthorne has described in the following tale.]

DID you ever hear of the golden apples that grew in the garden of the Hesperides? Ah, those were such apples as would bring a great price, by the bushel, if any of them could be found growing in the orchards of nowadays! But not so much as a seed of those apples exists any longer.

And, even in the old, old, half-forgotten times, before the garden of the Hesperides was overrun with weeds, a great many people doubted whether there could be real trees that bore apples of solid gold upon their branches. All had heard of them, but nobody remembered to have seen any. Children, nevertheless, used to listen, open-mouthed, to stories of the golden apple tree, and resolved to discover it, when they should be big enough. Adventurous young men, who desired to do a braver thing than any of their fellows, set out in quest of this fruit. Many of them returned no more; none of them brought back the apples. No wonder that they found it impossible to gather them! It is said that there was a dragon beneath the tree, with a hundred terrible heads, fifty of which were always on the watch, while the other fifty slept. And once the adventure was undertaken by a hero who had enjoyed very little peace or rest since he came into the world. At the time of which I am going to speak, he was wandering through the pleasant land of Italy,

with a mighty club in his hand, and a bow and quiver slung across his shoulders. He was wrapped in the skin of the biggest and fiercest lion that ever had been seen, and which he himself had killed; and though, on the whole, he was kind, and generous, and noble, there was a good deal of the lion's fierceness in his heart. As he went on his way, he continually inquired whether that were the right road to the famous garden.

So he journeyed on and on, still making the same inquiry, until, at last, he came to the brink of a river where some beautiful young women sat twining wreaths of flowers.

"Can you tell me, pretty maidens," asked the stranger, "whether this is the right way to the garden of the Hesperides?"

"The garden of the Hesperides!" cried one. "We thought mortals had been weary of seeking it, after so many disappointments. And pray, adventurous traveler, what do you want there?"

"A certain king, who is my cousin," replied he, "has ordered me to get him three of the golden apples."

"And do you know," asked the damsel who had first spoken, "that a terrible dragon, with a hundred heads, keeps watch under the golden apple tree?"

"I know it well," answered the stranger, calmly. "But, from my cradle upwards, it has been my business, and almost my pastime, to deal with serpents and dragons."

The young women looked at his massive club, and at the shaggy lion's skin which he wore, and likewise at his heroic limbs and figure; and they whispered to each other that the stranger appeared to be one who might reasonably expect to perform deeds far beyond the might of other men. But, then, the dragon with a hundred heads! What mortal, even if he possessed a hundred lives, could hope to escape the fangs of such a monster?

"Go back," cried they all, — "go back to your own home! Your mother, beholding you safe and sound, will shed tears of joy; and what can she do more, should you win ever so great a victory? No matter for the golden apples! No matter for the king, your cruel cousin! We do not wish the dragon with the hundred heads to eat you up!"

The stranger seemed to grow impatient at these remonstrances. He carelessly lifted his mighty club, and let it fall upon a rock that lay half buried in the earth, near by. With the force of that idle blow, the great rock was shattered all to pieces.

"Do you not believe," said he, looking at the damsels with a smile, "that such a blow would have crushed one of the dragon's hundred heads?"

Then he sat down on the grass, and told them the story of his life, from the day when he was first cradled in a warrior's brazen shield. While he lay there, two immense serpents came gliding over the floor, and opened

their hideous jaws to devour him; and he, a baby of a few months old, had gripped one of the fierce snakes in each of his little fists, and strangled them to death. When he was but a stripling, he had killed a huge lion, almost as big as the one whose vast and shaggy hide he now wore upon his shoulders.



When the stranger had finished the story of his adventures, he looked around at the attentive faces of the maidens.

"Perhaps you may have heard of me before," said he, modestly; "my name is Hercules!"

"We had already guessed it," replied the maidens;

"for your wonderful deeds are known all over the world. We do not think it strange, any longer, that you should set out in quest of the golden apples of the Hesperides. Come, sisters, let us crown the hero with flowers!"

Then they flung beautiful wreaths over his stately head and mighty shoulders, so that the lion's skin was almost entirely covered with roses. They took possession of his ponderous club, and so entwined it about with the brightest, softest, and most fragrant blossoms that not a finger's breadth of its oaken substance could be seen. It looked like a huge bunch of flowers. Lastly, they joined hands and danced around him, chanting words which became poetry of their own accord, and grew into a song, in honor of the illustrious Hercules.

And Hercules was rejoiced, as any other hero would have been, to know that these fair young girls had heard of the valiant deeds which it had cost him so much toil and danger to achieve. But still he was not satisfied. He could not think that what he had already done was worthy of so much honor, while there remained any bold or difficult adventure to be undertaken.

"Dear maidens," said he, when they paused to take breath, "now that you know my name, will you not tell me how I am to reach the garden of the Hesperides?"

"Ah! must you go so soon?" they exclaimed. "You that have performed so many wonders, and spent such a

toilsome life — cannot you content yourself to repose a little while on the margin of this peaceful river?"

Hercules shook his head. "I must depart," said he.

"We will then give you the best directions we can," replied the damsels. "You must go to the seashore, and find out the Old One, and compel him to inform you where the golden apples are to be found."

"The Old One!" repeated Hercules, laughing at this odd name. "And, pray, who may the Old One be?"

"Why, the Old Man of the Sea, to be sure!" answered one of the damsels. "You must talk with this Old Man of the Sea. He knows all about the garden of the Hesperides; for it is situated in an island which he is in the habit of visiting."

Hercules then asked whereabouts the Old One was most likely to be met with. When the damsels had informed him, he thanked them for all their kindness, and immediately set forth upon his journey.

But before he was out of hearing, one of the maidens called after him. "Keep fast hold of the Old One, when you catch him. Do not be astonished at anything that may happen. Only hold him fast, and he will tell you what you wish to know."

—NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE: *A Wonder-Book.*

in qui'ry, question; **pas'time**, something that passes the time, an amusement; **re mon'stran ces**, warnings; **strip'ling**, lad; **pon'der ous**, very heavy; **chant'ing**, singing; **il lus'tri ous**, famous.

1. Who was Hercules? What did you learn about him in the story of Jason? 2. Find out, if you can, what other labors Hercules performed. 3. Tell the story of Hercules' first encounter with a serpent. 4. Give some other instances of his great strength. 5. How were the golden apples guarded? 6. Find on your maps the country from which Hercules set out in quest of the garden of the Hesperides.

Sentence Study. — Rewrite the following sentences, expressing the same thought more briefly: —

1. When Hercules was a tiny baby, only a few months old, two serpents of enormous size attacked him.

2. They opened their great jaws to devour him, but he seized one with one little hand, one with the other, and succeeded in strangling them.

3. Hercules, who was renowned for his bravery, determined to find the tree which bore fruit of pure gold.

4. This tree was guarded day and night, year in and year out, by a dragon, horrible to look upon.

5. Hercules, after much wandering through distant lands and over unknown seas, and after many adventures, strange in character, succeeded in getting the golden apples.

Word Study. — 1. Young **men** sought for the golden apples. 2. **Children** listened to stories of the wonderful **fruit**. 3. The young **women** decorated his massive club. 4. The **stag** had brazen **feet**.

Write in a column the words printed in black-faced type. Opposite them write their singular form. Write the plural form of **ox, mouse, goose, tooth**. Write sentences of your own, using first the singular, then the plural, forms of the eight words given above. These words are said to form their plurals irregularly.

13

HERCULES AND THE GOLDEN APPLES (*Continued*)

HASTENING forward, without ever pausing or looking behind, he by and by heard the sea roaring at a distance. At this sound, he increased his speed, and soon came to a beach, where the great surf-waves tumbled themselves upon the hard sand, in a long line of snowy foam. At one end of the beach, however, there was a pleasant spot, where some green shrubbery clambered up a cliff, making its rocky face look soft and beautiful. A carpet of verdant grass, mixed with sweet-smelling clover, covered the narrow space between the bottom of the cliff and the sea. And what should Hercules espy there, but an old man, fast asleep!

But was it really and truly an old man? Certainly, at first sight, it looked very like one; but, on closer inspection, it rather seemed to be some kind of a creature that lived in the sea. For on his legs and arms there were scales, such as fishes have; he was web-footed and web-fingered, after the fashion of a duck; and his long beard, being of a greenish tinge, had more the appearance of a tuft of seaweed than of an ordinary beard. But Hercules, the instant he set eyes on this strange figure, was convinced that it could be no other than the Old One who was to direct him on his way.

Yes, it was the selfsame Old Man of the Sea whom the hospitable maidens had talked to him about. Thanking his stars for the lucky accident of finding the old fellow asleep, Hercules stole on tiptoe toward him, and caught him by the arm and leg.

"Tell me," cried he, before the Old One was well awake, "which is the way to the garden of the Hesperides?"

As you may easily imagine, the Old Man of the Sea awoke in a fright. But his astonishment could hardly have been greater than was that of Hercules, the next moment. For, all of a sudden, the Old One seemed to disappear out of his grasp, and he found himself holding a stag by the fore and hind leg! But still he kept fast hold. Then the stag disappeared, and in its stead there was a sea bird, fluttering and screaming, while Hercules clutched it by the wing and claw! But the bird could not get away. Immediately afterwards, there was an ugly, three-headed dog, which growled and barked at Hercules, and snapped fiercely at the hands by which he held him! But Hercules would not let him go. In another minute, instead of the three-headed dog, what should appear but a six-legged monster, kicking at Hercules with five of his legs, in order to get the remaining one at liberty! But Hercules held on. By and by, the monster disappeared, but a huge snake took its place, like one of those which Hercules had strangled in his baby-

hood, only a hundred times as big; and it twisted and twined about the hero's neck and body, and threw its tail high into the air, and opened its deadly jaws as if to devour him outright; so that it was really a very terrible spectacle! But Hercules was no whit disheartened, and squeezed the great snake so tightly that he soon began to hiss with pain.

You must understand that the Old Man of the Sea, though he generally looked so much like the wave-beaten figurehead of a vessel, had the power of assuming any shape he pleased. When he found himself so roughly seized by Hercules, he had been in hopes of putting him into such surprise and terror, by these magical transformations, that the hero would be glad to let him go. If Hercules had relaxed his grasp, the Old One would certainly have plunged down to the very bottom of the sea, whence he would not soon have given himself the trouble of coming up, in order to answer any impertinent questions.

But, as Hercules held on so stubbornly, he finally thought it best to reappear in his own figure. So there he was again, a fishy, scaly, web-footed sort of personage, with something like a tuft of seaweed at his chin. "Pray, what do you want with me?" cried the Old One, as soon as he could take breath.

"My name is Hercules!" roared the mighty stranger. "And you will never get out of my clutch until you tell me the nearest way to the garden of the Hesperides!"

When the old fellow heard who it was that had caught him, he saw, with half an eye, that it would be necessary to tell him everything that he wanted to know. "You must go on, thus and thus," said the Old Man of the Sea, after taking the points of the compass, "till you come in sight of a very tall giant, who holds the sky on his shoulders. And the giant, if he happens to be in the humor, will tell you exactly where the garden of the Hesperides lies."

"And if the giant happens not to be in the humor," remarked Hercules, balancing his club on the tip of his finger, "perhaps I shall find means to persuade him!"

Thanking the Old Man of the Sea, and begging his pardon for having squeezed him so roughly, the hero resumed his journey. Passing through the deserts of Africa, and going as fast as he could, he arrived at last on the shore of the great ocean. And here, unless he could walk on the crest of the billows, it seemed as if his journey must needs be at an end.

Nothing was before him, save the foaming, dashing, measureless ocean. But, suddenly, as he looked towards the horizon, he saw something, a great way off, which he had not seen the moment before. It gleamed very brightly, almost as you may have beheld the round, golden disk of the sun, when it rises or sets over the edge of the world. It evidently drew nearer; for, at every instant, this wonderful object became larger and more

lustrous. At length, it had come so nigh that Hercules discovered it to be an immense cup or bowl, made either of gold or burnished brass. The waves tumbled it onward, until it grazed against the shore, within a short distance of the spot where Hercules was standing.

As soon as this happened, he knew what was to be done; for he had not gone through so many remarkable adventures without learning pretty well how to conduct himself, whenever anything came to pass a little out of the common rule. It was just as clear as daylight that this marvelous cup had been set adrift by some unseen power, and guided hitherward, in order to carry Hercules across the sea, on his way to the garden of the Hesperides. Accordingly, without a moment's delay, he clambered over the brim, and slid down on the inside, where, spreading out his lion's skin, he proceeded to take a little repose. He had scarcely rested, until now, since he bade farewell to the damsels on the margin of the river. The waves dashed, with a pleasant and ringing sound, against the rim of the hollow cup; it rocked lightly to and fro, and the motion was so soothing that it speedily rocked Hercules into an agreeable slumber.

His nap had probably lasted a good while, when the cup chanced to graze a rock, and, in consequence, immediately resounded through its golden or brazen substance, a hundred times as loudly as ever you heard a church bell. The noise awoke Hercules, who instantly started

up and gazed around him, wondering whereabouts he was. He was not long in discovering that the cup had floated across a great part of the sea, and was approaching the shore of what seemed to be an island. And, on that island, what do you think he saw?

No; you will never guess it, not if you were to try fifty thousand times. It was a giant!

But such an intolerably big giant! A giant as tall as a mountain; so vast a giant that the clouds rested about his midst, like a girdle, and hung like a hoary beard from his chin, and flitted before his huge eyes, so that he could neither see Hercules nor the golden cup in which he was voyaging. And, most wonderful of all, the giant held up his great hands and appeared to support the sky, which, so far as Hercules could discern through the clouds, was resting upon his head!

Meanwhile, the bright cup continued to float onward, and finally touched the strand. Just then a breeze wafted away the clouds from before the giant's visage, and Hercules beheld it, with all its enormous features: eyes each of them as big as yonder lake, a nose a mile long, and a mouth of the same width. It was a countenance terrible from its enormous size, but disconsolate and weary, even as you may see the faces of many people, nowadays, who are compelled to sustain burdens above their strength.

Poor fellow! He had evidently stood there a long

while. An ancient forest had been growing and decaying around his feet; and oak trees, six or seven centuries old, had sprung from the acorn, and forced themselves between his toes.

—NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE: *A Wonder-Book.*

as sum'ing, taking; **trans for ma'tions**, changes of form; **bur'nished**, polished; **vis'age**, face; **dis con'so late**, sad.

1. Describe the Old Man of the Sea. 2. What remarkable power had he? 3. Trace Hercules' route on your maps — from Italy, across the sea, through Africa, to the Atlas Mountains. What "great ocean" did he come to? 4. Describe the appearance of the huge giant, Atlas.

Oral Composition. — Describe in your own words the various transformations of the Old Man of the Sea.

14

HERCULES AND THE GOLDEN APPLES (*Concluded*)

THE giant now looked down from the far height of his great eyes, and perceiving Hercules, roared out, in a voice that resembled thunder: "Who are you, down at my feet there? And whence do you come, in that little cup?"

"I am Hercules!" thundered back the hero, in a voice pretty nearly as loud as the giant's own. "And I am seeking for the garden of the Hesperides!"

"Ho! ho! ho!" roared the giant, in a fit of immense laughter. "That is a wise adventure, truly!"

"And why not?" cried Hercules, getting a little angry at the giant's mirth. "Do you think I am afraid of the dragon with a hundred heads?"

Just at this time, while they were talking together, some black clouds gathered about the giant's middle, and burst into a tremendous storm of thunder and lightning, so that Hercules found it impossible to distinguish a word. Only the giant's immeasurable legs were to be seen, standing up into the darkness of the tempest; and, now and then, a momentary glimpse of his whole figure, mantled in a volume of mist. He seemed to be speaking most of the time, but his big, deep, rough voice chimed in with the echoes of the thunderclaps, and rolled away over the hills, like them.

At last, the storm swept over, as suddenly as it had come. And there again was the clear sky, and the weary giant holding it up, and the pleasant sunshine beaming over his vast height. So far above the shower had been his head, that not a hair of it was moistened by the raindrops!

When the giant could see Hercules still standing on the seashore, he roared out to him anew. "I am Atlas, the mightiest giant in the world! And I hold the sky upon my head!"

"So I see," answered Hercules. "But can you show me the way to the garden of the Hesperides?"

"What do you want there?" asked the giant.

"I want three of the golden apples," shouted Hercules, "for my cousin, the king."

"There is nobody but myself," quoth the giant, "that can go to the garden of the Hesperides and gather the golden apples. If it were not for this little business of holding up the sky, I would make half a dozen steps across the sea, and get them for you."

"You are very kind," replied Hercules. "And cannot you rest the sky upon a mountain?"

"None of them are quite high enough," said Atlas, shaking his head. "But if you were to take your stand on the summit of that nearest one, your head would be pretty nearly on a level with mine. You seem to be a fellow of some strength. What if you should take my burden on your shoulders while I do your errand for you?"

Hercules, as you must remember, was a remarkably strong man; and though it certainly requires a great deal of muscular power to uphold the sky, yet, if any mortal could be supposed capable of such an exploit, he was the one. Nevertheless, it seemed so difficult an undertaking that, for the first time in his life, he hesitated.

"Is the sky very heavy?" he inquired.

"Why, not particularly so, at first," answered the giant, shrugging his shoulders. "But it gets to be a little burdensome after a thousand years!"

"And how long a time," asked the hero, "will it take you to get the golden apples?"

"Oh, that will be done in a few moments," cried Atlas. "I shall take ten or fifteen miles at a stride, and be at the garden and back before your shoulders begin to ache."

"Well, then," answered Hercules, "I will climb the mountain behind you there, and relieve you of your burden."

The truth is, Hercules had a kind heart of his own, and considered that he should be doing the giant a favor by allowing him this opportunity for a ramble. And, besides, he thought it would be still more for his own glory, if he could boast of upholding the sky, than merely to do so ordinary a thing as to conquer a dragon with a hundred heads. Accordingly, without more words, the sky was shifted from the shoulders of Atlas, and placed upon those of Hercules.

When this was safely accomplished, the first thing that the giant did was to stretch himself; and you may imagine what a prodigious spectacle he was then. Next, he slowly lifted one of his feet out of the forest that had grown up around it; then the other. Then, all at once, he began to caper, and leap, and dance, for joy at his freedom; flinging himself nobody knows how high into the air, and floundering down again with a shock that made the earth tremble. Then he laughed — Ho! ho! ho! — with a thunderous roar that was echoed from the mountains, far and near, as if they and the giant had

been so many rejoicing brothers. When his joy had a little subsided, he stepped into the sea; ten miles at the first stride, which brought him mid-leg deep; and ten miles at the second, when the water came just above his knees; and ten miles more at the third, by which he was immersed nearly to his waist. This was the greatest depth of the sea.

Hercules watched the giant, as he still went onward; for it was really a wonderful sight, this immense human form, more than thirty miles off, half hidden in the ocean, but with his upper half as tall, and misty, and blue, as a distant mountain. At last the gigantic shape faded entirely out of view. And now Hercules began to consider what he should do, in case Atlas should be drowned in the sea, or if he were to be stung to death by the dragon with the hundred heads, which guarded the golden apples of the Hesperides. If any such misfortune were to happen, how could he ever get rid of the sky? And, by the bye, its weight began already to be a little troublesome to his head and shoulders.

"I really pity the poor giant," thought Hercules. "If it wearies me so much in ten minutes, how must it have wearied him in a thousand years!"

I know not how long it was before, to his unspeakable joy, he beheld the huge shape of the giant, like a cloud, on the far-off edge of the sea. At his nearer approach, Atlas held up his hand, in which Hercules could perceive three

magnificent golden apples, as big as pumpkins, all hanging from one branch.

"I am glad to see you again," shouted Hercules, when the giant was within hearing. "So you have got the golden apples?"

"Certainly, certainly," answered Atlas; "and very fair apples they are. I took the finest that grew on the tree, I assure you. Ah! it is a beautiful spot, that garden of the Hesperides. Yes; and the dragon with a hundred heads is a sight worth any man's seeing. After all, you had better have gone for the apples yourself."

"No matter," replied Hercules. "You have had a pleasant ramble, and have done the business as well as I could. I heartily thank you for your trouble. And now, as I have a long way to go, and am rather in haste, — and as the king, my cousin, is anxious to receive the golden apples, — will you be kind enough to take the sky off my shoulders again?"

"Why, as to that," said the giant, chucking the golden apples into the air, twenty miles high, or thereabouts, and catching them as they came down, — "as to that, my good friend, I consider you a little unreasonable. Cannot I carry the golden apples to the king, your cousin, much quicker than you could? As his majesty is in such a hurry to get them, I promise you to take my longest strides. And, besides, I have no fancy for burdening myself with the sky, just now."

Here Hercules grew impatient, and gave a shrug of his shoulders. It being now twilight, you might have seen two or three stars tumble out of their places. Every body on earth looked upward in affright, thinking that the sky must be going to fall next.

"Oh, that will never do!" cried Giant Atlas, with a great roar of laughter. "I have not let fall so many stars within the last five centuries. By the time you have stood there as long as I did, you will learn patience!"

"What!" shouted Hercules, very wrathfully, "do you intend to make me bear this burden forever?"

"We will see about that, one of these days," answered the giant. "At all events, you ought not to complain if you have to bear it the next hundred years, or perhaps the next thousand. I bore it a good while longer, in spite of the backache. Well, then, after a thousand years, if I happen to feel in the mood, we may possibly shift about again. You are certainly a very strong man, and can never have a better opportunity to prove it. Posterity will talk of you, I warrant!"

"Pish! a fig for its talk!" cried Hercules, with another hitch of his shoulders. "Just take the sky upon your head one instant, will you? I want to make a cushion of my lion's skin, for the weight to rest upon. It really chafes me, and will cause unnecessary inconvenience in so many centuries as I am to stand here."

"That's no more than fair, and I'll do it!" quoth the

giant; for he had no unkind feelings towards Hercules. "For just five minutes, then, I'll take back the sky. Only for five minutes, recollect! I have no idea of spending another thousand years as I spent the last. Variety is the spice of life, say I."

Ah, the thick-witted old rogue of a giant! He threw down the golden apples, and received back the sky, from the head and shoulders of Hercules, upon his own, where it rightly belonged. And Hercules picked up the three golden apples, and straightway set out on his journey homeward, without paying the slightest heed to the thundering tones of the giant, who bellowed after him to come back. Another forest sprang up around his feet, and grew ancient there; and again might be seen oak trees, six or seven centuries old, that had grown betwixt his enormous toes.

And there stands the giant, to this day; or, at any rate, there stands a mountain as tall as he, which bears his name; and when the thunder rumbles about its summit, we may imagine it to be the voice of Giant Atlas, bellowing after Hercules!

—NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE: *A Wonder-Book.*

quoth, said; **ex'ploit**, bold deed; **pro di'gious**, enormous; **sub-si'ded**, grew less; **im mersed'**, plunged in; **cen'tu ry**, a hundred years; **pos ter'i ty**, descendants.

1. What was the giant, Atlas, in reality? How do you suppose the myth, that a giant held the sky up, arose? 2. What is

the old Greek legend as to the cause of falling stars? 3. Which of the heroes — Ulysses, Perseus, Jason, or Hercules — do you like best? Why? 4. What traits of character have they in common?

Spelling. — Learn to spell the following words orally and to write them from dictation: —

courage, famous, promised, voyage, warriors, suspicion, celebrated, astonished, creature, imagined, unnecessary, volume.

[Here end our stories from the Greek myths or legends. Pupils will find their fill of them in Charles Kingsley's *The Greek Heroes* and in Nathaniel Hawthorne's *A Wonder-Book* and in its continuation, *Tanglewood Tales.* If they are not familiar with Kingsley's *Water Babies*, their acquaintance with his name in *The Greek Heroes* will perhaps lead them to take it up now.]

15

THE SHEPHERD OF KING ADMETUS

THERE came a youth upon the earth,
Some thousand years ago,
Whose slender hands were nothing worth,
Whether to plow, or reap, or sow.

Upon an empty tortoise shell
He stretched some cords, and drew
Music that made men's bosoms swell
Fearless, or brimmed their eyes with dew.

Then King Admetus, one who had
Pure taste by right divine,



Decreed his singing not too bad
To hear between the cups of wine.

And so, well pleased with being soothed
Into a sweet half-sleep,
Three times his kingly beard he smoothed
And made him viceroy o'er his sheep.

His words were simple words enough,
And yet he used them so,
That what in other mouths was rough
In his seemed musical and low.

Men called him but a shiftless youth,
In whom no good they saw;

And yet, unwittingly, in truth,
They made his careless words their law.

They knew not how he learned at all,
For idly, hour by hour,
He sat and watched the dead leaves fall,
Or mused upon a common flower.

It seemed the loveliness of things
Did teach him all their use,
For in mere weeds, and stones, and springs,
He found a healing power profuse.

Men granted that his speech was wise,
But when a glance they caught
Of his slim grace and woman's eyes,
They laughed and called him good-for-naught.

Yet after he was dead and gone,
And e'en his memory dim,
Earth seemed more sweet to live upon,
More full of love, because of him.

And day by day more holy grew
Each spot where he had trod,
Till after-poets only knew
Their first-born brother as a god.

—JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

di vine', belonging to the gods (kings were supposed to rule by divine right, that is, by power given to them by the gods); **de creed'**, ordered; **vice'roy**, one who rules as representing a king (**vice** means "in the place of"); **mused**, thought dreamily; **pro fuse'**, widespread.

1. Read the whole poem carefully. What shape is the empty tortoise shell? What musical instruments have we made by stretching cords over wood shaped something like this shell? 2. How would you express in prose the line, "brimmed their eyes with dew"? 3. Explain the last line of the third stanza. 4. Why was the youth called "good-for-naught"? Read the stanzas that show he did not deserve the name. 5. What does **viceroy** mean? What, then, does **vice president** mean? Substitute another word for **mused** in the seventh stanza. 6. In what way was he wiser than most of us? Who was his teacher? (See the seventh and eighth stanzas.) 7. Read the poem all through once more and see if you can find what lesson it teaches

Word Study: *Words that have the same form in the singular and the plural.*

1. The sheep is being sheared. 2. The sheep are under the trees. 3. I see the sheep.

In the first sentence how many sheep are spoken of? In the second? In the third? What form has the word **sheep** when only one is meant? When more are meant? How can you tell whether one or more than one is referred to?

Some words have the same form in singular and plural: **sheep, deer, trout, cannon.**

Some words have only a plural form: **scissors, shears, trousers, spectacles, clothes.**

Written Exercise. — Write a sentence using **deer** in the singular, one using **sheep**, one using **cannon**. Write sentences using these words in the plural.

Punctuation. — Notice the word **o'er** in the fourth stanza of *King Admetus*. Write the word out in full, supplying the letter

that is omitted. How is the omission shown? Find another instance of this same kind in the poem. What letter is omitted here? How is the omission shown?

Rule. — When words are shortened by the omission of letters, an apostrophe (') marks the omission.

Written Exercise. — Write the following sentences out in full, supplying the letters that are omitted: —

1. There's no dew left on the daisies and clover,
 There's no rain left in heaven;
 I've said my "seven times" over and over,
 Seven times one is seven.

2. Howe'er it be, it seems to me
 'Tis only noble to be good.

3. O velvet bee! you're a dusty fellow,
 You've powdered your legs with gold.

4. Where the pools are bright and deep,
 Where the gray trout lies asleep,
 Up the river and o'er the lea.
 That's the way for Billy and me.

Study these verses, notice how they are punctuated, especially where the apostrophe is used, and write them from dictation.

16

MARCO BOZZARIS

At midnight, in his guarded tent,
The Turk was dreaming of the hour
When Greece, her knee in suppliance bent,
Should tremble at his power;

In dreams, through camp and court, he bore
The trophies of a conqueror;
In dreams his song of triumph heard;
Then wore his monarch's signet ring:
Then pressed that monarch's throne — a king;
As wild his thoughts, and gay of wing,
As Eden's garden bird.

At midnight, in the forest shades,
Bozzaris ranged his Suliote band,
True as the steel of their tried blades,
Heroes in heart and hand.
There had the Persian's thousands stood,
There had the glad earth drunk their blood
On old Platæa's day;
And now there breathed that haunted air
The sons of sires who conquered there,
With arm to strike and soul to dare,
As quick, as far as they.

An hour passed on — the Turk awoke;
That bright dream was his last;
He woke to hear his sentries shriek,
"To arms! they come! the Greek! the Greek!"
He woke — to die midst flame and smoke,
And shout, and groan, and saber-stroke,
And death-shots falling thick and fast

As lightnings from the mountain-cloud;
And heard, with voice as trumpet loud,
Bozzaris cheer his band:
"Strike — till the last armed foe expires;
Strike — for your altars and your fires;
Strike — for the green graves of your sires,
God, and your native land!"

They fought, like brave men, long and well;
They piled the ground with Moslem slain;
They conquered — but Bozzaris fell,
Bleeding at every vein.
His few surviving comrades saw
His smile, when rang their proud hurrah,
And the red field was won;
They saw in death his eyelids close
Calmly as to a night's repose,
Like flowers at set of sun.

* * * * * *

Bozzaris! with the storied brave
Greece nurtured in her glory's time,
Rest thee — there is no prouder grave,
Even in her own proud clime.
We tell thy doom without a sigh;
For thou art Freedom's now, and Fame's;
One of the few, the immortal names,
That were not born to die.

— Fitz-Greene Halleck.

[A hundred years ago the Greeks were trying to throw off the yoke of the Turks, who were Moslems (or Mohammedans) by religion, as their ancient ancestors had driven back the hosts of the Persian king, at the battle of Platæa.]

sup'pli ance, submission; **tro'phies**, signs of triumph; **mon'arch**, king; **signet ring**, the royal seal; **Eden's garden bird**, the bird of Paradise; **Suliotes**, a Grecian people, who had long been resisting the Turks; **sur viv'ing**, remaining alive.

1. Read the whole poem through. What do you like about it? 2. Picture to yourself the scene of the first stanza. What are the Turks doing? 3. At the same hour what are the Greeks doing? 4. Which is the most stirring stanza? 5. Commit to memory the last four lines of the third stanza. 6. Which lines tell you that Bozzaris loved his country more than his life? 7. In the first stanza, what lines rhyme?

Written Composition. — Read the first stanza of *Marco Bozzaris* several times, until you see very clearly the picture the poet draws. Then see if you can make the scene as clear in prose — the hour, the place, the sleeping soldiers. The composition that describes the scene best might be written on the blackboard in order that all may compare it with the poet's lines.

Spelling. — Write from dictation the first four lines of *Marco Bozzaris*; also the following words: —

monarch, conqueror, breathed, trophies, heroes, shriek, vein, calmly.

17

HOW THOR WENT TO THE LAND OF GIANTS

[Our early ancestors on the mainland of Europe — who have now developed into the Germans and Austrians, the Dutch, the Danes, the Swedes, and the Norwegians — had many myths of gods and heroes. The following selections tell of their gods, — Odin, the greatest of them all, whose name is preserved in "Wodin's day" or Wednesday; Thor, the thunder god, whose name is preserved in "Thor's day" or Thursday; and several others, of whom we need now only mention Loki, an agile, mischievous, and evil spirit; and Baldur, the most gracious and beautiful of Odin's children, who came to his death at Loki's hands. In the first selection Thor and Loki are setting out for Giants' Home, there to threaten the race of the giants, who are the enemies of the gods.]

ONCE on a time, Thor and Loki set out on a journey from Asgard, the city of the gods, to Giants' Home, accompanied by Thialfi, their servant. They crossed the sea, and then journeyed on, on, on in the strange, barren, misty land. Sometimes they crossed great mountains; sometimes they had to make their way among torn and rugged rocks, which often, through the mist, appeared to them to wear the forms of men, and once for a whole day they traversed a thick and tangled forest. In the evening of that day, being very tired, they saw with pleasure that they had come upon a spacious hall, of which the door, as broad as the house itself, stood wide open.

"Here we may very comfortably lodge for the night," said Thor; and they went in and looked about them.

The house appeared to be perfectly empty; there was a wide hall, and five smaller rooms opening into it. They were, however, too tired to examine it carefully; and as no inhabitants made their appearance, they ate their supper in the hall, and lay down to sleep. But they had not rested long before they were disturbed by strange noises, groanings, mutterings, and snortings, louder than any animal that they had ever seen in their lives could make. By and by the house began to shake from side to side, and it seemed as if the very earth trembled. Thor sprang up in haste, and ran to the open door; but, though he looked earnestly into the starlit forest, there was no enemy to be seen anywhere. Loki and Thialfi, after groping about for a time, found a sheltered chamber to the right, where they thought they could finish their night's rest in safety; but Thor, with Miolnir, his hammer, in his hand, watched at the door of the house all night. As soon as the day dawned he went out into the forest, and there, stretched on the ground close by the house, he saw the strange, uncouth, gigantic shape of a man, out of whose nostrils came a breath which swayed the trees to their very tops. There was no need to wonder any longer what the disturbing noises had been. Thor fearlessly walked up to this strange monster to have a better look at him; but at the sound of



THOR DEFIES THE GIANT

his footsteps the giant shape rose slowly, stood up to an immense height, and looked down upon Thor with two great misty eyes, like blue mountain lakes.

"Who are you?" said Thor, standing on tiptoe, and stretching his neck to look up; "and why do you make such a noise as to prevent your neighbors from sleeping?"

"My name is Skrymir," said the giant sternly; "I need not ask yours. You are little Thor of Asgard; but pray, now, have you done with my glove?"

As he spoke he stooped down, and picked up the hall where Thor and his companions had passed the night, and which, in truth, was nothing more than his glove, the room where Loki and Thialfi had slept being the thumb.

Thor rubbed his eyes, and felt as if he must be dreaming. Rousing himself, however, he raised his hammer in his hand, and trying to keep his eyes fixed on the giant's face, which seemed to be always changing, he said, "It is time that you should know, Skrymir, that I am come to Giants' Home to fight and conquer such evil giants as you are, and, little as you think me, I am ready to try my strength against yours."

"Try it, then," said the giant.

And Thor, without another word, threw his hammer at his head.

"Ah! Ah!" said the giant; "did a leaf touch me?"

Again Thor seized his hammer, which always returned

to his hand, however far he cast it from him, and threw it with all his force.

The giant put up his hand to his forehead. "I think," he said, "that an acorn must have fallen on my head."

A third time Thor struck a blow, the heaviest that ever fell from the hand of a god; but this time the giant laughed out loud.

"There is surely a bird on that tree," he said, "who has let a feather fall on my face."

Then, without taking any further notice of Thor, he swung an immense wallet over his shoulder, and, turning his back upon him, struck into a path that led from the forest. When he had got a little way he looked round, his immense face appearing less like a human countenance than some strange, uncouthly shaped stone.

"Thor," he said, "let me give you a piece of good advice before I go. When you get to our city, don't make much of yourself. You think me a tall man, but you have taller still to see; and you yourself are a very little manikin. Turn back home whence you came, and be satisfied to have learned something of yourself by your journey to Giants' Home.

"Manikin or not, *that* will I never do," shouted Thor after the giant. "We shall meet again, and something more shall we learn, or teach each other."

The giant, however, did not turn back to answer, and

Thor and his companions, after looking for some time after him, resumed their journey. Before the sun was quite high in the heavens they came out of the forest, and at noon they found themselves on a vast barren plain, where stood a great city, whose walls of dark, rough stone were so high that Thor had to bend his head quite far back to see the top of them. When they approached the entrance of this city, they found that the gates were closed and barred; but the space between the bars was so large that Thor passed through easily, and his companions followed him. The streets of the city were gloomy and still. They walked on for some time without meeting any one; but at length they came to a very high building, of which the gates stood open.

"Let us go in and see what is going on here," said Thor; and they went. After crossing the threshold they found themselves in an immense banqueting hall. A table stretched from one end to the other of it; stone thrones stood round the table, and on every throne sat a giant, each one, as Thor glanced round, appearing more grim, and cold, and stony than the rest. One among them sat on a raised seat, and appeared to be the chief; so to him Thor approached and paid his greetings.

The giant chief just glanced at him, and, without rising, said, in a somewhat careless manner, "It is, I think, a foolish custom to tease tired travelers with questions

about their journey. I know without asking that you, little fellow, are Thor. Perhaps, however, you may be in reality taller than you appear; and as it is a rule here that no one shall sit down to table till he has performed some wonderful feat, let us hear what you and your followers are famed for, and in what way you choose to prove yourselves worthy to sit down in the company of giants."

At this speech, Loki, who had entered the hall cautiously behind Thor, pushed himself forward.

"The feat for which I am most famed," he said, "is eating, and it is one which I am just now inclined to perform with right good will. Put food before me, and let me see if any of your followers can dispatch it as quickly as I can."

"The feat you speak of is one by no means to be despised," said the King, "and there is one here who would be glad to try his powers against yours. Let Logi," he said to one of his followers, "be summoned to the hall."

At this, a tall, thin, yellow-faced man approached, and a large trough of meat having been placed in the middle of the hall, Loki set to work at one end, and Logi at the other, and they began to eat. The giants all turned their slow-moving eyes to watch them, and in a few moments they met in the middle of the trough. It seemed, at first, as if they had both eaten exactly the same quantity; but, when the thing came to be examined into, it was found

that Loki had, indeed, eaten up all the meat, but that Logi had also eaten the bones and the trough. Then the giants nodded their huge heads, and determined that Loki was conquered. The King now turned to Thialfi, and asked what he could do.

"I was thought swift of foot among the youth of my own country," answered Thialfi; "and I will, if you please, try to run a race with any one here."

"You have chosen a noble sport, indeed," said the King; "but you must be a good runner if you can beat him with whom I shall match you."

Then he called a slender lad, Hugi by name, and the whole company left the hall, and, going out by an opposite gate to that by which Thor had entered, they came out to an open space, which made a noble race ground. There the goal was fixed, and Thialfi and Hugi started off together.

Thialfi ran fast — fast as the reindeer that hears the wolves howling behind; but Hugi ran so much faster that, passing the goal, he turned round, and met Thialfi halfway in the course.

"Try again, Thialfi," cried the King; and Thialfi, once more taking his place, flew along the course with feet scarcely touching the ground — swiftly as an eagle when, from his mountain crag, he swoops on his prey in the valley; but with all his running he was still a good bowshot from the goal when Hugi reached it.

"You are certainly a good runner," said the King; "but if you mean to win, you must do a little better still than this; but perhaps you wish to surprise us all the more this third time."

The third time, however, Thialfi was wearied, and though he did his best, Hugi, having reached the goal, turned and met him not far from the starting point.

The giants again looked at each other, and declared that there was no need of further trial, for Thialfi was conquered.

— A. AND E. KEARY: *The Heroes of Asgard.*

our an'ces tors, they from whom we are descended; **ag'ile**, nimble, quick; **mis'chiev ous**, full of mischief; **man'i kin**, little man.

1. Who was the chief of the Greek gods? Which of the Northern gods held the same place? 2. Who was Thor? Which of the days of the week is called after him? 3. Describe the appearance of the giant Skrymir. Tell of the meeting between Skrymir and Thor. 4. What condition did the giant chief make before inviting his guests to sit at table with him? 5. Describe the contest between Logi and Loki. 6. Describe the running contest.

Spelling. — Learn the derivation of the days of the week, and write from memory as a spelling lesson: —

Sunday, day of the Sun.
Monday, day of the Moon.
Tuesday, day of Tyr, the god of war.
Wednesday, day of Wodin.
Thursday, day of Thor.
Friday, day of Frigg, the goddess of love.
Saturday, day of Saturn, the old Latin god of agriculture.

If you will remember after whom Wednesday was named, you will not leave out the **d** in spelling it.

Do not forget that the days of the week are always written with capital letters.

Composition. — Learn by heart and write from memory the old rhyme: —

Monday's child is fair of face,
Tuesday's child is full of grace,
Wednesday's child is merry and glad,
Thursday's child is sour and sad,
Friday's child is loving and giving,
Saturday's child must work for his living,
But the child that is born on the Sabbath day,
Is blithe, and bonny, and good, and gay.

Sentence Study. — Thor was a god. He was a god of the Northern people. He was the god of thunder.

These sentences are too short and abrupt to read smoothly. By combining the three into one, we have all the ideas and a better sounding sentence: "Thor was the Northern god of thunder."

Written Exercise. — Combine the following groups into sentences: —

1. He was the son of Odin. He lived in Asgard. Asgard was the home of the gods. 2. Once he went upon a journey. He went to Giants' Home. This was a dreadful land. 3. The journey was a long one. They crossed the sea. They had to make their way over great mountains. 4. Finally, they came to the city of the giants. The city had a wall about it. The great gates were closed. 5. Thor went into a great hall. There was a table in the hall. Stone thrones stood about the table. A giant sat on every throne.

Word Study. — "The giant said to Thor, 'When you get to our city, don't make much of yourself.'" What letter is omitted where the apostrophe is used? **Don't** is a contraction of **do not**, and should be used only where **do not** might properly be used. We sometimes

hear people say, "He don't," but that is wrong, because we should not say, "He do not." The correct form is "He does not," or "He doesn't."

Write **don't** or **doesn't** in the blanks below: —

1. I —— know them. 2. He —— know me. 3. She —— know me. 4. They —— know me.

When you are sure that you have these sentences correctly written, read them over and over until they sound familiar.

Write ten sentences, using **doesn't** properly.

18

HOW THOR WENT TO THE LAND OF GIANTS

(*Concluded*)

It was now Thor's turn, and all the company looked eagerly at him, while the king asked by what wonderful feat he chose to distinguish himself.

"I will try a drinking match with any of you," Thor said shortly; for, to tell the truth, he cared not to perform anything very worthy in the company in which he found himself.

King Utgard appeared pleased with his choice, and when the giants had resumed their seats in the hall, he ordered one of his servants to bring in his drinking cup, which it was his custom to make his guests drain at a draught.

"There!" he said, handing it to Thor, "we call it well drunk if a person empties it at a single draught. Some,

indeed, take two to it; but the very weakest can manage it in three."

Thor looked into the cup; it appeared to him long, but not so very large after all, and, being thirsty, he put it to his lips, and thought to make short work of it, and empty it at one good, hearty pull. He drank, and put the cup down again; but instead of being empty, it was now just so full that it could be moved without spilling.

"Ha! ha! You are keeping all your strength for the second pull, I see," said Utgard, looking in. Without answering, Thor lifted the cup again and drank with all his might till his breath failed; but when he put down the cup, the liquor had only sunk down a little from the brim.

"If you mean to take three draughts to it," said Utgard, "you are really leaving yourself a very unfair share for the last time. Look to yourself, Thor, for if you do not acquit yourself better in other feats, we shall not think so much of you here as they say the gods do in Asgard."

At this speech Thor felt angry, and seizing the cup again, he drank a third time, deeper and longer than he had yet done; but when he looked into the cup, he saw that a very small part only of its contents had disappeared. Wearied and disappointed, he put the cup down, and said he would try no more to empty it.

"It is pretty plain," said the King, looking round on

the company, "that Thor is by no means the kind of man we always supposed him to be."

"Nay," said Thor, "I am willing to try another feat, and you yourselves shall choose what it shall be."

"Well," said the King, "there is a game at which our children are used to play. A short time ago I dare not have named it to Thor; but now I am curious to see how he will bear himself in it. It is merely to lift my cat from the ground — a childish amusement truly."

As he spoke a large gray cat sprang into the hall, and Thor, stooping forward, put his hand under it to lift it up. He tried gently at first; but by degrees he put forth all his strength, tugging and straining as he had never done before; but the utmost he could do was to raise one of the cat's paws a little way from the ground.

"It's just as I thought," said King Utgard, looking round with a smile; "but we are all willing to allow that the cat *is* large, and Thor but a little fellow."

"Little as you think me," cried Thor, "who is there who will dare to wrestle with me in my anger?"

"In truth," said the King, "I don't think there is any one here who would choose to wrestle with you; but, if wrestle you must, I will call in that old crone, Elli. She has, in her time, laid low many a better man than Thor has shown himself to be."

The crone came. She was old, withered, and toothless, and Thor shrank from the thought of wrestling with

her; but he had no choice. She threw her arms round him, and drew him toward the ground, and the harder he tried to free himself, the tighter grew her grasp. They struggled long. Thor strove bravely, but a strange feeling of weakness and weariness came over him, and at length he tottered and fell down on one knee before her. At this sight all the giants laughed aloud, and Utgard, coming up, desired the old woman to leave the hall, and proclaimed that the trials were over. No one of his followers would *now* contend with Thor, he said, and night was approaching. He then invited Thor and his companions to sit down at the table, and spend the night with him as his guests. Thor, though feeling somewhat perplexed and mortified, accepted his invitation courteously, and showed, by his agreeable behavior during the evening, that he knew how to bear being conquered with a good grace.

In the morning, when Thor and his companions were leaving the city, the King himself accompanied them without the gates; and Thor, looking steadily at him when he turned to bid him farewell, perceived, for the first time, that he was the very same Giant Skrymir with whom he had met in the forest.

"Come now, Thor," said the giant, with a strange sort of smile on his face, "tell me truly, before you go, how you think your journey has turned out, and whether or not I was right in saying that you would meet with better men than yourself in Giants' Home."

"I confess freely," answered Thor, looking up without any false shame on his face, "that I have borne myself but humbly, and it grieves me; for I know that in Giants' Home, henceforward, it will be said I am a man of little worth."

"By my troth! no," cried the giant, heartily. "Never should you have come into my city if I had known what a mighty man of valor you really are; and now that you are safely out of it, I will, for once, tell the truth to you, Thor. All this time I have been deceiving you by my enchantments. When you met me in the forest, and hurled your Miolnir at my head, I should have been crushed by the weight of your blows had I not skillfully placed a mountain between myself and you, on which the strokes of your hammer fell, and where you cleft three deep ravines, which shall henceforth become verdant valleys. In the same manner I deceived you about the contests in which you engaged last night. When Loki and Logi sat down before the trough, Loki, indeed, ate like hunger itself; but Logi is fire, who, with eager, consuming tongue, licked up both bones and trough. Thialfi is the swiftest of mortal runners; but the slender lad, Hugi, was my thought; and what speed can ever equal his? So it was in your own trials. When you took such deep draughts from the horn, you little knew what a wonderful feat you were performing. The other end of that horn reached the ocean, and when you come to the shore you

will see how far its waters have fallen away, and how much the deep sea itself has been diminished by your draught. Hereafter, men watching the going out of the tide will call it the ebb, or draught of Thor. Scarcely less wonderful was the prowess you displayed in the second trial. What appeared to you to be a cat, was, in reality, the serpent which encircles the world. When we saw you succeed in moving it, we trembled lest the very foundations of earth and sea should be shaken by your strength. Nor need you be ashamed of having been overthrown by the old woman, for she is old age; and there never has, and never will be, one whom she has not the power to lay low. We must now part, and you had better not come here again, or attempt anything further against my city; for I shall always defend it by fresh enchantments, and you will never be able to do anything against me."

At these words Thor raised Miolnir, and was about to challenge the giant to a fresh trial of strength; but, before he could speak, Skrymir vanished from his sight; and, turning round to look for the city, he found that it, too, had disappeared, and that he was standing alone on a smooth, green, empty plain.

"What a fool I have been," said Thor, aloud, "to allow myself to be deceived by a mountain giant!"

"Ah," answered a voice from above, "I told you, you would learn to know yourself better by your journey to Giants' Home. It is the great use of traveling."

Thor turned quickly round again, thinking to see Skrymir behind him; but, after looking on every side, he could perceive nothing, but that a high, cloud-capped mountain, which he had noticed on the horizon, appeared to have advanced to the edge of the plain.

— A. AND E. KEARY: *The Heroes of Asgard.*

draught, that which is drunk at one time; **crone,** an old woman; **mor'ti fied,** ashamed; **ccurt'e ous ly,** politely: **troth,** faith; **di min'ished,** made smaller; **prow'ess,** brave deeds.

1. What three feats did Thor perform? Tell why he was unsuccessful in each. 2. Explain the cause of Loki's failure. Of Thialfi's. 3. What had the strokes of Thor's hammer done? 4. What is the **ebb** of the tide? Why should men call it the draught of Thor?

Punctuation. — In the first line of Lesson 18 there is an apostrophe used. Does it show that a letter is omitted in this case? The apostrophe has another use besides showing the omission of letters.

If you were asked the question, "Whose book is that?" you would not say, "That is a book owned by John." You would be more apt to say, "That is John's book."

That is John's book means just the same as *That is a book owned by John*, and it is a less awkward way of saying it. Notice the apostrophe which is used before the letter **s**.

Rule. — Add an apostrophe and **s** to singular name-words or nouns to show ownership or possession. "The **boy's** ball is lost." "**James's** sled is broken."

Written Exercise. — Rewrite the following sentences, using the apostrophe and **s** to show possession in place of the phrases which are used.

1. Rejoice not at the fall of your enemy. 2. Draw near to the heart of nature. 3. Flag of our country, how dear thou art! 4. A cruel man is the enemy of God. 5. The discoveries of Columbus were the greatest the world has ever known.

19

THE DEATH OF BALDUR

Upon a summer's afternoon it happened that Baldur the Bright and Bold, beloved of men and gods, was dreaming in his palace of Broadblink, the most sunlit of palaces.

Now the dream of Baldur was troubled. He knew not whence nor why; but when he awoke he found that a most new and weighty care was within him. It was so heavy that Baldur could scarcely carry it, and yet he pressed it closely to his heart, and said, "Lie there, and do not fall on any one but me." Then he rose up, and walked out from his splendid hall, that he might seek his own mother, Frigga, and tell her what had happened to him. He found her in her crystal hall, calm and kind, waiting to listen, and ready to sympathize; so he walked up to her, his hands pressed closely on his heart, and lay down at her feet, sighing.

"What is the matter, dear Baldur?" asked Frigga, gently.

"I do not know, mother," answered he. "I do not know what the matter is; but I have a shadow in my heart."

"Take it out, then, my son, and let me look at it," replied Frigga.

"But I fear, mother, that if I do it will cover the whole earth."

Then Frigga laid her hand upon the heart of her son that she might feel the shadow's shape. Her brow became clouded as she felt it; her parted lips grew pale, and she cried out, "Oh! Baldur, my beloved son! the shadow is the shadow of death!"

Then said Baldur, "I will die bravely, my mother."

Then Frigga answered, "You shall not die at all; for I will not sleep to-night until everything on earth has sworn to me that it will neither kill nor harm you."

So Frigga called to her everything on earth that had power to hurt or slay. First she called all metals to her; and heavy iron ore came lumbering up the hill into the crystal hall, brass and gold, copper, silver, lead, and steel, and stood before the Queen, who lifted her right hand high in the air, saying, "Swear to me that you will not injure Baldur;" and they all swore, and went. Then she called to her all stones; and huge granite came with crumbling sandstone, and white lime, and the round, smooth stones of the seashore, and Frigga raised her arm, saying, "Swear that you will not injure Baldur;" and they swore, and went. Then Frigga called to her the trees; and widespreading oak trees, with tall ash and somber firs, came rushing up the hill, with long branches,

from which green leaves like flags were waving, and Frigga raised her hand, and said, "Swear that you will not hurt Baldur;" and they said, "We swear," and went. After this Frigga called to her the diseases, who came, blown thitherward by poisonous winds and to the sound of moaning. Frigga said to them, "Swear;" and they sighed, "We swear," then flew away. Then Frigga called to her all beasts, birds, and venomous snakes, who came to her, and swore, and disappeared. After this she stretched out her hand to Baldur, while a smile spread over her face, saying, "Now, my son, you cannot die."

But just then Odin came in, and when he had heard from Frigga the whole story, he looked even more mournful than she had done; neither did the cloud pass from his face when he was told of the oaths that had been taken.

"Why do you still look so grave, my lord?" demanded Frigga, at last. "Baldur cannot now die."

But Odin asked very gravely, "Is the shadow gone out of our son's heart, or is it still there?"

"It cannot be there," said Frigga, turning her head away resolutely, and folding her hands before her.

But Odin looked at Baldur, and saw how it was. The hands were pressed to the heavy heart, the beautiful brow had grown dim. Then immediately he arose, saddled Sleipnir, his eight-footed steed, mounted him, and, turning to Frigga, said, "I know of a dead prophetess, who,

when she was alive, could tell what was going to happen; her grave lies on the east side of Ghosts' Land, and I am going there to awake her, and ask whether any terrible grief is really coming upon us."

So saying, Odin shook the bridle in his hand, and the Eight-footed, with a bound, leapt forth, flew like a whirlwind down the mountain of Asgard, and then rushed into a narrow defile between the rocks.

When Odin came to the grave he got off his horse, and stood looking through barred enclosures into the city of the dead itself. The servants were very busy there, making preparations for some new guest — hanging a gilded couch with splendid curtains. Then Odin's heart died within him, and he began to repeat mournful prophecies to himself in a low tone.

The dead prophetess turned heavily in her grave at the sound of his voice, and, as he went on, sat bolt upright. "What man is this," she asked, "who dares disturb my sleep, and what do you want from me?"

"I am Odin," replied the All-Father, "and I want to know for whom that gilded couch is being made ready in the city of the dead?"

"That is for Baldur the Beloved," answered the dead prophetess. "Now go away, and let me sleep again, for my eyes are heavy."

But Odin said, "Only one word more. Is Baldur going to the city of the dead?"

"Yes, I've told you that he is," answered the prophetess.

"Will he never come back to Asgard again?"

"If everything on earth should weep for him," answered she, "he will go back; if not, he will remain."

Then Odin covered his face with his hands, and looked into darkness.

"Go away," said the prophetess, "disturb me not."

Then Odin mounted the Eight-footed once more, and rode thoughtfully toward home.

—A. AND E. KEARY, *The Heroes of Asgard.*

oaths, solemn promises; **res'o lute ly**, in a determined way, boldly; **ven'o mous**, poisonous; **som'ber**, dark, gloomy; **an'guish**, bitter sorrow.

1. Who was Baldur? 2. Why was he so loved by men and gods? 3. Notice the name of his palace. Why was it so called? 4. Find some instances of his unselfishness in the story. 5. What was the shadow that he hesitated to cast over the world? 6. What plans did Frigga devise to save Baldur's life? 7. When Odin asked Frigga, "Is the shadow gone out of our son's heart?" why did she answer without turning to Baldur to find out?

Punctuation. — Account for the use of the apostrophe in the first line of Lesson 19. What other instances of the use of the apostrophe can you find in this lesson? Is the apostrophe used with singular or with plural nouns in these cases?

1. Birds' nests were found under the eaves.
2. Men's voices were heard above the tumult.

In the first sentence is one or more than one bird referred to? What is the plural of the word **bird**? With what letter does it end? How is ownership or possession shown in this case?

Is the word **men** in the second sentence singular or plural? In what way does the plural form of the word differ from the plural of **bird**? How does this word show ownership or possession?

Rule. — Add an apostrophe to plural nouns to show possession, if they end in **s**. Add an apostrophe and **s** to plural nouns to show possession, if they do not end in **s**.

Place the apostrophe where it belongs in the following sentences: —

1. Hawthornes stories are interesting.
2. The Pilgrims first winter in New England was a hard one.
3. The miners homes were destroyed by fire.
4. Look in Websters dictionary for the meaning of the word.
5. They sell boys shoes in this store.
6. This is the womens department.
7. Long may our land be bright,
 With freedoms holy light.
8. The Germans fatherland is dear to him.
9. The singers voices were heard in the distance.
10. The citys noise did not disturb him.

20

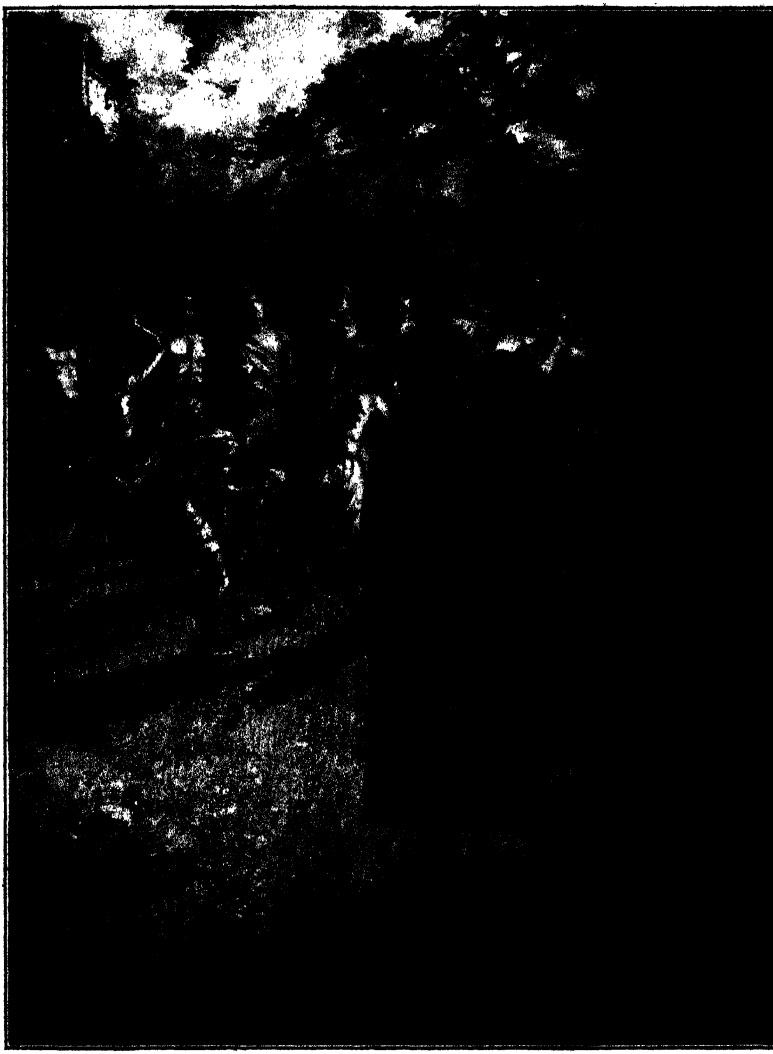
THE DEATH OF BALDUR (*Concluded*)

When Odin came back to Asgard, Hermod took the bridle from his father's hand, and told him that the rest of the gods were gone to the Peacestead, — a broad, green plain which lay just outside the city. Now this was, in fact, the playground of the gods, where they practiced trials of skill with one another, and held tournaments and sham fights. These last were always conducted in the

gentlest and most honorable manner; for the strongest law of the Peacestead was that no angry blow should be struck, or spiteful word spoken, upon the sacred field.

Odin was too much tired by his journey to go to the Peacestead that afternoon; so he turned away, and shut himself up in his palace. But when he was gone, Loki came into the city by another way, and hearing from Hermod where the gods were, set off to join them.

When he got to the Peacestead, Loki found that the gods were standing round in a circle, shooting at something, and he peeped between the shoulders of two of them to find out what it was. To his surprise he saw Baldur standing in the midst, erect and calm, while his friends and brothers were aiming their weapons at him. Some hewed at him with their swords; others threw stones at him; some shot arrows pointed with steel; and Thor continually swung his hammer at his head. "Well," said Loki to himself, "if this is the sport of Asgard, what must that of Giants' Home be? I wonder what Father Odin and Mother Frigga would say if they were here?" But as Loki still looked, he became even more surprised, for the sport went on, and Baldur was not hurt. Arrows aimed at his very heart glanced back again, untinged with blood. The stones fell down from his broad bright brow, and left no bruises there. Swords pierced, but did not wound him; the hammer struck him, and he was not crushed. At this Loki grew perfectly furious with envy



THE SPORT AT THE PEACESTEAD

and hatred. "And why is Baldur to be so honored," said he, "that even steel and stone shall not hurt him?" Then Loki changed himself into a little, dark, bent old woman, with a stick in his hand, and hobbled away from the Peacestead to Frigga's cool hall. At the door he knocked with his stick.

"Come in!" said the kind voice of Frigga, and Loki lifted the latch.

Now when Frigga saw, from the other end of the hall, a little, bent, crippled old woman come hobbling up her crystal floor, she got up with true queenliness, and met her halfway, holding out her hand, and saying in the kindest manner, "Pray sit down, my poor little friend; for it seems to me that you have come from a great way off."

"That I have, indeed," answered Loki in a tremulous, squeaking voice.

"And did you happen to see anything of the gods," said Frigga, "as you came?"

"Just now I passed by the Peacestead, and saw them at play."

"What were they doing?"

"Shooting at Baldur."

Then Frigga bent over her work with a pleased smile on her face. "And nothing hurt him?" she said.

"Nothing," answered Loki, looking keenly at her.

"No, nothing," murmured Frigga, still looking down

and speaking half musingly to herself; "for all things have sworn to me that they will not."

"Sworn!" exclaimed Loki, eagerly; "what is that you say? Has everything sworn, then?"

"Everything," answered she, "excepting, indeed, the little shrub mistletoe, and to that I said nothing, because I thought it was too young to swear."

"Excellent!" thought Loki; and then he got up.

"You're not going yet, are you?" said Frigga, stretching out her hand and looking up at last into the eyes of the old woman.

"I'm quite rested now, thank you," answered Loki, in his squeaky voice, and then he hobbled out at the door, which clapped to after him, and sent a cold gust into the room.

When Loki had left the presence of Frigga, he changed himself back to his proper shape, and went straight to where the mistletoe grew. Then he opened his knife, and cut off a large branch, saying these words, "Too young for Frigga's oaths, but not too weak for Loki's work." After this he set off for the Peacestead once more, the mistletoe in his hand. When he got there he found that the gods were still at their sport, standing round, taking aim, and talking eagerly, and Baldur did not seem tired.

But there was one who stood alone, leaning against a tree, and who took no part in what was going on,

This was Hodur, Baldur's blind twin brother; he stood with his head bent downward, silent, whilst the others were speaking, doing nothing, when they were most eager; and Loki thought that there was a discontented expression on his face, just as if he were saying to himself, "Nobody takes any notice of me." So Loki went up to him, and put his hand upon his shoulder.

"And why are you standing here all alone, my brave friend?" said he. "Why don't *you* throw something at Baldur? Hew at him with a sword, or show him some attention of that sort?"

"I haven't got a sword," answered Hodur, with an impatient gesture; "and you know as well as I do, Loki, that Father Odin does not approve of my wearing warlike weapons, or joining in sham fights, because I am blind."

"Oh! is that it?" said Loki. "Well, I only know *I* shouldn't like to be left out of everything. However, I've got a twig of mistletoe here which I'll lend you if you like; a harmless little twig enough, but I shall be happy to guide your arm if you would like to throw it, and Baldur might take it as a compliment from his twin brother."

"Let me feel it," said Hodur, stretching out his uncertain hands.

"This way, this way, my dear friend," said Loki, giving him the twig. "Now, as hard as ever you can, to do him honor; throw!"

Hodur threw — Baldur fell, and the shadow of death covered the whole earth.

— A. AND E. KEARY: *The Heroes of Asgard.*

tour'na ments, contests of strength and skill; **ges'ture**, movement of the arms or hands to express one's emotions.

1. What was the Peacestead? What was its chief law? 2. To what extent was Frigga's plan successful? Wherein did it fail? 3. By whose treachery was Baldur killed? Tell in your own words how Loki found out the one thing that could injure Baldur. 4. Why do you think Loki wished to kill Baldur? 5. Describe Baldur's death.

Sentence Study. — Combine the short sentences of each group, making one or two longer ones: —

1. Baldur was a god. He was the sun god. He was loved by men and gods.

2. He had a dream. When he wakened there was a shadow on his heart. His mother felt of the shadow. It was the shadow of death.

3. Frigga called all things on earth to her. She excepted only one thing. She made them all swear that they would not hurt Baldur.

4. The one thing she excepted was the mistletoe. This seemed too weak to hurt him. It was this which finally killed him. The shadow of death covered all the earth.

Spelling. — Learn to spell the following words orally, and to write them from dictation: —

sympathize, prophetess, eagerly, fierce, leisurely, valiantly, renowned, deceit, pledged, capable.

Common Errors: "*Ain't.*" — 1. "I'm quite rested now," answered Loki. 2. I've got a twig of mistletoe which I'll lend to you.

For what two words does each contraction in the above sentences stand? Rewrite the sentences, supplying these words.

Contractions of this kind are used by cultivated people both in speaking and writing, and are correct because they are simply a shortened form of the two words which one would correctly use in the sentence. There are some contractions, however, that are often heard, but that are incorrect, and are not used by educated people. Perhaps the most common word thus used is **ain't.**

Ain't is not a shortened form of any two words in the language, and it certainly is not an actual word in itself, so we have no excuse for using it. Do not say, "I **ain't** going;" "**Ain't** you coming?" "She **ain't** studied her lesson;" "**Ain't** he working?" Say instead, "I'm not going;" "Aren't you coming?" "She hasn't studied her lesson;" "Isn't he working?"

Written Exercise. — In the sentences given below you might be tempted to say **ain't.** Substitute for it one of the following: **I'm not, isn't, aren't, hasn't, haven't.**

1. —— he lucky! 2. I —— going to the circus. 3. —— you finished your book? 4. She —— as old as she looks. 5. They —— ready to go. 6. —— she pretty! 7. The boys —— going to play. 8. He —— learned his lesson yet. 9. It —— very hard. 10. I'm older than my sister, but I —— as big.

Say the correct form over and over aloud until it sounds right and natural.

Note. — The contraction "hain't" is sometimes used for "hasn't" or "haven't," but it is as incorrect as "ain't."

Word Study: *Exercise* 1. — Write five sentences of your own, using **I'm not**; five, using **he isn't**; five, using **she isn't**; five, using **they aren't**; five, using **you aren't.**

2. Write five sentences of your own, using **he hasn't**; five, using **she hasn't**; five, using **they haven't**; five, using **you haven't**; five, using **it isn't.**

21

THE BINDING OF FENRIR

Loki, the wicked, had a fierce son, Fenrir, half wolf, half god. To Tyr, the brave and strong-handed, Odin assigned the task of feeding Fenrir, and watching him, lest, in his cruel strength, he should injure any who were unable to defend themselves. And truly it was a grand sight, and one that Odin loved, to see the two together, when, in the evening after the feast was over in Valhalla, Fenrir came prowling to Tyr's feet to receive his food from the one hand strong enough to quell him. Tyr stood up in his calm strength like a tall, sheltering rock in which the timid sea birds find a home; and Fenrir roared and howled round him like the bitter, destroying wave that slowly undermines its base.

Time passed on. Tyr had reached the prime of his strength; but Fenrir went on growing, not so rapidly as to awaken fear, but slowly, surely, continually — a little stronger and a little fiercer every day.

The gods had become accustomed to his presence; the gentlest lady in Asgard no longer turned from the sight of his fierce mouth and fiery eyes; they talked to each other about the smallest things, and every daily event was commented on and wondered about; but no one said anything of Fenrir, or noticed how gradually he grew, or



TYR AND THE WOLF

how the glad air and the strong food, which gave valor and strength to a god, could only develop with greater rapidity the fierceness and the cruelty of a wolf. And they would have gone on living securely together while the monster grew and grew, if it had not been that Odin's one eye saw more clearly than the eyes of his brothers and children.

One evening, as he stood in the court of Valhalla, watching Tyr as he gave Fenrir his evening meal, a sudden cloud of care fell on the placid face of All-Father, and when the wolf, having satisfied his hunger, crouched back to his lair, he called together a council of the gods; and, after pointing out to them the evil which they had allowed to grow up among them unnoticed, he asked their counsel as to the best way of overcoming it before it became too strong to withstand.

Thor, always ready, was the first to answer. "One would think," he said, "to hear the grave way in which you speak, Father Odin, that there was no such thing as a smithy near Asgard, or that I, Thor, had no power to forge mighty weapons, and had never made my name known as the conqueror and binder of monsters. Set your mind at rest. Before to-morrow evening at this time I will have forged a chain with which you shall bind Fenrir; and, once bound in a chain of my workmanship, there will be nothing further to fear from him."

The assembled gods applauded Thor's speech; but the

cloud did not pass away from Odin's brow. "You have done many mighty deeds, Son Thor," he said; "but, if I mistake not, this binding of Fenrir will prove a task too difficult even for you."

Thor made no answer; but he seized Miolnir, and, with sounding steps, strode to the smithy. All night long the mighty blows rang on the anvil, and the roaring bellows breathed a hot blast over all the hill of Asgard. None of the gods slept that night; but every now and then one or other of them came to cheer Thor at his work. Sometimes Frey brought his bright face into the dusky smithy; sometimes Tyr entreated permission to strike a stout blow; sometimes Bragi seated himself among the workers, and, with his eyes fixed on the glowing iron, poured forth a hero song, to which the blows kept time.

There was also another guest, who, at intervals, made his presence known. By the light of the fire the evil form of Fenrir was seen prowling round in the darkness, and every now and then a fiendish, mocking laugh filled the pauses of the song, and the wind, and the hammer.

All that night and the next day Thor labored and Fenrir watched, and, at the time of the evening meal, Thor strode triumphantly into Father Odin's presence, and laid before him Læding, the strongest chain that had ever yet been forged on earth. The gods passed it from one to another, and wondered at its immense length and its twisted links.

"It is impossible for Fenrir to break through this," they said; and they were loud in their thanks to Thor and praises of his prowess; only Father Odin kept a grave, sad silence.

When Fenrir came into the court to receive his food from Tyr, it was agreed that Thor and Tyr were to seize and bind him. They held their weapons in readiness, for they expected a fierce struggle; but, to their surprise, Fenrir quietly allowed the chain to be wound round him, and lay down at his ease, while Thor, with two strokes of Miolnir, riveted the last link into one of the strongest stones on which the palace rested. Then when the gods were about to congratulate each other on their victory, Fenrir slowly raised his ponderous form, which seemed to swell as he rose, with one bound forward snapped the chain like a silken thread, and walked calmly to his lair, as if no unusual thing had befallen him.

The gods, with downcast faces, stood looking at each other. Once more Thor was the first to speak. "He who breaks through Læding," he said, "only brings upon himself the still harder bondage of Dromi." And having uttered these words, he again lifted Miolnir from the ground, and, weary as he was, returned to the smithy and resumed his place at the anvil.

For three days and nights Thor worked, and, when he once more appeared before Father Odin, he carried in his hand Dromi — the Strong Binding. This chain exceeded

Læding in strength by one half, and was so heavy that Thor himself staggered under its weight; and yet Fenrir showed no fear of allowing himself to be bound by it, and it cost him very little more effort than on the first evening to free himself from its fetters.

After this second failure Odin again called a council of the gods, and Thor stood among the others, silent and shamefaced.

It was now Frey who ventured first to offer an opinion. "Thor, Tyr, and other brave sons of the gods," he said, "have passed their lives valiantly in fighting against giants and monsters, and, doubtless, much wise lore has come to them through these adventures. I, for the most part, have spent my time peacefully in woods and fields, watching how the seasons follow each other, and how the silent, dewy night ever leads up to the brightly smiling day; and, in this watching, many things have been made plain to me which have not, perhaps, been thought worthy of regard by my brother lords. One thing that I have learned is the wondrous strength that lies in little things, and that the labor carried on in darkness and silence ever brings forth the grandest birth. Thor and Miolnir have failed to forge a chain strong enough to bind Fenrir; but, since we cannot be helped by the mighty and renowned, let us turn to the unknown and weak.

"In the caverns and dim places of the earth live a tiny race of people, who are always working with unwearied,

noiseless fingers. With Odin's permission, I will send my messenger, Skirnir, and entreat aid of them: and we shall, perhaps, find that what passes the might of Asgard may be accomplished in the secret place of Dwarf land."

The face of Odin brightened as Frey spoke, and, rising immediately from his seat, he broke up the council, and entreated Frey to lose no time in dispatching Skirnir, his messenger.

—A. AND E. KEARY. *The Heroes of Asgard.*

as signed', gave as a task or duty; **quell**, conquer; **Valhalla**, the palace of the gods; **con grat'u late**, to wish joy to.

1. What have you already learned of Loki that proves that he was rightfully called "the wicked"? 2. Describe Fenrir. What did you learn in regard to Tyr in a previous lesson? 3. Why did Odin wish to bind Fenrir? 4. Describe Thor's efforts to do this. 5. Why did Frey think that the little dwarfs might accomplish what Thor and his mighty hammer had failed to do?

Quotations. — Notice the conversation between Thor and Odin on pages 133–134. What is the meaning of the marks (" ") which are used? Why are these marks used in one of the following sentences and not in the other?

1. Thor said, "Before to-morrow evening I will have forged a chain with which you shall bind Fenrir."

2. Thor said that before the next evening he would have a chain forged with which they should bind Fenrir.

What mark is used after the word **said** in the first sentence? Notice that **Before** begins with a capital letter.

Rules. — 1. When the exact words of a person are repeated, they are said to be quoted. The words thus repeated are called quotations. Quotation marks (" ") are always used to inclose a quotation.

2. A quotation should be separated from the rest of the sentence by a comma, unless a question mark or an exclamation point is needed instead.

3. The first word of every quotation should begin with a capital letter.

Copy the following sentences carefully, noticing, *first*, the quotation marks about the exact words of the speaker; *second*, the comma separating the quotation from the rest of the sentence; *third*, the capital at the beginning of the quotation. Study the sentences so that you can write them from dictation.

1. A wind came up out of the sea,
 And said, "O mists, make room for me!"
2. An old proverb says, "Take care of the minutes, and the hours will take care of themselves."
3. Up rose a cry, "A wreck! A wreck!"
4. "Will you walk into my parlor?"
 Said the spider to the fly.
5. "I *will* have that mouse," said the elder son;
 "You *won't* have that mouse," said the little one.

22

THE BINDING OF FENRIR (*Concluded*)

THE entrance gate to dwarf land stands at the opening of a dim mountain cave. Skirnir left his horse without, and entered; the air was heavy, moist, and warm, and it required the keenest glances of Skirnir's keen eyes to see his way. Innumerable narrow, winding paths, all leading downward, opened themselves before

him. As he followed the widest, a faint clinking sound of hammers met his ear, and looking round, he saw groups of little men at work on every side. Some were wheeling small wheelbarrows full of lumps of shining metal along the ledges of the rock; some, with elfin pickaxes and spades, were digging ore from the mountain side; some,



herded together in little caves, were busy kindling fires, or working with tiny hammers on small anvils. As he continued his downward path, the last remnant of daylight faded away; but he was not in total darkness, for now he perceived that each worker carried on his head a lantern, in which burned a pale, dancing light. Skirnir knew that

each light was a will-o'-the-wisp, which the dwarf who carried it had caught and imprisoned to light him in his work during the day, and which he must restore to the earth at night.

For many miles Skirnir wandered on lower and lower. On every side of him lay countless heaps of treasure — gold, silver, diamonds, rubies, emeralds — which the cunning workers stowed away silently in their dark hiding-places. At length he came to the very middle of the mountain, where the rocky roof rose to an immense height, and where he found himself in a brilliantly lighted palace. Here, in truth, were hung all the lights in the world, which, on dark, moonless nights, are carried out by dwarfs to deceive the eyes of men. These, carefully hung up in rows round and round the hall, illuminated the palace with a cold blue light, and revealed to Skirnir's eyes the hideous shapes of the tiny beings around him. Cunning-eyed, open-mouthed, they stood round, laughing, and whispering, and pointing with shriveled fingers. One among them, a little taller than the rest, who sat on a golden seat thickly set with diamonds, appeared to be a kind of chief among them, and to him Skirnir addressed his message.

Cunning and wicked as these dwarfs were, they feared Odin greatly; and, when they heard from whom Skirnir came, with many uncouth gestures they bowed low before him and declared themselves willing to obey All

Father's commands. They asked for two days and two nights in which to complete their task, and during that time Skirnir remained their guest in Dwarf land.

He wandered about, and saw strange sights. He saw the great central fire of the earth, and the swarthy, withered race, whose task it is ceaselessly to feed it with fuel; he saw the diamond makers, who change the ashes of the great fire into brilliants; and the dwarfs whose business it is to fill the cracks in the mountain sides with pure veins of silver and gold, and lead them up to places where they will one day meet the eyes of men. Nearer the surface he visited the workers in iron and the makers of salt mines; he drank of their strange-tasting mineral waters, and admired the splendor of their silver-roofed temples and dwellings of solid gold.

At the end of two days the chief of the dwarfs put into Skirner's hand a small, slender chain. You can imagine what its size was when I tell you that the dwarf chief held it lightly balanced on his fore finger; and when it rested on Skirnir's hand, it felt to him no heavier than a piece of thistle-down.

The chief laughed aloud when he saw the disappointment on Skirnir's face. "It seems to you a little thing," he said, "and yet I assure you that in making it we have used up all the materials in the whole world fit for the purpose. No such chain can ever be made again, neither will the least atom of the substances of which it is made

be found more. It is fashioned out of six things: the noise made by the footfall of cats; the beards of women; the roots of stones; the sinews of bears; the breath of fish; and the spittle of birds. Fear not with this to bind Fenrir; for no stronger chain will ever be made till the end of the world."

Skirnir now looked with wonder at his chain, and, having thanked the dwarfs, and promised to bring them a reward from Odin, he set forth on his road home, and, by the time of the evening meal, reached Valhalla, and gladdened the hearts of the gods by the tidings of his success. Then the gods, with Fenrir in the midst, assembled to try the strength of the dwarfs' chain.

Fenrir prowled round his old master, Tyr, with a look of savage triumph in his cruel eyes, now licking the hand that had so long fed him, and now shaking his great head, and howling defiantly. The gods passed the chain from one to another, talking about it, while Fenrir listened. "It was much stronger than it looked," they said; and Thor and Tyr vied with each other in their efforts to break it; while Bragi declared his belief that there was no one among the gods or giants capable of performing so great a feat, "unless," he added, "it should be you, Fenrir."

This speech roused the pride of Fenrir; and, after looking long at the slender chain and the faces of the gods, he answered, "Loath am I to be bound by this

chain; but, lest you should doubt my courage, I will consent that you should bind me, provided one of you put his hand into my mouth as a pledge that no deceit is intended."

There was a moment's silence among the gods when they heard this, and they looked at one another. Odin looked at Thor, and Thor looked at Bragi, and Frey fell behind. At length Tyr stepped forward valiantly, and put his strong right hand, with which he had so often fed him, into the wolf's cruel jaws.

At this signal the other gods threw the chain round the monster's neck, bound him securely with one end, and fastened the other to a great rock. When he was bound, Fenrir rose, and shook himself, as he had done before; but in vain he raised himself up, and bounded forward — the more he struggled, the more firmly the slender chain bound him.

At this sight the gods set up a loud shout of joy; for they saw their enemy conquered, and the danger that threatened Asgard averted. Only Tyr was silent, for in the struggle he had lost his hand.

— A. and E. Keary: *The Heroes of Asgard.*

per pet'u al, everlasting; **sa gac'i ty**, wisdom; **un couth'**, strange and awkward in appearance; **swar'thy**, black; **loath**, unwilling; **a ver'ted**, turned aside.

1. Where is the dwarf's home represented as being? Describe it. How was it lighted? 2. Describe the appearance of the

dwarfs. What was their work in the world? How did they make diamonds? What are diamonds really? Where are they found? 3. Of what was their chain made? How was it that this light chain could bind Fenrir when Thor's heavy ones had failed? 4. What do you think of Tyr's act? Why did he do it?

Oral Composition. — Tell in your own words the story of Tyr's brave deed.

Sentence Study. — Enlarge the sentences given below by adding explanatory words or groups of words.

Examples. — 1. He made a chain to bind Fenrir. *Enlarged:* Thor made a chain to bind Fenrir, who was half wolf and half god. 2. The chain broke. *Enlarged:* The chain broke, although it was the strongest ever made.

1. Tyr had charge of Fenrir. Fenrir grew stronger and fiercer.

2. At last Fenrir grew dangerous. Odin thought he ought to be chained.

3. Frey said, "I will go to the dwarfs." He thought that the dwarfs could make a strong chain.

4. The dwarfs lived in caves. They were skilled in all metal work.

The Possessive. — 1. Tyr put his hand into the wolf's jaws. 2. Tyr put his hand into the jaws of the wolf.

What is told you about the word **jaws** in these sentences? How is the idea of ownership or possession shown in the second sentence? By what mark is it shown in the first? Which of these two ways expresses the idea more smoothly?

Rule. — Add an apostrophe and **s** ('**s**) to singular words to show possession.

Examples. — The boy's hat is lost. I saw James's new book.

Rule. — To show possession, add an apostrophe and **s** to plural words that do not end in **s**. Add the apostrophe only to plurals that do end in **s**.

Examples. — He is a member of the men's club. The girls' gymnasium class will meet to-day.

Oral Exercise. — In the following sentences, which words show possession? Which are singular? Which plural?

1. What doth the poor man's son inherit?
2. Rip's story was soon told.
3. The dwarfs' chain was the strongest ever made.
4. A Roman's arms, a Roman's life,
 Take thou in charge this day!
5. "Death!" was the seamen's cry.

Written Exercise. — Write the possessive form of: —

man	girl	ship	book	child	James
men	girls	ships	books	children	clouds

23

THE CHALLENGE OF THOR

I AM the God Thor,
I am the War God,
I am the Thunderer!
Here in my Northland,
My fastness and fortress,
Reign I forever!

Here amid icebergs
Rule I the nations;
This is my hammer,
Miolner the mighty;
Giants and sorcerers
Cannot withstand it!

These are the gauntlets
Wherewith I wield it,

And hurl it afar off;
This is my girdle;
Whenever I brace it,
Strength is redoubled!

The light thou beholdest
Stream through the heavens,
In flashes of crimson,
Is but my red beard
Blown by the night wind,
Affrighting the nations!

Jove is my brother;
Mine eyes are the lightning;
The wheels of my chariot
Roll in the thunder,
The blows of my hammer
Ring in the earthquake!

Force rules the world still,
Has ruled it, shall rule it;
Meekness is weakness,
Strength is triumphant,
Over the whole earth
Still is it Thor's-Day!

—HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW: *The Saga of King Olaf.*

fast'ness, place that remains fast or firm or safe, fortress; **Jove**, Jupiter or Zeus.

1. Why does Thor call himself "the Thunderer"? 2. What part of the world is referred to by "Northland"? 3. What are sorcerers? 4. What light is referred to in the fourth stanza? Have you ever seen this light? What does Thor say causes it? What is it really? 5. Who was Jove? By what other name is he known? Why does Thor call him "brother"? 6. Give the old Norse belief as to the cause of lightning, thunder, earthquakes.

24

THE NECKAN

In summer, on the headlands,
The Baltic Sea along,
Sits Neckan with his harp of gold,
And sings his plaintive song.

Green rolls beneath the headlands,
Green rolls the Baltic Sea;
And there, below the Neckan's feet,
His wife and children be.

He sings not of the ocean,
Its shells and roses pale;
Of earth, of earth the Neckan sings,
He hath no other tale.

He sits upon the headlands,
And sings a mournful stave
Of all he saw and felt on earth,
Far from the kind sea wave.

Sings how, a knight, he wander'd
By castle, field, and town —



But earthly knights have harder hearts
Than the sea children own.

Sings of his earthly bridal —
Priest, knights, and ladies gay.
"— And who art thou," the priest began,
"Sir Knight, who wedd'st to-day?" —

"— I am no knight," he answered;
"From the sea waves I come." —
The knights drew sword, the ladies scream'd,
The surplic'd priest stood dumb.

He sings how from the chapel
He vanish'd with his bride,
And bore her down to the sea halls,
Beneath the salt sea tide.

He sings how she sits weeping
'Mid shells that round her lie.
"— False Neckan shares my bed," she weeps;
"No Christian mate have I." —

He sings how through the billows
He rose to earth again,
And sought a priest to sign the cross,
That Neckan Heaven might gain.

He sings how, on an evening,
Beneath the birch trees cool,
He sate and play'd his harp of gold,
Beside the river pool.

Beside the pool sate Neckan —
Tears fill'd his mild blue eye.
On his white mule, across the bridge,
A cassock'd priest rode by.

"— Why sitt'st thou there, O Neckan,
And play'st thy harp of gold?
Sooner shall this my staff bear leaves,
Than thou shalt Heaven behold." —

But, lo, the staff, it budded!
It green'd, it branch'd, it waved.
"— O ruth of God," the priest cried out,
"This lost sea creature saved!"

The cassock'd priest rode onwards,
And vanish'd with his mule;
But Neckan in the twilight gray
Wept by the river pool.

He wept: "The earth hath kindness,
The sea, the starry poles;
Earth, sea, and sky, and God above —
But, ah, not human souls!"

In summer, on the headlands,
The Baltic Sea along,
Sits Neckan with his harp of gold,
And sings this plaintive song.

— MATTHEW ARNOLD.

plain'tive, pitiful; **stave**, part of a song; **sur'pliced**, wearing the surplice, a loose linen garment worn by priests during service; **cas'socked**, the cassock is a long outer garment worn regularly by priests; **ruth**, pity.

1. Read the whole poem through. Where is the scene laid? Find the Baltic Sea on your maps. 2. Who was Neckan? 3. Substitute another word that means the same for **plaintive**. What are the "pale roses" of the sea? 4. What unusual word is used in the eleventh and again in the twelfth stanza? 5. Explain the meaning of the thirteenth and fourteenth stanzas. What miracle was performed? 6. Why **ruth** rather than "pity" in line 11, page 150? 7. Tell the story of the poem in your own words.

Divided Quotations. — The following sentences are selected from *The Neckan*. Notice the use of the quotation marks. How do they differ from the other quotations that you have studied?

1. "And who art thou," the priest began,
 "Sir Knight, who wedd'st to-day?"
2. "O ruth of God," the priest cried out,
 "This lost sea creature saved!"

In the first sentence read all the words that the priest says. Which words in the sentence are not a part of the priest's question? How is it shown that these words are not a part of the quotation?

Read the whole of the priest's exclamation in the second sentence. Which words does the priest not use? How are these words separated from the rest of the sentence?

Rule. — When a quotation is divided by other words, each part should be inclosed by quotation marks. The words that divide the quotation should be separated from it by commas.

In the following sentences copy the quotations, omitting the words that divide them. Write them a second time and insert the words that divide the quotations. Be sure to use quotation marks and commas properly.

1. "Bless us," cried the mayor, "what's that?"

2. "When the steed is stolen," says an old French proverb, "it is time to shut the door."

3. "Truth," said Plato, "is the source of every good."

4. "The way to *have* a friend," wrote Emerson, "is to *be* one."

5. "Recollect that trifles make perfection," said a great man, "and that perfection is no trifle."

25

THE SKELETON IN ARMOR

"SPEAK! speak! thou fearful guest!
Who, with thy hollow breast
Still in rude armor drest,
Comest to daunt me!
Wrapt not in Eastern balms,
But with thy fleshless palms
Stretched, as if asking alms,
Why dost thou haunt me?"

Then, from those cavernous eyes
Pale flashes seemed to rise,
As when the Northern skies
Gleam in December;
And, like the water's flow
Under December's snow,
Came a dull voice of woe
From the heart's chamber.

"I was a Viking old!
My deeds, though manifold,
No Skald in song has told,
No Saga taught thee!
Take heed that in thy verse
Thou dost the tale rehearse,
Else dread a dead man's curse:
For this I sought thee.

"Far in the Northern Land,
By the wild Baltic's strand,
I, with my childish hand,
Tamed the gerfalcon;
And, with my skates fast bound,
Skimmed the half-frozen Sound,
That the poor whimpering hound
Trembled to walk on.

"Oft to his frozen lair
Tracked I the grisly bear,
While from my path the hare
Fled like a shadow;
Oft through the forest dark
Followed the werewolf's bark,
Until the soaring lark
Sang from the meadow.

"But when I older grew,
Joining a corsair's crew,

O'er the dark sea I flew
With the marauders.
Wild was the life we led;
Many the souls that sped,
Many the hearts that bled,
By our stern orders.

"Many a wassail bout
Wore the long Winter out;
Often our midnight shout
Set the cocks crowing,
As we the Berserk's tale
Measured in cups of ale,
Draining the oaken pail,
Filled to o'erflowing.

"Once as I told in glee
Tales of the stormy sea,
Soft eyes did gaze on me,
Burning yet tender;
And as the white stars shine
On the dark Norway pine,
On that dark heart of mine
Fell their soft splendor.

"I wooed the blue-eyed maid,
Yielding, yet half afraid,
And in the forest's shade
Our vows were plighted.

Under its loosened vest
Fluttered her little breast,
Like birds within their nest
By the hawk frighted.

"Bright in her father's hall
Shields gleamed upon the wall,
Loud sang the minstrels all,
Chanting his glory;
When of old Hildebrand
I asked his daughter's hand,
Mute did the minstrels stand
To hear my story.

"While the brown ale he quaffed,
Loud then the champion laughed,
And as the wind gusts waft
The sea-foam brightly,
So the loud laugh of scorn,
Out of those lips unshorn,
From the deep drinking horn
Blew the foam lightly.

"She was a Prince's child,
I but a Viking wild,
And though she blushed and smiled,
I was discarded!
Should not the dove so white
Follow the sea mew's flight,

Why did they leave that night
Her nest unguarded?

"Scarce had I put to sea,
Bearing the maid with me,—
Fairest of all was she
Among the Norsemen!—
When on the white sea strand,
Waving his armëd hand,
Saw we old Hildebrand,
With twenty horsemen.

"Then launched they to the blast,
Bent like a reed each mast,
Yet we were gaining fast,
When the wind failed us;
And with a sudden flaw
Came round the gusty Skaw,
So that our foe we saw
Laugh as he hailed us.

"And as to catch the gale
Round veered the flapping sail,
'Death!' was the helmsman's hail,
'Death without quarter!'
Midships with iron keel
Struck we her ribs of steel;
Down her black hulk did reel
Through the black water!

"As with his wings aslant,
Sails the fierce cormorant,
Seeking some rocky haunt,
With his prey laden,
So toward the open main,
Beating to sea again,
Through the wild hurricane,
Bore I the maiden.

"Three weeks we westward bore,
And when the storm was o'er,
Cloudlike we saw the shore
Stretching to leeward;
There for my lady's bower
Built I the lofty tower,
Which, to this very hour,
Stands looking seaward.

"There lived we many years;
Time dried the maiden's tears;
She had forgot her fears,
She was a mother;
Death closed her mild blue eyes,
Under that tower she lies;
Ne'er shall the sun arise
On such another!

"Still grew my bosom then,
Still as a stagnant fen!

Hateful to me were men,
The sunlight hateful!
In the vast forest here,
Clad in my warlike gear,
Fell I upon my spear,
Oh, death was grateful!

"Thus, seamed with many scars,
Bursting these prison bars,
Up to its native stars
My soul ascended!
There from the flowing bowl
Deep drinks the warrior's soul,
Skoal! to the Northland! *skoal!*"
Thus the tale ended.

— Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

[The idea of this poem came from an old tower at Newport, Rhode Island, which was by many believed to have been built before the English colonists came, and from a skeleton, wearing something like armor, that had been found at Fall River, Massachusetts. Longfellow's tale is supposed to be told by a Norse (Norwegian) viking, or pirate, who had fled across the ocean with his wife, built the tower, and, after her death, killed himself in his grief.]

balms, ointments, such as would have been used in embalming a mummy; **skald**, poet; **sa'ga**, a tale about heroes; **gris'ly**, horrible; **were'wolf**, a man who has been transformed into a wolf; **cor'sair**, pirate; **ma raud'ers**, plunderers, robbers; **was'sail bout**, drinking feast; **Ber'serk's tale**, tale told of or by a Berserk, a fierce or mad warrior; **plight'ed**, pledged, promised; **sea mew**, sea gull; **Skaw**, a cape or headland; **quarter**, mercy; **fen**, marsh; **gear**, armor; **skoal**, health.

1. Read the poem through. Where is the scene laid? Compare in this respect with *The Neckan*. 2. From this poem, what kind of a sea would you judge the Baltic to be? 3. Compare this picture of the Baltic with that in *The Neckan*. 4. Who is speaking in the first stanza? 5. Which stanzas contain the skeleton's reply? 6. To what does the speaker compare the maid in the eighth stanza? To what in the twelfth? To what does he compare his escape with her? 7. Tell in your own words the story the skeleton tells.

Word Study: *Was and Were*. — 1. I was a Viking old! 2. Our vows were plighted.

In the first sentence how many persons or things are spoken of? In the second?

Rules. — **Was** is used in speaking of one person or thing. **Were** is used in speaking of more than one person or thing. **Were** is used with **you** whether one or more than one is meant. *Examples:* Father, **were** you out in the storm? The children **were** nestled all snug in their beds.

Written Exercise. — I. Fill in the blanks in the following sentences with **was** or **were**. Read aloud until the form becomes familiar.

1. We —— crowded in the cabin,
 Not a soul would dare to sleep;
 It —— midnight on the waters,
 And a storm —— on the deep.
2. He —— dressed all in furs.
3. The tree's early leaf buds —— bursting their brown.
4. Mother, —— you ever a little child like me?
5. The lion and the unicorn
 —— fighting for the crown.
6. Oh, green —— the corn as I rode on my way,
 And bright —— the dews on the blossoms of May.

7. Ah! what would the world be to us
If the children —— no more?
8. The dew —— falling fast, the stars began to blink.

II. Write five sentences of your own, using **was** correctly; five, using **were.**

Quotations. — How many people are represented as speaking in *The Skeleton in Armor?* Why has the first stanza quotation marks at the close as well as at the beginning, while the third has them only at the beginning? Which stanza is not a quotation? Why is the last line of the poem not inclosed by quotation marks?

Written Exercise. — Copy the following sentences, placing quotation marks where they are needed: —

1. The red rose says, Be sweet,
The lily bids, Be pure,
The hardy, brave chrysanthemum,
Be patient and endure.
2. Pussy said to the Owl, You elegant fowl,
How charmingly sweet you sing!
3. Hans Christian Andersen said, Every man's life is a fairy tale written by the hand of God.
4. Then out spake brave Horatius,
The captain of the gate,
To every man upon this earth
Death cometh soon or late.
5. We should be as careful of our words, said Cicero, as of our actions.
6. Rise up, rise up now, Lord Douglas, she says,
And put on your armor so bright.

26

SIEGFRIED THE VOLSUNG

[The greatest hero of the ancient German tribes to which the English are akin was Sigurd or Siegfried. The story of his deeds and his adventures was told in old poems and tales, and was used by Wagner as the foundation of his famous music drama, *Siegfried*. The form of the tale which we use in the following lessons is abridged from Katharine F. Boult's *Heroes of the Norselands*, in the Temple Series of Classics for Young People. The same story is told at greater length in James Baldwin's *Story of Siegfried*.]

In the dawn of the world, when first the Northern Lands were peopled, Odin, a mighty god, came out of the East to rule and direct them; for he saw that these men with fair hair and blue eyes would do great deeds, and that, because of them, the North should be held in honor by all nations as long as the earth should last.

Now there was a young prince in Hunland, named Volsung. Men said he was Odin's son, and certain it was that Odin loved and favored him. He grew to be a great and powerful chief, and was lord of many tribes that he had fought and conquered; and he had ten sons, of whom the eldest was Sigmund, and one daughter, Signi, who was twin with Sigmund, and the most beautiful woman of her time.

Now King Volsung built for himself a house after the fashion of those times, only larger and grander

Near the seashore, at the edge of the great forest, stood a mighty oak. Around this did the King build his feasting hall, so that the oak rose up in the midst, and the branches came out through the roof and overshadowed the house. This was called the Branstock.

Inside, the hall was pillared with the trunks of trees, against which were stands for torches, and whereon also the fighting men could hang their weapons, so that each man's arms should be to his hand if sudden alarm should arise; and down the center of it, in the winter time, there were four fires, but in summer only one was kept burning.

In Gothland dwelt a mighty king, named Siggeir, and to him came the fame of Signi's beauty and wisdom and of her father's wealth. Then he bethought him to take her for his wife, and, that Volsung should not dare to say him nay, he made ready his whole train of warships and men, and sailed with his great company oversea to Hunland.

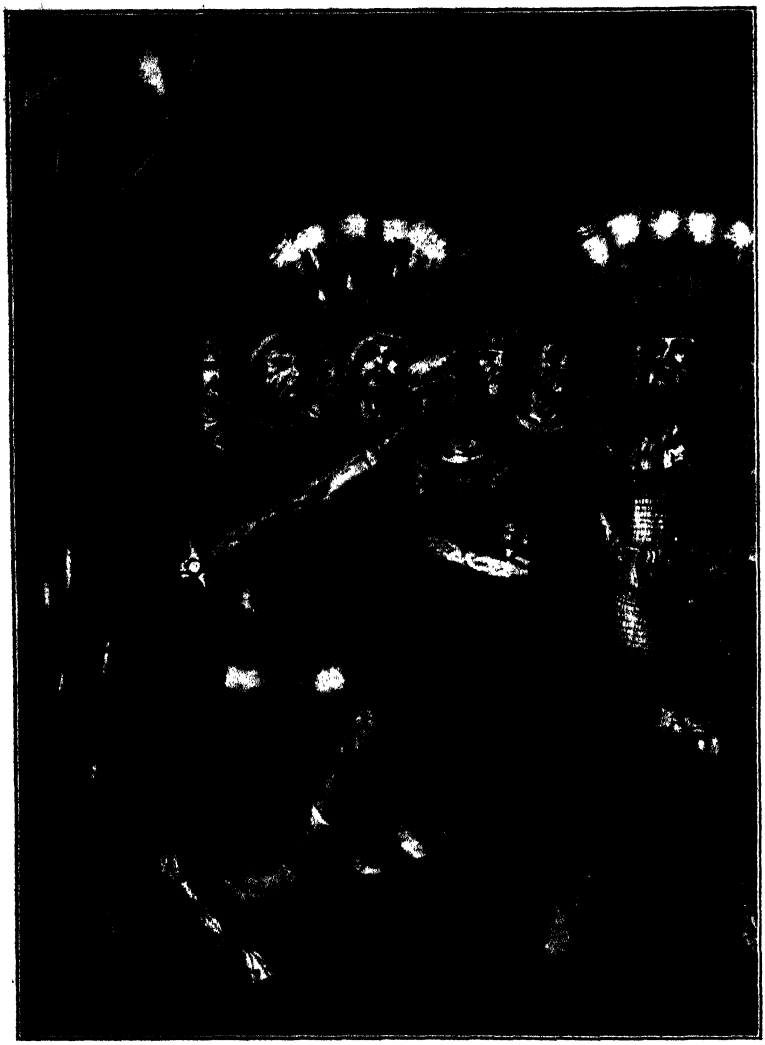
And when the King Volsung saw the army of warships with their terrible painted figureheads of dragons, eagles, and strange sea monsters; and the long line of shields hung over their sides, — showing the number of fighting men Siggeir had brought, — he feared the wrath of Siggeir; and when he strode into the hall and made his demand, Volsung spoke him fair, and asked time to think about it.

And in the end King Volsung determined to give his Signi to Siggeir, and he made a great feast at midsummer, and runners went throughout the land to summon the chiefs to the wedding of the king's only daughter.

And King Siggeir sat on the high seat over against his host, King Volsung, and pledged him in the ale cup, passed across the central fire, as the custom of the time was; for one fire burnt every day and night, in the hall of the Branstock. Now, when the feasting was at its highest, there strode into the hall an aged man of ruddy face and great stature, who had but one eye. On his head was a hood that half hid his face, over his shoulders a cloak of blue-gray, and his feet were bare. In his hand was a great sword that glinted in the torchlight, and none dared greet him as he passed up the hall to the Branstock, although none guessed that this was Odin, All-Father.

Amid the silence of that great company, the Wanderer smote his sword deep into the trunk of the Branstock, so that only the glittering hilt stood out. Then, turning, he said, "To him that can draw it forth, give I this sword; a better could he ne'er ask." And ere any could speak with him he disappeared.

Then each man, desiring to gain the sword, strove with his neighbor to be the first to touch the hilt, and King Volsung said, "Unseemly is this strife; let the noblest — our guest and son-in-law — try first, then each according to his rank."



THE TRIAL OF STRENGTH

King Siggeir came forward and strove vainly to loosen the sword, and after him came King Volsung, then each according to his degree, save only Sigmund, who hung back. Last of all came he, and, as he touched the sword, behold! it came forth in his hand.

Then was Siggeir wroth and said: "Brother Sigmund, much treasure have I at home, but not such a sword as this. Yield it unto me for thrice its weight in gold."

But Sigmund answered with scorn: "Gold need I not, but a good sword shall I need throughout my life. Thou hadst the same chance as I to take it; why didst thou not do it?"

Black grew the heart of Siggeir at this taunt, and white was his face, though, being cunning, he hid his anger. But, to be revenged, he would not stay for the usual seven days of feasting, saying that storms would come, and he and his bride must away, and that her father and brethren must come to finish the feast in Gothland within three months.

Then disaster fell swiftly on the race of the Volsungs, for when the King sailed to Gothland, as his promise was, Siggeir's men attacked him treacherously, and slew him and all his followers, excepting his ten sons. These Siggeir first took alive and then put them to a cruel death, — all save Sigmund, for he, through his strength and courage and with the help of Signi, escaped and fled into the forests, where he lived many years, plotting revenge

against Siggeir. Finally one night he set fire to Siggeir's hall and killed all that came forth, so that Siggeir and all his clan perished in the flames, yes, and even Signi. Then Sigmund gathered men and ships and sailed home to Hunland to live in the hall of the Branstock.

Still the years went by, and Sigmund grew old. Then new enemies fell upon Hunland, and Sigmund gathered his men, and began the most awesome fight that had been since the death of King Volsung. All day the fight went forward, and old though Sigmund was, none could prevail against him. Naught could one see but the swift flash of the sword that no man might break, as he hewed his way through the throng, his arms red with blood.

Now, when the sun was at its setting there came up against Sigmund a stranger in a blue-gray cloak; one-eyed and gray-bearded was he, and he carried a spear in his hand. And as the King's sword smote against the steel, behold, the good sword split in two pieces, and its fortune was gone.

Then the tide of battle turned, and the Volsung's men fell fast until all were dead or sore wounded. But Sigmund, still living, though stricken with death, lay upon the field. And through the darkness crept the gentle Queen, seeking her lord. Kneeling beside him, she asked, "Canst thou not be healed even now, my king?"

"Dear wife," he answered, "nay, and I would have it even as it is. I have lived long, and with my sword has

my fortune left me. Nor does Odin will that I should live, for he himself it was who broke my sword; and to him shall I journey, riding straight to Valhalla's gates. So to another must I leave it to avenge my father — to a mightier than I. Thou shalt have a son; care for him well and save for him the two pieces of my sword; thereof shall a noble weapon be made that shall be called Gram, and Siegfried shall wield it. He shall be the last and noblest of our race, and while this earth lasts shall the name of the *Golden Siegfried* be known. Now fare thee well, dear heart, for I weary with my wounds and fain would feast with Odin."

— KATHARINE F. BOULT: *Heroes of the Norselands.*

un seem'ly, unbecoming, improper; **wroth**, angry; **taunt**, scornful words; **treach'er ous ly**, deceitfully, by a trick; **awe'some**, awful.

1. What did you learn about Odin in *How Thor Went to the Land of the Giants?* By what other name is Odin known? Which day of the week is called after him? 2. Tell in your own words the cause of the trouble between the Volsungs and King Siggeir. 3. How did King Siggeir treat the Volsungs when they went to Gothland as his guests? 4. Tell how Sigmund avenged the death of his father and brothers. 5. Describe his last great battle. Why was it unsuccessful? 6. Describe his death. What does he mean when he says he will ride to Valhalla's gates? 9. What did Sigmund prophesy just before his death? What task did he leave to Siegfried?

Punctuation. — Find all the words in Lesson 26 in which the apostrophe is used. Explain in each case whether it marks possession or the omission of a letter.

27

SIEGFRIED THE VOLSUNG (*Continued*)

THEN the Queen fled to Denmark, bearing with her Sigmund's treasure and with it the pieces of his sword, and there a son was born to her, and she named him Siegfried. The King of the Danes took the friendless lad, the last of the Volsungs, under his protection, and he grew to be a brave and strong and noble youth. He was so gentle that little children ever ran to him and loved him. Yet could he fight, and was ever foremost in warlike sports, bearing in mind that he must be the avenger of his father.

The wise old King chose for him a teacher to show him all those things that princes should know, to instruct him in all games of skill, in speech of many languages, in metal work, in wooderaft, and in shipcraft. This teacher was Regin, the master smith. A strange being was he, misshapen yet not a dwarf, silent and grim unto all save only Siegfried; skilled in the lore of many lands, and in metal work, so that the people whispered of his kinship to the underground folk, who have all metals in their keeping. But he was full of evil, and throughout the years of Siegfried's growth, he plotted how he might use the lad for his own wicked ends, and be his undoing.

And it came to Siegfried's mind that he should have

a horse, and he went to the King and begged a horse of him, and the King said: —

"Go choose thee one from the herd by Busilwater; they are the best, and all that is mine is thine, brave son."

Siegfried blithely thanked the King, and took his way to the meadow far up the woods, where the Busilwater ran. On the way he met an aged man, with a long gray beard and one eye, who asked whither he fared. "To choose me a horse, O Ancient One. If thou art a judge, come with me to help my choice."

And the old man journeyed with him, telling him of his father, Sigmund, and his forefather, Volsung, whom the Aged One had known. Then Siegfried knew that this must be one of the god folk, to have lived so long. As they talked, they came to the green meadow where the horses were, and the old man said, "Now will we drive the horses through the river of roaring water, and watch what will betide."

And the force of the water, rushing down from the mountains, frighted the horses, so that they turned and swam to land again, save one gray horse with a broad, strong chest, who feared naught. He alone swam to the far side, and there landed; neighing and stamping with pride, then plunged into the torrent once more and swam back to the Ancient One and Siegfried.

"This one must I choose: is it not so?" asked the

lad; and the old man answered: "Thou choosest well, for he is of the race of Sleipnir, All-Father's horse, that never tires," and, as he spoke, he vanished away; and Siegfried knew that this must be Odin himself. Then he took the horse, which he named Grane, and went back well pleased.

Now, the crafty Regin, seeing that Siegfried was equipped for a long journey, tried to make him greedy for gold, for what purpose you will soon see. He asked, "Where is the treasure of thy father, the Volsung?"

"It is in the treasure-room of my mother," Siegfried replied; "it is a fair treasure, but I have heard of greater, gathered by some kings."

"Why is it not thine?" asked Regin.

Siegfried laughed and said: "What should I, a boy, do with this treasure? It has no magic in it."

"And wouldst thou have a magic treasure?" asked Regin, keenly.

"I know not," answered the lad. "A great hero can I be without gold or magic."

"But if I could help thee to great treasure and glory, wouldst thou refuse?"

"Why, surely, nay," quoth Siegfried; "is it not for glory that the Volsungs live?"

"Come, then, and I will unfold to thee a tale that hitherto no man has known." And the old man and the

young laid them down under a spreading oak in the greenwood, and Regin told this wondrous story.

The king of the dwarf folk was my father, and I had two brothers. Fafnir, the elder, was greedy and grim; ever would he take the best, and all of the best that he could, for he loved gold. Otter was the second, and his will was to be ever fishing, so that our father gave him the power of changing into an otter, and thus he spent most of his life on the river rocks, landing only to bring in fish. I was the third son, a weak, misshapen thing, but, as thou hast seen, with skill in all metal work.

It chanced one day as Otter slumbered beside a half-eaten salmon, that Odin and Loki passed by. Now, Loki, the wicked one, would ever be at evil, and he caught up a sharp stone and hit Otter, so that he died. Rejoicing, he stripped off Otter's skin, and, casting it over his shoulder, went on with Odin to my father's hall — a golden house of beauty that I had built for him. He, knowing the skin for that of Otter, his son, seized the gods and cried: —

"By the beard of Odin, ye go not forth until ye pay me, for my son, as much gold as will cover his skin inside and out."

"We have no gold," said Loki.

"The worse for thee," said my father.

Loki, the crafty, thought awhile; then he said, "If thou wilt give me leave, I will go take Andvari's gold."

Now Andvari was a dwarf, who lived in Otter's river, under a waterfall that was called Andvari's Fall. He guarded a great treasure that he had stolen long years before, from the Rhine maidens in the Southern land. For the most part he took the shape of a pike, so that with the greater comfort he might guard his treasure.

My father gave leave, and Loki hurried away, begged a magic net of the sea goddess, and, casting it under the fall, drew forth Andvari, the pike. "What ransom wilt thou, evil one?" cried Andvari, in terror.

"All thy ill-gotten gold, O dwarf."

"That shalt thou never have."

So Loki hung the net of the goddess upon a tree, and sat down to watch the great pike struggling and gasping. At last Andvari said feebly, "Put me back in the stream; thou shalt have my gold." And he brought it forth.

But Loki, as he gathered it up, espied one little gold ring around his fin, and said, "Thy red-gold ring must I have also."

Then Andvari shrieked with rage, and threw the ring at him, cursing him and the Rhine gold and all that should own it. "To every man that owns it," said he, "shall it bring woe, until it return to the Rhine daughters." And he plunged into the stream and was seen no more.

Back went Loki to the House Beautiful and cast the gold at my father's feet; but the ring gave he to Odin.

Now this ring had the power of making every ninth night eight rings equal in weight to itself.

Then was the fur spread out and covered with gold, first on the one side, then on the other, till but one hair was uncovered. And my father spake, "There is yet one hair showing."

The gods looked upon one another; then Odin drew the ring from his finger and cast it upon the skin, so that the hair was hidden. And the gods departed.

Then Fafnir, my brother, looking covetously on the gold, slew our father for it, and me, being weak, he drove away; and, taking it to a secret place, in the Desolate Land, he changed himself into an awful dragon, the better to guard it; and there is no serpent like unto him, for he is made up of sin and evil. So I have no part in that which is rightfully mine, and I would that thou shouldst win it for thyself, O Siegfried.

Then up sprang Siegfried and cried, "Forge thou me a sword of power, and when my father is avenged, even then will I go up with thee against thy brother, and get thee the gold thou cravest."

And Regin rejoiced that his plan worked, and they went back to the hall of the kings, speaking of the sword that should be forged. After some days he put a sword into the hands of Siegfried, and the lad, looking at it, laughed in mirth.

"Why dost thou laugh?" asked the master.

"Because thy hand hath lost its skill. See!" and Siegfried smote the sword upon the anvil so that it flew in pieces.

Then Regin forged yet another, and said, "Hard art thou to please. Mayhap this may be to thy mind."

And Siegfried looked at it, and smote it upon the anvil, so that it split in half. Then he looked keenly upon Regin and frowned, saying: "Mayhap thou also art a traitor like thy kin. Is it thy will that Fafnir should slay me, and so thou forgest me swords of wood? Canst thou do no better than that?" And he turned from the smithy and went to his mother; but Regin was angered at his words and hated him.

The Queen sat broidering with her maidens, when her son cast himself down by her side, and seeing that he spoke not, she said: "What ails my son? Needs he aught that the King and I can give him?"

"All love and much honor have I ever from thee, mother mine, and for this I owe thee all thanks and obedience. Yet one thing I lack. Have I heard aright that thou hast the pieces of the sword that my father, Sigmund, gave thee at his death?"

"It is true," the Queen said, but her heart was sad, for she knew that their parting time had come.

"Fain would I have them, for with no sword but Gram can I do my life's work."

Then she led him to her treasure chamber, and from its silken coverings in the old oak chest she drew the pieces of the sword, glittering and bright as in the day that the Wanderer smote it into the Branstock, and she gave them to Siegfried with a kiss.

Blithely went the lad forth, but his mother looked after him, wistful, yet rejoicing because the prophecies of Sigmund were to be fulfilled, and her son, with the eyes like stars, should be the hero of all the ages

At the smithy door Regin met him, frowning. "Will naught serve thee but Gram?" he asked, in wrath.

"Naught but Gram!" Siegfried said, and laughed. "Gram shall slay the serpent; take it and do thy best."

Regin took it and shut himself for many days in the smithy with his men, and, after much labor, the sword was wrought; but the smiths told how, as Regin bore it from the forge, fire ran adown its edge. To Siegfried, waiting at the smithy door, he gave the sword, saying sullenly, "If this be not good, then indeed is my craft gone."

Then Siegfried took the sword and smote the anvil, to test its strength, and the anvil broke in pieces, but the sword held firm. Then ran he joyfully down to the stream and cast therein a lock of wool, and, as it floated down, it met the edge of Gram, and the lock became two, and Siegfried laughed again.

Then said Regin, "Bethink thee, now thou hast a

sword to thy mind, of thy promise to go up against Fafnir!"

"That will I gladly do when I have avenged my father on the Hundings," said the lad.

Then the kings made ready many ships, and Siegfried was chief over them, and they sailed to the land of the Volsungs, and in a great battle he overthrew his father's enemies and won the kingdom. And ever in the thickest of the battle gleamed Gram.

— KATHARINE F. BOULT: *Heroes of the Norselands.*

wood'craft, wood skill, skill in the use of wood; **lore**, wisdom; **fared**, went; **cov'et ous ly**, in a miserly way; **fain**, willingly; **blithe'ly**, gladly.

1. Where was Siegfried's boyhood spent and how? Find the place on your map. 2. What "underground folk" were supposed to have the metals in their keeping? Compare with the account of the life of these same people in *The Binding of Fenrir*. 3. How did Siegfried fulfill the mission his father left for him? 4. Tell in your own words the story that Regin told Siegfried. 5. To what country does Regin refer by "Southern land"? Why does he call it *Southern*? Find the river Rhine on your maps and see through what countries it flows. 6. Tell how Siegfried got his sword. How did he test it? To what use did he first put it?

Oral and Written Composition. — First tell, then write, the story, "How Siegfried got His Horse."

Punctuation: *Comma in Address.*

1. I go to choose me a horse, O Ancient One.
2. What ransom wilt thou, evil one?
3. All thy ill-gotten gold, O dwarf.

Who is spoken to in the first sentence? In the second? In the third?

O Ancient One, evil one, O dwarf, are used instead of the names of the persons spoken to. How are the names of the persons spoken to or addressed separated from the rest of the sentence?

Rule. — The name of the person addressed should be separated from the rest of the sentence by commas.

Written Exercise. — Copy the following sentences, being careful to place the commas where they belong. Write them from dictation.

1. Do not shoot me, Hiawatha!
2. Lady Moon, where are you roving?
3. Sail on, O mighty ship, sail on!

Why are there two commas used in the third sentence?

4. Ladybug, ladybug, fly away home.

Insert commas where needed in the following sentences:—

1. Be good sweet maid and let who will be clever. 2. Where did you come from baby dear? 3. Little brook sing to me. 4. Honeybee honeybee where are you going? 5. I could not love thee dear so much loved I not honor more. 6. Give me of your bark O birch tree. 7. Hush my dear lie still and slumber! 8. Roll on thou deep and dark blue ocean roll. 9. Sleep baby sleep. 10. Friends Romans countrymen lend me your ears. 11. Ring happy bells across the snow. 12. In Thee O Lord do I put my trust.

28

SIEGFRIED THE VOLSUNG (*Continued*)

Now, when he had been at home some time, Siegfried grew weary of quiet, and Gram rattled in its sheath, as it hung on the wall over his seat. So he went to Regin, who sat wearily by the smithy fire, and, drawing up a

stool, sat by him. After a while the lad spoke. "To-morrow will I ride with thee to the Waste, Regin, if thou wilt; maybe I shall slay thy brother."

"Two shall go forth," said Regin, gloomily, "but neither shall return."

"No matter," quoth Siegfried, "we will try our best for the hoard!"

Ere the dawn Siegfried arose, and, going silently, he went to his mother and kissed her gently, for he knew he should see her no more; then, saddling Grane, he rode forth to the Lonesome Waste, with Regin at his side. Ever inland and upward they rode as the days went by, leaving meadows, trees, and all green things behind. At last they came out upon the Waste beside a mountain torrent, where Fafnir was wont to drink, and Siegfried traced the broad band of slime that he made as he crawled back and forth. "Surely," said he, "this dragon brother of thine is greater than all other serpents, from the breadth of his track?"

"Yea," said Regin. "But dig thou a pit in his path and sit therein; then canst thou stab him from beneath. As for me, since in naught can I help thee, I will get me to a place of safety," and he rode down the rocks.

Then Siegfried put Grane in shelter, and as he returned there met him a graybeard with one eye, who asked him whither he went and what he was about to do, and Siegfried told him. "That counsel is evil," said the Ancient



From the painting by Dielitz

SIEGFRIED FIGHTING THE DRAGON

One; "bide thou here and dig many pits, else the dragon's blood will flow into one and drown thee as thou standest." And ere the youth could answer he was gone.

So Siegfried spent the night in digging pits in the path of Fafnir; and at early dawn, as he sat in the largest, he felt the trembling of the earth, and knew that Fafnir was nigh. Snorting and spitting venom as he went, the great serpent crept slowly on, fearing naught, and as he passed over the pit, Siegfried thrust up Gram with all his strength behind the dragon's left shoulder, and drew it forth black to the hilt; and Fafnir's blood gushed forth and covered Siegfried as he stood, save only in one spot between his shoulders, where a dead leaf had lighted. Then he leaped from the pit and stood afar off, as the mighty serpent lashed out in the pain of his death wound, crying, "Who art thou, and whence, thou that are the undoing of Fafnir?"

"I am Siegfried, son of Sigmund, the Volsung. Tell me of the days that are to come to me." For all men believed that to the dying was the future clear, and Siegfried wished to see what he would foretell.

"I see evil come unto thee from the gold, Andvari's hoard, and from the fatal ring. Take thy horse and ride away, and flee from the evil."

"Nay," quoth Siegfried, "for thy gold I came, and without it will I not go. Without gold cannot man live."

Then Fafnir poured forth words of wisdom; and as the sun went down he quivered and lay a chill gray heap upon the Waste, and the sunset light shone upon the bright hair of the Golden Siegfried, as, sword in hand, he looked down on his huge body.

Then came Regin, who had watched from afar, hastening to greet Siegfried. "Hail, lord and conqueror!" he cried, "henceforth shalt thou be known throughout the ages as the slayer of Fafnir."

"Small aid wert thou," laughed Siegfried, "hiding while I fought."

"Yet," said Regin, grimly, "were it not for the sword I forged, thou hadst now lain low before Fafnir. And, since he was my brother, and thou hast slain him, for atonement shalt thou roast me his heart with fire, that I may eat it."

"That will I," said Siegfried, and he set to gather sticks while Regin slept, and the birds gathered round, and he set Fafnir's heart upon a stick to roast. When it should have been ready, Siegfried laid his fingers upon it, and the fat, hissing out, burnt them so that he put them in his mouth to cool; and behold straightway he knew the words of the woodpeckers that chattered as they hopped around.

The first said, "Thou foolish Siegfried, to roast for Regin. Eat thou the heart and so become wisest of men." The second said, "Thou crafty Regin, that

wouldst betray the trusting youth." The third said, "Smite thou the crafty one, Siegfried, and become thyself lord of the gold." The fourth said, "That is good counsel, to take the treasure and hie over the mountains to sleeping Brynhild." The fifth fluttered and said, "Siegfried is a fool if he spareth him whose brother he has just slain."

Then up sprang Siegfried, saying, "Regin shall not plot my death. He shall follow his brother." And he smote Regin with Gram, so that his head rolled away. Then he leapt on Grane and rode by the dragon's slimy trail until he came to the great cavern; and, although it was now night, the cavern shone with a light as of day, by reason of the golden shine of the Hoard.

So he set Andvari's ring on his finger, and put on the golden mail and the helmet of darkness, and, putting the Hoard into two chests, he fastened them upon the back of Grane, being minded to walk himself because of their weight. But Grane stirred not, and Siegfried was troubled what he should do, for even he dared not smite the horse. Then he looked into the eyes of Grane and knew what was in his mind, so he gathered up the reins and leaped upon his back, and the gray horse tossed his mane for joy and galloped over the Waste, turning southward, steady and untiring.

By stony ways rode Siegfried southward toward the Frankish land, and he saw before him a mountain



THE AWAKENING OF BRYNHILD

whereon a great fire burned, and in the midst of the fire a castle with a floating banner, and shields around the towers. And he climbed that mountain until he came close to the fire, and the crackling heat of it fanned his curls. Then he cried unto Grane, and the brave gray horse, with one mighty spring, leaped through the flame and stood at the castle gate, and Siegfried, looking back, saw only a line of gray ashes where the fire had been.

The castle door stood wide, and Siegfried, with Gram unsheathed, strode through the empty courts. Upon a rock in the inmost hall lay some one in full armor, the face covered by a visor. Then Siegfried cried aloud, "Arise, I am Siegfried."

But the figure moved not; so, with the point of Gram, he loosed the mail coat and flung it off, and cut the string of the helmet and cast it aside, and behold! there lay before him, in deep sleep, the fairest woman he had ever seen. Gold was her hair as the hoard of Andvari, white was her skin as the froth of sea waves, and her opening eyes were as blue as a mountain lake.

"Who waketh me?" she asked, low and soft as in a dream. "Is it thou, Siegfried, son of Sigmund, slayer of Fafnir?"

"It is I," he answered, "tell me thy name."

"I am Brynhild, Valkyr (war maiden) of Odin. Me he sends forth when men strive in battle. And I give victory to some, accordin as he commands, and I bear

the brave men who are slain to the city of the gods. But I was disobedient to his word, and gave victory to one whom he did not favor. Therefore he cast a deep sleep upon me, and placed me within this circle of fire. And this punishment is laid upon me, that never more shall I choose the slain; that now I am mortal and must suffer woe, even as the children of men; that I shall wed but a mortal and bear the bitter things of life. But this have I vowed — since I must wed — I will lay my hand only in that of a man who knows no fear."

"Surely," said Siegfried, "thou art both fair and wise. Tell me of wisdom and love during this day that I may spend with thee." And Brynhild told him of the secret wisdom of the gods and of many things hidden from men. Through this and through his knowledge of bird-speech became Siegfried wise above all men.

Now, when the day was ended, the Volsung stood before the Valkyr, and in his deep voice, like unto the music of a mountain torrent, said: "I am he that knoweth no fear. I swear that thou, Brynhild, art near to my heart, and none will I wed but thee." And by the two hands he held her, looking deep into her eyes, as she answered, "Thee do I choose before all the sons of men, O Siegfried."

So he set upon her finger the red-gold ring of Andvari. And thus began the Valkyr's sorrow; yet, having the love of the best of the Volsungs, she would not change it for mortal joy.

Now when the new day was come, Siegfried arose and clad him in the golden armor of the Hoard, whereon was drawn the image of that dragon which he slew, and upon his red-gold hair he set the helmet with its dragon crest.

"Fair love!" he said, kissing Brynhild between the eyes, "I must go forth to do the deeds that await me and to meet the fate that is set. Yet ere long will I seek thee in thy sister's home, and at my coming shall we have much joy."

But Brynhild sorrowed and answered low, "Woe is me, my hero; for thee and me will be no bridal until our death-day join us. Thou wilt wed a daughter of the Southland folk. We must go our ways apart."

Then Siegfried laughed and kissed her, saying: "Sweetheart, thou art sad at our parting. Thou, daughter of the gods, knowest full well that what will be must be, and naught can mortals change when the fates have spoken."

— KATHARINE T. BOULT: *Heroes of the Norselands.*

1. Tell in your own words the story of Siegfried's fight with the dragon. 2. What did the dragon foretell would befall Siegfried? Notice if the prophecy is fulfilled. 3. What advice did the woodpeckers give him? 4. Describe how he found Brynhild. How was her castle guarded? 5. What was a Valkyr? What was her duty? 6. What punishment had Odin inflicted upon Brynhild? Why?

Punctuation: *Comma in Address.* — See how many examples of the comma used in address you can find in Lesson 38. Write ten sentences of your own, addressing your father, mother, brother, sister, teacher, and classmates.

Common Errors.—1. "Who waketh me?" asked Brynhild. 2. "It is I," answered Siegfried.

Read merely the question in the first sentence. What answer does Siegfried make?

To questions like the one above do not answer, "It is me," or "It is her," or "It is him." That is the same as if you said, "Me waked you," or "Her waked you," or "Him waked you."

Who is going? / Who is there?	I am	We are
	He is	You are
	She is	They are

Who knocked? / Who will take a walk?	I	We
	He	You
	She	They

Which is correct in answer to the question, "Who did the work?" "John and I," or "John and me?" Would you say, "I did it," or "Me did it"?

Fill in the blanks in the following sentences either with **I** or with **me**:—

1. He and —— studied our lessons. 2. Mary and —— took a walk. 3. Mother said that you and —— might go. 4. Who is calling? ——. 5. Who is it? It is ——.

Written Exercise.—Write three questions that are correctly answered by **I**; three that are correctly answered by **he**; three, by **she**; three, by **they**.

29

SIEGFRIED THE VOLSUNG (*Concluded*)

In the heart of the Rhineland lay the mighty city of Worms, home of the Niblung race. There in her rose garden dwelt the fair Gudrun, with her mother, Grimhild,

and her three brothers, one of whom was Gunnar, the King of the Niblungs. Gunnar was powerful and rich, having hoards of gold and many brave warriors at his command; but chief of his treasures was his sister, Gudrun, the white-armed.

In quiet she walked one day, with her maid, in the rose garden beside the swirling river, when there came from the city a noise of great shouting. "Go, maid," she said, "and learn what this may mean. To me it seemeth a cry of joy."

The maid went, and returned quickly, saying: "It is Siegfried, the golden hero of the Volsungs. Thy brethren ride forth to greet him at the northern gate. Come, that I may braid thy brown hair, and array thee in the gold of the Niblungs, for there will be feasting and welcome in the high hall this night."

Then throughout the Rhineland flew the word: "The hero of the ages hath come;" and from far and wide came folk to greet the dragon slayer, master of Andvari's hoard, — that hoard long since stolen, but now returned once more to its Rhineland home.

In the high hall, Gunnar, the king, held a feast, and near him sat his mother. Her bright witch eyes looked upon Siegfried, and she pondered: "This man must wed my daughter, even though he is betrothed to Brynhild. Have I not witch lore to make him forget her? Then shall we keep the golden hoard here in the Rhineland

forever." So all that summer, while Siegfried hunted, played, rode, and waged war for the Niblungs, did Grimhild wander among the mountains, brewing the magic draught of forgetfulness.

And the brethren loved Siegfried, and with all their lords was he in fellowship, save only with Hagen of Hunland, whose deeds were evil, and who hated all that was brightest and best. So when the king prayed the hero to tarry throughout the winter, he agreed, thinking, "In the spring will I fetch my Valkyr maiden home."

But one autumn night, when all were weary with hunting and with the feast, came Grimhild, bearing an ancient cup of gold to Siegfried, and, gazing with witch eyes that faltered not into the keenness of his eyes, said: —

"In this cup I pledge thee, thou hero that shalt be my fourth son. Drink, and see the desire of thy life."

And Siegfried looked straight at her with his guileless glance, and, taking the cup, drained it to the bottom. Then fell a grayness upon his face, and all men were silent. He stood up and gazed around, unseeing; then, as one unmindful of his fellows, strode from the hall and was seen no more that night. But Grimhild rejoiced, for she knew that her spell was strong.

In the morning, as Gudrun plucked the berries and late roses in her garden, there came to her the Volsung, as one in a dream. She was pale with the thought of his

sorrow, though she knew not what had befallen him, and, letting fall her flowers, she held out to him her two white hands. Then he, seeing how fair she was, and Brynhild having passed from his mind, felt that with this maiden to love him, this strange, nameless trouble of his mind would pass, and all would be well. Therefore he took her hands, saying: "Gudrun, if troth may be plighted between us, here will I abide. But if, Daughter of the Niblungs, thou hast no love for me, then will I ride hence to-day. Say thou, shall I stay?"

And she, bending down her rose-flushed face, bade him stay, and he swore a mighty oath that never, while life was in him, would he forget her love. So, hand in hand, they passed to the hall of the Niblungs, and a shout of joy went up from the chiefs of the land. And Gunnar swore brotherhood with Siegfried, and they made haste to set forth the wedding feast. Then did the crafty queen rejoice that all had fallen out according to her plan, and that the stolen Rhine gold was once more safe in the Rhineland.

Then came Brynhild to Rhineland, and learned the truth and vowed that she would revenge herself on Siegfried. And she feigned friendship to Gudrun, and thus learned of the spot between Siegfried's shoulders where the dead leaf had lodged when Fafnir's blood gushed over him. Only in that spot could he be wounded. Then Brynhild sought out Hagen, and begged him



From the painting by Plais

SIEGFRIED'S BODY BORNE BY HUNTSMEN

to slay Siegfried, and he, greedy for the Rhine gold, consented.

So one day, when the hunt went on in the wildwood, Hagen kept at Siegfried's back, biding his time to strike. But Gunnar, feeling something amiss, kept ever by his side also. Then it chanced that, heated with the chase, they came to a running stream, and Siegfried leaped to earth to drink. As he stooped, Gunnar came up, being also athirst, and Siegfried drew back that the king should drink first.

"Nay, Brother Siegfried," quoth the great king, "drink thou with me as brethren should." So they stooped and drank together, and the evil Hagen, stealing up behind, with one stroke of his spear laid low the glory of the world, the Golden Siegfried.

Then rang through the wood a wild and terrible cry, the cry of King Gunnar for his brother foully slain. And the hunters came together in grief and pain, and, raising the body of their hero, they laid it on a bed of spears, and bore it back in gloom to the city. And as they passed along in silence, a chill wind moaned through the pine tops, the robin ceased its autumn song, the ruddy leaves fell swift and thick from the beech trees, winter came in one breath over the land, and all things living mourned Siegfried, dead, even as they had mourned Baldur, the shining god.

So died Siegfried, hero of the ages, king of the true

heart. But his name and his deeds passed not away, nor ever shall so long as the earth endures. But the hoard did the brethren of Gudrun sink into the Rhine, and thus it came back at last to the arms of the waiting Rhine daughters. And even unto this day, at times, may their sweet song of joy be heard as they float, watching over the treasure of Siegfried.

— KATHARINE F. BOULT: *Heroes of the Norselands.*

pon'dered, thought deeply; **fel'low ship,** companionship; **guile'less,** without guile or trickery; **feigned,** pretended; **a miss',** wrong.

1. Find on your maps the home of the Niblung race — the Rhineland and the city of Worms. 2. What magic draught did Grimhild give Siegfried? What was its effect upon him? 3. How did Brynhild revenge herself upon Siegfried for his marriage with Gudrun? 4. Describe Siegfried's death. 5. Have you ever heard of the Greek hero who, like Siegfried, had only one spot where he could be wounded? If not, find out about Achilles, and compare his death with that of Siegfried.

Sentence Study. — Enlarge the following sentences by any method you think best — either by combining several into one, or by adding words or groups of words to make the meaning clearer: —

Siegfried was a great German hero. The story of his deeds was told in many old German poems. He once killed a dragon. The blood of the dragon poured over him. It touched every part of his body except one spot. This was on his back. The dragon's blood made him invulnerable. Long afterward he was killed by a spear thrown from behind. It struck the vulnerable spot.

Word Study: lie, lay, laid. — 1. The golden hoard lies hidden in the Rhine. 2. There lay the fairest woman he had ever seen. 3. They laid their hero on a bed of spears.

Which of the first two sentences refers to the present? Is **lie** or **lay** used? Which refers to the past? Which word is used here?

Rule. — We use **lie** when we speak of resting or reclining in the present time.

In speaking of something you did in the past, do not say, "I **laid** down"; say instead, "I **lay** down." If you use the word **laid**, you must use another word with it to show what you laid — as in the third sentence given above.

Lay has two distinct meanings: —

First, **lay** is used to express rest taken in the past, as in the second sentence.

Second, **lay** is used with another word after it when it means *to place*, as, "**Lay** the book on the desk."

Copy the following sentences and fill in the blanks with the proper form, **lie**, **lay**, or **laid**: —

1. And the lion shall —— down with the lamb. 2. I —— upon the sands and watched the ocean waves. 3. —— the baby in the cradle. 4. The soldiers —— about the camp fire, talking and dreaming of home. 5. Full knee-deep —— the winter snow. 6. —— still and hush thee, baby mine. 7. A cloud —— cradled near the setting sun. 8. Slowly, sadly, we —— him down.

30

BEOWULF AND THE DRAGON

[Our own ancient ancestors, who came to England from the lowlands which are now Holland and Germany and Denmark, had their myths also, but only one has come down to us. This is the tale of Beowulf, the mighty chieftain of the Goths, who first as a youth slew two huge man-eating monsters of the sea, and in old age found his death, as you will now read, in fighting a fiery dragon. The story is preserved in an old English poem, *Beowulf*, from which the following selection has been retold in prose.]

In olden times there was a band of comrades who had gathered together, in many adventures both by land and

sea, a great store of precious things — drinking cups, and armor inlaid with gold, helmets, and coats of mail, with famous swords, wrought by cunning smiths of old and richly ornamented. Now, it came to pass that these men, as the years went on, were slain in battle, till at last one only of them was left alive. This man took the treasure and hid it away. In a tomb he hid it wherein some famous chief of the old time had been buried. Close to the sea was the mound, at the foot of a great cliff. The man laid it open even to the chamber of the dead, and there he stored the precious things, rejoicing his eyes for a while with the sight of them. "Hold thou, O earth," he said, "that which mighty men have not been able to hold. They have passed away, and I only am left alive. The helmet that has borne many a blow must perish, and the stout coat of mail and the shield that were proof against the bite of the sword must decay, even as the warrior that bore them in the battle." Thus did the last of that brave company lament over his treasures, until the time came when he also was overtaken by death.

It chanced that one of the dragons that haunt the burial places of the dead lighted upon the place and saw the treasure, for it was open to the sky. And the creature took possession of it and guarded it, for such it is their delight to do. For three hundred years he watched it, nor was ever disturbed. But at the end of the three

hundred years, a certain man who had come into ill favor with his lord fled into the wilderness and chanced to come upon this hoard, and he thought to himself: "If I stay here, I perish. I will take, therefore, one of these precious things, and therewith will I reconcile myself to my lord." This he did; he took from the hoard a golden tankard and gave it to his lord as a peace offering, and won his favor.

Now all this time the dragon was asleep in an inner chamber of the mound. And when the creature woke, he discovered the deed that had been done. So he issued from the mound and searched diligently every place round about, but no one could he see. Then once again he went back and examined the hoard, counting over the precious things, till at last he knew for certain that some one had plundered it. Great was his anger, and scarce could he endure to tarry till night before he began to take vengeance for this wrong. But when the darkness fell he went forth and wasted all the land with fire. Night after night he issued forth, carrying desolation with him. He caused houses and farmsteads to blaze up, and spread ruin far and wide. When the day came, he returned to his dwelling place, but every night he went abroad to destroy.

Tidings came to King Beowulf himself that his hall, which the people of the Goths had given him for his own, had been burnt with fire. Great was the wrath

in his heart when he heard it, so great that he was well-nigh ready to murmur against God in his heart, though this was not the good King's wont. Now, he scorned to go against the destroyer with a great host of men, nor did he fear the creature for himself. His valor and his strength had borne him safely through many perils by land and sea, nor did he fear that they would fail him now. So he, with only a few chosen comrades, went to the mound, where it stood alone hard by the waves of the sea. The King then bade farewell to each of his followers man by man, and when he had ended his words he said: "Even as I did in the olden time with huge sea monsters, so I would now do with this dragon; I would not use sword or other weapon. But I know not how without these I could hold out against him. Likewise, as I must encounter fire, venomous and deadly, when I grapple with him, so I must also carry shield and coat of mail. Thus will I go prepared, but not one foot's space will I yield to him. On this mound will we fight, and meet such end as He who orders all things shall decree. Do ye, my comrades, abide here in the mountain, with your coats of mail about you, to see which of us twain shall come victorious out of this fray. But to grapple with the monster is not for you or for any man, but for me only. One of these two things must be: either I will carry away this treasure, or death shall take me."

Then he rose up from his place. With helmet on head and clad in coat of mail he went his way among the cliffs till he beheld an arch of rock and beneath it the burial mound, and all the face of the stream was alight with flame. And when Beowulf saw these things, he stood and shouted aloud. Clear as a battle cry was the shout, and it reached to the dragon where he lay in the depth of the mound. And when he heard it, he knew that it was the speech of man, and that the time for battle was come. So he rose from his place and before him there went a stream of fiery breath, that was, as it were, a defiance of his enemy. Then the King of the Goths swung his shield against his adversary, and drew his sword, a famous weapon that had come to him by inheritance from his ancestors in days gone by. So the two stood over against each other, and there was fear in the heart of both. Steadfast stood the King with his shield before him on the one side, and on the other was the dragon, curved into a bow, in readiness to spring. Quickly he sprang against the King. So mighty was the attack that the shield availed not to keep him away. And when the King swung his great sword and smote the dragon, then the edge was turned upon the bony covering of the beast and wounded him not. Now was Beowulf in a great strait, for fierce beyond measure was the dragon's assault.

— A. J. Church: *Heroes of Chivalry and Romance.*

wrought, worked; **rec'oncile,** to make peace with; **ven'geance,** revenge; **ad'ver sa ry,** enemy; **in her'i tance,** the descent of property from an ancestor; **strait,** a narrow place, a difficult position; **as sault',** attack.

1. Who was Beowulf? To what race did the Goths belong? 2. What other story in this collection tells about a hidden hoard? Who was the guardian of the treasure in the other story? Who is in this? 3. Where was this hoard hidden? How was it discovered? 4. Notice the two sentences: *Though this was not the King's wont. It was hard by the sea.* What unusual words are used? Rewrite the sentences, using more familiar words.

Sentence Study.—Rewrite the following sentences, making two short ones in place of each one given. Begin each sentence with a capital letter and end it with the proper punctuation mark.

1. Beowulf, a king of the Goths in ancient times, is also celebrated in song and story. 2. Tidings came to King Beowulf that his hall, which the Goths had given him for his own, had been burned with fire. 3. He was so angry when he heard this that he determined to go and seek the destroyer and rid the land of him. 4. The creature that had brought about the destruction was a dragon that for years had guarded a hidden treasure.

31

BEOWULF AND THE DRAGON (*Concluded*)

THUS it fared with them in their first grapple and in the second also, and the King was sore distressed. And as for his comrades, nobles though they were, they stood not behind him, but slunk away into the wood, for they feared for their lives, lest the dragon should slay them with his breath of fire. So they fled, Beowulf's comrades,

who by right should have stood by their lord. One only remained faithful and steadfast. He was Wiglaf, a lord from the land of the Swedes. For he remembered how, in days that were past, Beowulf had given him a homestead well furnished and a place among his lords. This was in Wiglaf's heart, nor could he endure to desert his lord; and indeed now for the first time had he been called to stand by him in the battle. Alone he sped through the deadly smoke and fire, and stood by the side of the King, and said: "My lord Beowulf, now is the time for thee to make good thy words, that never, being alive, wouldst thou suffer thy glory to decline. Put out all thy strength, and fight for thy life, and I will give thee such help as I may."

As soon as he had ended these words, the dragon came on again with great fury, all flaming with fire. So fierce was the heat that Wiglaf's shield was consumed, nor could the coat of mail protect him. Under his lord's shield did Wiglaf shelter himself, now that his own was in ashes. Then Beowulf remembered his strength and smote with all his might. Full on the head with a mighty blow he smote the dragon. But Nægling, his sword, flew in splinters, good weapon though it was and famed in story, for the champion's arm was too strong for all swords whatsoever. Let the edge be keen beyond all nature, yet it failed when Beowulf struck with all his strength.

Then for the third time the dragon came on, the fiery



BEOWULF AND THE DRAGON

monster, in rage beyond all bearing. For a space the King fell back, and the dragon seized his neck, compassing it round with savage teeth, so that the blood of his life gushed out in a great stream.

And now the youth Wiglaf put forth all the valor and strength that were in him to help his kinsman the King. He heeded not the fire, though grievously it scorched his hand, but smote the dragon underneath, where the skin failed somewhat in hardness. He drove the good sword into the monster's body, and straightway the fire began to abate. Then the King recovered himself somewhat and drew his war-knife, and gashed the dragon in the middle. So these two together subdued the monstrous serpent.

But now Beowulf perceived that a fatal mischief was at work, for the wound began to swell and to grow hot, and he felt the poison of the dragon's teeth in his inward parts. He sat him down upon a stone, and looked at the tomb, with its chamber cunningly wrought. Wiglaf meanwhile fetched water from a stream hard by, and poured it upon his lord to refresh him, and loosened the chain of his helmet. Then, though his wound pressed him sore, and he knew that the number of his days was told, Beowulf spake to his faithful follower: "Now would I have given my weapons to my son, if God had granted me a son that should have my kingdom after me. But it has pleased Him otherwise. Fifty years have I ruled over this people, nor has any ruler of the nations round about dared

to cross my borders with hostile purpose. I have done judgment and justice; I have done no treachery nor sought out strife; the oaths that I have sworn, these I have kept. And now I pray thee, Wiglaf, to go and examine this treasure. For the dragon lies dead, and that which he guarded so long is his no more. Go quickly then, for I would fain see the treasure before I die. With better content shall I depart if I see how great are the riches which I have won."

So Wiglaf made haste to do as his lord had bidden him. Into the chamber he went, clad in his coat of mail. Many precious things did he there behold, great jewels, and vessels of gold, and helmets richly chased, and bracelets. And of all the treasure the most wonderful was a banner of gold, woven by art of magic, for there came from it a great light, making all things clear to be seen in the chamber. All this treasure, cups and platters, and the great banner itself, did Wiglaf take in his arms, and made haste to return therewith to the King, doubting much whether he should find him yet alive. He lived, indeed, but was at the very point of death. Then Wiglaf sprinkled him again with water, and caused him to revive, so that he spake again with his lips: "Now do I thank Thee, Lord, that Thou hast suffered me to look upon this treasure with my eyes, aye, and to win such riches for my people before I die. For surely now my time is come, and I can serve this people no more. Bid my brave

warriors, O Wiglaf, to build a lofty cairn for me, hard by the sea, when my body shall have been burnt with fire. Surely it shall be my memorial forever, and whoever comes across the sea shall say, beholding it, 'This is the tomb of Beowulf, King of the Goths.'"

Then the King took the golden collar from off his neck and gave it to Wiglaf; also his helmet he gave, and the crown upon his head, and his coat of mail. "Keep them faithfully," he said, "for, indeed, I am the last of my house. Death has taken all my kinsmen into his keeping, and now I must needs follow them." So spake the old King, and straightway he breathed out his soul.

— A. J. Church: *Heroes of Chivalry and Romance.*

de fect', fault; **com'pass ing**, encircling; **a bate'**, grow less; **hos'tile**, unfriendly; **chased**, engraved; **aye**, yes; **cairn**, a large pile of stones used to make a grave; **me mo'ri al**, that which keeps one's memory alive.

1. Describe the combat between Beowulf and the dragon. 2. What is the land of the Swedes now called? Find it on your map. 3. Describe Beowulf's death. 4. In all the other stories that you have read the heroes have called upon Zeus or some other of the Greek gods, or upon Odin or one of the other Northern gods; upon whom does Beowulf call? What clew does this give you as to the time of the writing of this story?

Word Study: did, done. — Beowulf said, "I have done judgment and justice; I have done no treachery nor sought out strife." Notice the use of the word **done** in the sentence above. What word is used before it in each case? The word **done** is sometimes used incorrectly for **did**. Do not say, "I **done** my work" for "I **did** my

work." If the word **done** is used, some other word is needed with it to complete its meaning, as **has, have, is, was.**

I have done my work.
He has done his work.
Her work was done.

Written Exercise. — I. Supply the word **did** or **done** in the following sentences: —

The day is ——. 2. What is —— cannot be undone. 3. We have —— our lessons. 4. He —— it well. 5. I —— the errand. 6. I have —— no man an injury. 7. I —— it. 8. The soldier —— his duty.

II. Write five sentences of your own, using **did** properly. Write five, using **done** with one of the words given above.

32

KING ARTHUR AND HIS KNIGHTS

[None of the old hero stories is more beautiful than the famous tale of Arthur, who, so the legend ran, was king of Britain before ever the English came into it, and who, in a time of great disaster and many wars, restored peace, subdued bands of robbers and evil men, drove back the enemies of his country, and banded together good and noble men to serve him as his knights. There was such a chief in ancient days. We find dim records of him in history, but the tales that are told of him are not true, any more than are the other hero tales which we have been reading. They are the songs and the dreams and the legends that have clustered about a chief who was the people's ideal of goodness and bravery.

It is true, however, that in old days each country had its knights, strong men who were fond of adventure and lived by fighting. A knight bound himself by oath to reverence the king and the church, to fight against the enemies of the king and the church, to right human wrongs, to speak no slander, to tell the truth, to

lead a pure life, to protect the weak, and, particularly, to honor women and to protect them. The knight-errant, or wandering knight, rode out in search of adventures, mounted on his huge war horse and clad in heavy armor, bearing his lance and sword and shield, ready to do battle with all who opposed him.

The stories about King Arthur and his knights in this and the following lessons are based upon a famous English book, the *Morte d'Arthur*, or death of Arthur, written many centuries ago by Sir Thomas Malory. They are retold for young readers by Mr. Church in his *Heroes of Chivalry and Romance.*]

ARTHUR, so the legend ran, was as a child not aware that he was of royal birth, for he had been brought up by Merlin, a great wizard, and under the protection of a certain Sir Hector, whose son he thought himself to be. When his real father, King Uther, had been dead for many years and Arthur was grown to manhood, the kingdom was in great confusion, for princes were warring against each other, and each thought he should be king. Then Merlin brought all the lords of England together in the great church in London on Christmas morn, before it was dawn, to see if God would not show by some miracle who should be king. And suddenly there was seen in the church, close to the high altar, a great square stone, and in the midst was an anvil of steel a foot high, and therein stuck a fair sword, and on the sword was written in letters of gold, "Whoso pulleth out this sword from the stone and the anvil is rightful king of England." And when the lords saw the writing, each tried to pluck out the sword, but none could move it. "The man is not yet

here," said the Archbishop, "who shall draw forth the sword, but I doubt not that God will make him known to us shortly."

And upon New Year's Day the lords made a tournament; for the Archbishop hoped that he who should be king of England would then reveal himself. And Sir Hector rode to the tournament, and with him Sir Kay, his son, and young Arthur. Kay had left his sword at his father's lodging, and so he prayed young Arthur to ride back for it. And when Arthur came to the house, all therein had gone out to see the tournament. Then said Arthur to himself, "I will ride to the church and take the sword that sticketh in the stone, for my brother, Sir Kay, shall not be without a sword this day." And when he came to the church, Arthur alighted, tied his horse to the stile, and grasping the sword by the handle quickly pulled it out of the stone, and took his horse and rode his way till he came to his brother, Sir Kay, and delivered him the sword. As soon as Sir Kay saw the sword he knew well that it was the sword of the stone, and so he rode to his father, Sir Hector, and said, "Lo, here is the sword of the stone. I must be king of this land." And when Sir Hector beheld the sword, he turned to Sir Kay and asked him how he came by it. "Sir," said Sir Kay, "by my brother Arthur, for he brought it to me." "How got you this sword?" said Sir Hector to Arthur. "Sir, I will tell you. When I came home for my brother's

sword, I found no one there, and lest my brother Kay should be swordless, I came to the church and plucked it from the stone." "Now," said Sir Hector to Arthur, "I understand that you must be king of this land." And therewith Sir Hector kneeled to the earth before him, and so did Sir Kay. Then was King Arthur crowned in the great church by the Archbishop, and he swore to the lords and people to be a true king, and rule justly from thenceforth all the days of his life.

Once, when King Arthur, disguised as a knight-errant and accompanied by Merlin, was seeking adventures, it chanced that in a battle with a strange knight his sword was broken, and as Arthur and Merlin rode on, Arthur said, "I have no sword." "No matter," said Merlin, "hard by is a sword that shall be yours." So they rode till they came to a fair and broad lake, and in the midst of the lake King Arthur saw an arm, clothed in white, that held a fair sword in the hand. "Lo," said Merlin, "yonder is the sword of which I spoke." Thereupon they saw a damsel near by. "What damsel is that?" said Arthur. "That is the Lady of the Lake," said Merlin, "and soon shall she come to you." Then came the damsel unto Arthur and saluted him. "Damsel," said Arthur, "what sword is that which the arm holdeth above the water? I would it were mine, for I have no sword." "Sir King," said the damsel, "that sword is



KING ARTHUR TAKES THE SWORD EXCALIBUR

mine, and it is named EXCALIBUR, or Cut Steel. Get thee into yonder barge and row thyself to the sword, and take it and the scabbard with it, for it is thine." Then King Arthur and Merlin alighted, and tied their horses to two trees, and went into the barge, and when they came to the sword that the hand held, King Arthur grasped it by the hilt. Then the arm and the hand disappeared under the water. And King Arthur looked upon the sword and liked it well. "Which do you like the better," said Merlin, "the sword or the scabbard?" "The sword," said King Arthur. "You are unwise," said Merlin; "the scabbard is worth ten of the sword, for while you have the scabbard upon you, you shall never lose blood even if you are sorely wounded."

—A. J. CHURCH: *Heroes of Chivalry and Romance.*

rev'er ence, respect deeply; **arch bish'op**, chief bishop; **dam'sel**, young lady, — an old-fashioned word; **barge**, boat; **scab'bard**, sheath.

1. Who was King Arthur? About when did he live? Find on your maps the country over which he ruled. What do we now call it? 2. What is a wizard? What is a miracle? 3. What were the vows that every knight took? 4. Tell the story of how Arthur was made king. Compare this story of the taking of the sword with that in *Siegfried*. 5. What was a tournament like? 6. What was a knight-errant? 7. Tell in your own words how Arthur got his sword.

Written Composition. — Find out something about the ceremony of conferring knighthood, and write a short composition about it. Write under some such headings as these: 1. The training a boy received in preparation for knighthood. 2. The vows he took when he was made a knight. 3. How knighthood was conferred upon him.

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KING ARTHUR AND HIS KNIGHTS (*Concluded*)

LATER, it befell on a time that King Arthur said to Merlin, "My barons will let me have no rest, but they will have it that I shall take a wife, and I will take none except by thy counsel and by thy advice." "It is well," said Merlin, "that you should take a wife, for a man of your nobleness should not be without one. Now, is there any fair lady that you love better than another?" "Yea," said King Arthur, "I love Guenevere, the daughter of King Leodegrance; for this damsel is the gentlest and fairest lady living." So Merlin went to King Leodegrance and told him the desire of Arthur. "That is to me," said King Leodegrance, "the best tidings that I have heard, that so worthy a king will wed my daughter. And I would give him land for a marriage gift, but he hath lands enough and needeth no more. But I shall send him a gift that will please him much more, for I shall send him the Round Table which King Uther, his father, gave me. Around it may sit one hundred knights and fifty, and with it I will send a hundred knights." And so King Leodegrance delivered his daughter Guenevere unto King Arthur and the Round Table with the hundred knights.

When King Arthur heard of the coming of Guenevere and the hundred knights with the Round Table, he

rejoiced greatly and said, "This lady is exceedingly welcome to me, for I have loved her long, and these knights of the Round Table please me more than great riches." Then King Arthur said to Merlin, "Go thou throughout the land and find me fifty knights of the greatest prowess." Within a short time Merlin found twenty and eight brave knights, but no more could he find.

Then the Archbishop came and blessed the seats at the Round Table, and when all the knights arose to do homage unto King Arthur, the name of each knight was found written on the seat in letters of gold. But on one seat no name was written, and that seat was called the Seat Perilous, "for thereon," said Merlin, "shall no one sit except the bravest and purest of all, and whoever else attempts to sit there shall die. And the seat shall be vacant until he comes."

Thus King Arthur gathered around him a band of noble knights, and added to their number, until all the seats at the Round Table were filled save the Seat Perilous.

The best of all his knights was Sir Lancelot of the Lake, who was said to be the head of all the Christian knights, the courtliest knight that ever bore shield, the trustiest friend that ever bestrode horse, the truest lover of all mortal men, the kindest man that ever struck with sword, the goodliest person ever seen in battle, the meekest man and the gentlest that ever ate in a hall among

ladies, and the sternest knight to his mortal foe that ever put spear in rest.

The noblest and most saintly of King Arthur's knights was Sir Galahad, Sir Lancelot's son, who had been from childhood trained to a life of purity and of bravery and self-sacrifice. He it was who sat in the Seat Perilous. And with Sir Lancelot and the other knights, King Arthur did great deeds, fighting always for the right and defending the truth, until peace again smiled upon the land, and justice reigned, and the weak and lowly lived under the protection of the strong.

But evil days came again. Many of the Round Table had died in battle or wandered afar in search of adventures, and those who remained quarreled one with another and broke their vows; even Guenevere no longer loved Arthur, but Lancelot, and fled with him. And Sir Modred, one of Arthur's knights, conspired against him, and the kingdom was in great turmoil, and King Arthur's knights and those of Sir Modred met in a great battle by the sea. There was a terrible slaughter on both sides, and King Arthur slew Sir Modred, but was himself sorely wounded.

Then he spoke to his only surviving knight, Sir Bedivere, and said, "My time cometh fast; therefore take thou Excalibur, my good sword, and go down with it to yonder water side, and when thou comest there, I charge thee to throw my sword into the water and come again and tell me what thou seest there."

"My lord," said Bedivere, "your commandment shall be done, and I will quickly bring you word again." So Sir Bedivere departed, and as he went he looked at the noble sword and saw that the hilt was studded thick with precious stones. Then he said to himself, "If I throw this rich sword into the water, no good shall come therefrom, but harm and loss." And so Sir Bedivere hid Excalibur under a tree. Then he came again to the King, and said he had thrown the sword into the water. "What saw'st thou there?" said the King. "Sir," he said, "I saw nothing but waves and winds." "Thou hast spoken untruly," said the King; "therefore go thou quickly back again and do my command. As thou art dear to me, spare not the sword, but throw it in."

Then Sir Bedivere returned again, and took the sword in his hand, and again he thought it a sin and shame to throw away the noble sword, and so he hid it and returned again, and told the King that he had been to the water and done his command. "What didst thou see there?" said the King. "Sir," he said, "I saw nothing but the water and the waves." "Now hast thou betrayed me twice," said King Arthur. "Who would have thought that thou, who hast been so true to me and art called a noble knight, would have betrayed me for the riches of a sword? Now go quickly again, for thy long tarrying hath put me in great danger of my life, and unless thou dost now as I bid thee, I will slay thee with mine own hands."



THE DEPARTURE OF KING ARTHUR

Then Sir Bedivere departed, and went to the sword, and took it to the water side, and threw it as far into the water as he could, and there came an arm and hand above the water and caught it, and shook it thrice. Then the hand vanished away with the sword beneath the water. So Sir Bedivere came again to the King and told him what he saw. "Alas!" said the King, "help me hence, for I fear that I have tarried too long." Then Sir Bedivere took the King upon his back and so went with him to the water side. And when they were at the water side, there came a barge with many fair ladies in it, and among them were three queens, and all had black hoods, and wept when they saw King Arthur. "Now put me into the barge," said the King. And when he had put him softly into the barge, the queens received him there with great mourning, and one of them took King Arthur's head in her lap, and said, "Dear brother, why hast thou tarried so long from me?" And then they rowed away from the land.

Then Sir Bedivere cried, "Ah, my Lord Arthur, what shall become of me now if thou goest from me and leaveth me here alone among mine enemies?" "Comfort thyself," said the King, "and do as well as thou mayest, for I must go unto the isle of Avalon, there to heal me of my wound." And the legend says that from this isle of enchantment King Arthur will some day return again to be King over all England.

—A. J. Church: *Heroes of Chivalry and Romance.*

prow'ess, reputation for brave deeds; **studd'ed,** ornamented.

1. Describe King Arthur's Round Table. How many knights could be seated about it? What was the Seat Perilous? Who came to occupy it? 2. What different words are used to describe Sir Lancelot? 3. Tell how Arthur got his famous sword Excalibur and what became of it at his death.

Sentence Study. — You all know what a sentence is. You speak in sentences constantly, you read sentences every day, and, if your teacher asks you to write a sentence, you can do it, and you will probably begin it with a capital letter and close it with the proper punctuation mark. But in writing a letter, or a story, or a composition, it is not so easy to recognize each sentence and to point it off properly. If you are not very careful, you will find in your writing groups of words like those printed below.

Read them aloud, making a pause only where you find a period. You will see that they do not sound right. Read again, making a pause where the sense requires one. Now rewrite in proper sentences, placing a capital letter at the beginning and a period at the end of each. Do not change any of the words or their order.

1. The best of all Arthur's knights was Sir Lancelot he was said to be the head of all the Christian knights he was courteous, and brave, and tender.

2. Sir Galahad sat in the Seat Perilous this was a seat in which no man might sit save one who had never done wrong.

3. Sir Bedivere threw the sword into the water an arm and hand rose above the water and caught the sword then the hand vanished beneath the waves.

4. A barge came to bear Arthur away it took him to the isle of Avalon legend says that he will some day return again and rule over England.

Word Study: may, can. — 1. In the Seat Perilous no one may sit except the bravest and purest of all. 2. Merlin said, "I can find but eight and twenty knights."

Which of these sentences expresses permission? Is **may** or **can** used? Which means "I am able"? Is **may** or **can** used in this?

Rule. — **May** is used to express permission. **Can** is used to express ability.

Written Exercise. — I. Copy the following sentences, supplying **can** or **may**: —

1. No man —— serve two masters. 2. When —— I join the club? 3. —— I leave the room? 4. No one —— be in two places at once. 5. You —— invite him to come. 6. He —— read the letter if he ——. 7. —— I go with you? 8. —— you walk so far?

II. Write five sentences of your own that ask permission. Write five that grant permission. Write five that use **can** properly.

34

SIR GALAHAD

My good blade carves the casques of men,
 My tough lance thrusteth sure,
My strength is as the strength of ten,
 Because my heart is pure.
The shattering trumpet shrilleth high,
 The hard brands shiver on the steel,
The splintered spear-shafts crack and fly,
 The horse and rider reel:
They reel, they roll in clanging lists,
 And when the tide of combat stands,
Perfume and flowers fall in showers,
 That lightly rain from ladies' hands.

* * * * *

Sometimes on lonely mountain meres
I find a magic bark;
I leap on board: no helmsman steers:
I float till all is dark.
A gentle sound, an awful light!
Three angels bear the Holy Grail:
With folded feet, in stoles of white,
On sleeping wings they sail.
Ah, blessed vision! blood of God!
My spirit beats her mortal bars,
As down dark tides the glory slides,
And starlike mingles with the stars.

* * * * *

A maiden knight — to me is given
Such hope, I know not fear;
I yearn to breathe the airs of heaven
That often meet me here.
I muse on joy that will not cease,
Pure spaces clothed in living beams,
Pure lilies of eternal peace,
Whose odors haunt my dreams;
And, stricken by an angel's hand,
This mortal armor that I wear,
This weight and size, this heart and eyes,
Are touched, are turned to finest air.

The clouds are broken in the sky,
And through the mountain walls

A rolling organ-harmony
Swells up, and shakes and falls.
Then move the trees, the copses nod,
Wings flutter, voices hover clear:
"O just and faithful knight of God!
Ride on! the prize is near."
So pass I hostel, hall, and grange;
By bridge and ford, by park and pale,
All armed I ride, whate'er betide,
Until I find the Holy Grail.

— Alfred Tennyson.

casques, helmets; **brands**, swords; **meres**, lakes; **Holy Grail**, in the old legends, the cup used by Christ at the Last Supper; **stoles**, scarfs worn by priests over the surplice; **copses**, woods or thickets; **hostel**, old form of **hotel**, an inn; **hall**, here used for castle or dwelling of the rich or noble, as contrasted with **grange**, a farmhouse; **pale**, inclosed ground.

1. Read the poem carefully. What was the Holy Grail of which the knight went in search? 2. What did you learn of Galahad in the story of Arthur? 3. The old legends tell us that the Grail could be found only by a knight who had never done any wrong. Read the two lines of the poem that show that Galahad was such a knight. 4. What vision did he see? 5. Read again the first four lines of the poem and the last six. See if you can tell from these lines what the real meaning of the poem is. Learn these lines by heart.

Punctuation: *The Comma in a Series.* — Read carefully the line "So pass I hostel, hall, and grange." What is told you about **hostel**? about **hall**? about **grange**? When several words are used in the same way, as in the above sentence, they form a series. How are the words in the series separated?

Underline the words that form a series in the following sentences, and notice how they are separated: —

1. Wynken, Blynken, and Nod one night
 Sailed off in a wooden shoe.
2. Honor the old, instruct the young, consult the wise, and bear with the foolish.
3. Early to bed and early to rise
 Makes a man healthy, and wealthy, and wise.
4. Dear, gentle, patient, noble Neil was dead.

Rule. — Words or groups of words used in a series should be separated by commas.

Study the sentences given above and write them from dictation.

35

THE ADVENTURE OF SIR GARETH

It was King Arthur's custom at Pentecost not to sit down to meat till he had seen or heard some strange adventure. Now it fell out in a certain year that Sir Gawaine, looking out of a little window before noon, saw three men and a dwarf riding. Of the three, one was taller by a cubit than his fellows. Thereupon said Sir Gawaine to the King, "Sire, you may go to your meat with a good heart, for here without doubt is an adventure such as you desire." And so indeed it was.

Anon there came into the hall the three men, and he that was so much bigger than his fellows leaned upon their shoulders. And all that sat in the hall — and at Pentecost time the Round Table was ever full — said he

was as fair and goodly a youth as ever they had seen. Broad was he in the shoulders and of a seemly countenance, and his hands were the fairest and biggest that ever man saw; but he walked as though he could not bear himself up of his own strength.

So the three came to the dais, and there the tall youth lifted himself, and stood straight and said to the King:



"Sire, I pray that God bless thee and this fair company of the Round Table. I am come to pray three gifts of you. One gift I will ask of you now, and two I will ask at this time next year."

"Ask," said the King, "for you shall have." So the tall youth said, "I pray you now that you grant me meat

and drink sufficient for me for twelve months," for he made pretense that he was faint with long hunger. "Nay, my son," answered the King, "that is but a small thing. Ask something better, for I am persuaded that you come of an honorable house, and will show yourself worthy thereof." But the young man would have nothing else, neither would he tell his name, for though of noble birth he had vowed that he would serve a twelvemonth as a servant in Arthur's halls before he revealed who he was.

"That is passing strange," said the King, "that so goodly a man knows not his own name." Then he called Sir Kay, the seneschal, and charged him to give the stranger meat and drink of the best, and of all things that he might need. But Sir Kay was scornful of him, saying, "I warrant that he is but a churl, and will never be of any account. Surely, had he been gently born, he would have asked for a horse and armor and not for meat and drink. And as he has no name I will call him Fairhands, and I will bring him into the kitchen, where he shall have pottage every day, so that in twelve months he shall be fat as a hog."

Sir Gawaine liked not this mocking, and said to Sir Kay, "Let be; I will warrant that the youth is worthy." "That cannot be," answered Sir Kay; "as he is, so has he asked." And the same he said to Sir Lancelot, for Lancelot also had a good esteem of the youth.

So Fairhands went to the farther part of the hall, and sat down among the boys and ate his meat. And when, after meat, Sir Lancelot would have him come to his chamber, he would not — no, nor to Sir Gawaine's, though he also would have shown him kindness. So for a twelvemonth's time he abode in the kitchen, and had his lodgings with the boys, performed faithfully whatever Sir Kay put upon him, and never did evil to man or child. But ever, when there was any jousting of knights, he was there to see; nor was he backward if there was any playing of games, and he could cast an iron bar or a great stone farther than any by two yards at the least.

The feast of Pentecost next following the King kept in right royal fashion, as was indeed his wont, nor did he sit him down to meat till he was assured of hearing some adventure; and the adventure was this.

A damsel came into the hall, and saluted the King, and prayed him that he would help her. "What need you?" said he. "I have a sister," answered the damsel, "that is a lady of great honor, and she is besieged in her castle by a tyrant, so that she cannot go forth. Knowing, therefore, that you have a very goodly company of knights, I come to ask your help."

"What is this lady's name?" said the King. The damsel answered, "That I may not tell, but the tyrant that oppresses her is called the Knight of the Marshes."

"I know him not," said the King. "But I know him well," said Sir Gawaine; "he is as ill a foe to deal with as there is. 'Tis said that he has the strength of seven men, and I myself barely escaped from him with my life." Then the King said to the damsel, "Fair damsel, there are many knights who will gladly undertake this or any other adventure. But, because you will not tell your lady's name, I cannot suffer that any of them should go."

Thereupon out spake Fairhands, for he stood in the hall while the damsel made her request. "Sir King, I have been now for a full year in your hall and have had my sustenance in meat and drink. Now, therefore, I would ask of you the two gifts that I left unsaid at the first." "Ask them," said the King. "First, I ask that I may have this adventure, for it belongs to me." "Thou shalt have it," said the King. "Second, I ask that Sir Lancelot of the Lake make me a knight, and that when I am departed on this errand he should ride after me and give me knighthood where I shall ask it of him." "All this shall be as you will," said the King.

But the damsel was very wroth. "I call shame on you, Sir King. Shall I have none to help me but a knave from your kitchen?" So saying, she took horse and departed. But one came and told Fairhands that a dwarf had brought him a horse and rich armor and all that he needed for his adventure. And when he was

mounted and armed, it could be seen that he was as fair a man as could be found. Then, coming into the hall, he took leave of King Arthur and of Lancelot and of Gawaine, and so departed.

After a while Sir Kay said openly in the hall, "I will ride after this kitchen boy," and he made ready and, taking his spear, rode after Fairhands. "Ho! Sir Fairhands," cried Sir Kay, "know you me?" "Yes," said he, "I know that you are a very ungentle knight, and therefore I bid you beware of me." Then Sir Kay put his spear in rest and rode at him. Now Fairhands had never a spear, but he rode at Sir Kay with his sword in his hand, and put away Sir Kay's spear with his sword, and smote him so heavy a blow on his side that he fell from his horse as though he were dead. Then Fairhands lighted from his horse and took Sir Kay's shield and spear, and bade the dwarf mount Sir Kay's horse, and so went on his way.

And now came Sir Lancelot, for he had followed hard on Sir Kay. "Will you joust with me?" said Fairhands. "That I will," answered Sir Lancelot. So these two laid their spears in rest, and ran together so fiercely that they bore down each other to the earth. Then rising, they set to with their swords, and they fought together for an hour. And Sir Lancelot, for all that he was the best knight in all the world, marveled at his adversary's strength, for indeed he fought more as a giant than as a

common man, and Sir Lancelot had much ado to keep himself from being shamed.

Then he said: "Fairhands, be not so fierce. Our quarrel is not so deadly that we must needs fight it to the end. Let us agree." "With all my heart," answered Fairhands. "Nevertheless it was good to feel your might; yet I have not showed my strength to the uttermost" "Well," said Sir Lancelot, "I have had great pains to hold my own with you." "Think you, then," said Fairhands, "that I am proved a knight?" "That you are," answered Lancelot, "and I will give you the order of knighthood willingly, but you must first tell me your name." "That will I do," said Fairhands, "if you will not reveal it to any one. Know then that I am Prince Gareth of Orkney, and that I am own brother to Gawaine." "'Tis well," said Sir Lancelot; "I was ever sure that you were of a good stock, and that you came not to the court for meat and drink." Then he gave him the order of knighthood, and after let him depart on his adventure.

But Sir Lancelot caused Sir Kay to be carried back to the King's hall, where he was healed of his wounds, but had a hard matter to come out with his life.

— A. J. Church: *Heroes of Chivalry and Romance.*

Pen'te cost, a feast of the church; **cu'bit**, an ancient measure, the length of the forearm, about a foot and a half; **seem'ly**, becoming; **sen'es chal**, the chief officer of the household; **churl**, of low birth;

gently born, nobly born; **pot'tage**, thick soup; **joust'ing**, a contest in which knights in armor rode against each other at full speed, each trying to dismount his opponent with his lance; **sus'te nance**, that which sustains, food; **knave**, originally, a servant.

1. What is the feast of Pentecost? 2. What three requests did Sir Fairhands make of Arthur? 3. Tell how Fairhands was knighted. 4. How was the word **knave** used in those days? Compare its former meaning with our use of it. 5. What does **anon** mean? What is meant by the **jousting** of knights? What word could you use in place of **ungentle**?

36

THE ADVENTURE OF SIR GARETH *(Continued)*

Sir Fairhands rode after the damsel and overtook her. But she scorned him and said: "What do you here? You smell of the kitchen, and your clothes are foul with grease and tallow. As for this knight, you had him at a disadvantage, and overcame him in a cowardly fashion. Away with you, you kitchen page. You are but a lazy lubber and a washer of dishes." "Say what you will," answered Sir Fairhands, "I will take no heed thereof, nor will I depart till I have finished the adventure which the King has given me on your behalf."

And as they rode, they came to a great forest, where was a river, and but one place by which it might be crossed, and at this place were two knights ready to hinder any that would pass. "See you yonder knights?" said the damsel. "Will you match yourself with them,

or will you go back?" "Go back I will not," said Sir Fairhands, "no, not though there were six more beside the two." So he spurred his horse into the river, for one of the knights stood in the middle of the ford. They broke their spears on each other, and then betook them to their swords, wherewith they gave and received many strokes. But at the last Sir Fairhands dealt the knight of the ford so fierce a stroke that he fell down in the water and was drowned. This done, Sir Fairhands spurred his horse to the shore, whereon stood the other knight, and fought with him, and in no long space clave his head to the shoulders. Then he rode back to the damsel and said to her, "Fair lady, you can pass this way, for there is no one to hinder." "Alas!" said she, "that a kitchen knave should slay two valiant knights, and that by mischance or treachery, for the horse of the one stumbled in the water so that he was drowned, and as for the other, you came behind and slew him by craft." "Say what you will, damsel," answered the knight, "I will follow you still and do that which I am set to do."

So they rode on together, and about the time of even they came to a black hawthorn; on one side was a black banner, and on the other hung a black shield. Hard by a black spear stood fast in the ground, and there was fastened a great horse with trappings of black, and mounted thereon was a knight, clad all in black. "Now fly, while you may, knave," said the damsel. "You

will always have me a coward," said Sir Fairhands. Then spake the black knight to the damsel, "Fair lady, have you brought this man from King Arthur's court to be your champion?" "Not so," said she, "but he is a knave from the kitchen, where he has been fed for alms." "Why then," said the black knight, "does he ride in your company, and why does he wear a knight's armor?" "Not of my good will," she answered, "but he has overthrown some knights by some mischance." "But," answered the knight, "why did they have to do with such a knave?" "Because, seeing that he rides with me, they hold him to be an honorable man." The black knight answered, "That may well be; but it cannot be denied that he is a man of a fair presence and, as I should judge, of great strength. Yet it is unseemly that he should ride in this fashion. So I will even put him on his feet and suffer him to depart with his life, but his horse and his armor will I keep."

Then spake Sir Fairhands in great anger: "You are right free with my horse and harness, which cost you naught. Verily, you shall not have them, save you win them with your hands. Let me see, then, what you can do." "Say you so?" said the black knight, "now yield, for it is unseemly that a kitchen knave should ride with a lady." Sir Fairhands answered, "I am no kitchen knave, but a gentleman born, and of a better stock than you, and that will I prove upon your body."

Thereupon they went back with their horses, and laid their spears in rest, and charged with a crash as if it had been thunder. The black knight's spear was broken, but Sir Fairhands' spear pierced his adversary's side and stuck fast in it. Nevertheless, he drew his sword and dealt Sir Fairhands many sore strokes, but could not prevail against him, but anon fell from his horse in a swoon, and died within the space of two hours. And Sir Fairhands, seeing that he was well armed and had a right good horse, took these for his own and so rode after the damsel. Nor did she scorn him the less, but said: "Now is this a grievous thing, that such a knave as thou art should by an ill chance slay so good a knight. Nevertheless, I would have you beware, for there will come, and soon, one who shall make you flee." "Damsel," said Sir Fairhands, "it may befall me to be beaten or slain, but your company will I not leave for all that you can say. Now mark you this, that though you say always that some knight shall beat me or slay me, yet ever it falls out that they are cast to the ground and I live. Were it not better that you should hold your peace?"

As they rode together a knight came up whose harness was of green, and the trappings of his horse the same, and he said to the damsel, "Is that my brother, the black knight, whom you have brought with you?" "Nay," said she; "by mishap this kitchen knave has slain your brother." "It is a pity," said the green knight, "that

such a thing should be done, for my brother was a very noble knight." And he turned to Sir Fairhands in great anger, and said: "You shall die for the slaying of my brother." "I defy you," said he; "I slew him in fair battle."

Thereupon the green knight blew three notes upon a horn that hung upon a tree hard by, and when he had blown there came three damsels, and armed him, and all his armor and arms were green. Then the two fought, first with their spears, and afterwards, their spears being broken, with their swords. 'Twas a long battle and a fierce between the two, and neither could gain advantage of the other. But when the damsel cried: "My lord the green knight, for shame! Why stand you fighting so long with this kitchen knave?" the man gathered all his strength, and smote a mighty blow, and clave Sir Fairhands' shield from the top to the bottom.

Sir Fairhands took no little shame to himself when he saw the shield broken, and thought what the damsel would say. But the thing wrought a great wrath in him, and he gave the green knight so hard a buffet on the head that he fell on his knees; and being on his knees, Sir Fairhands caught him by the middle, and threw him on the ground, so that he could not help himself. Thereupon the green knight yielded himself, praying for his life. But he said, "'Tis in vain; you must die, unless this damsel will beg your life of me." So saying, he

unlaced the knight's helmet, as if he would slay him. But the damsel said, "Fie on you, kitchen knave; I will not beg his life of you." "Then must he die," said he.

Then the green knight cried piteously: "Must I die for the lack of one fair word? I will forgive you my brother's death, and swear to serve you, and my thirty knights shall be yours also." Then said Sir Fairhands again, "All this avails nothing if this lady will not speak for you." And so saying, he made pretense to slay him. Then the damsel cried aloud, "Hold thy hand, knave; slay him not." Then said he, "Sir Knight with the green arms, this damsel prays for your life, and because I will not make her angry, but will do all that she puts upon me, I spare you."

Then the green knight rose from the ground, and took them to his castle, which was near by, and treated them courteously. But the damsel was still scornful, and would not suffer Sir Fairhands to sit at table with her, whereat the green knight marveled much, and spake what was in his mind to the damsel. "'Tis passing strange," he said, "that you rebuke this noble knight in so ill a fashion, for a very noble knight he is, and one who may not easily be matched. Be sure, whatsoever he maketh himself, you will find at the last that he is of kingly blood." "Shame on you," cried the damsel in her anger, "that you should say such words of him." "Nay," said he, "it were rather shame if I spake otherwise, for he has

proved himself to be a better knight than I am, and yet I have known many knights in times past, but not one that was his match."

— A. J. Church: *Heroes of Chivalry and Romance.*

clave, cut open; **haw'thorne**, a thorny tree or shrub; **swoon**, faint; **buf'fet**, a blow with the fist.

1. What is meant by the knight's harness? 2. Of what were the shields of that day made? How were they used? How large were they? By what people besides the knights of the Middle Ages were shields used? How were they ornamented? Why do soldiers of to-day not use them?

37

THE ADVENTURE OF SIR GARETH (*Continued*)

The next day they came to another castle, built of fair white stone, with battlements round about it, and over the great gate fifty shields of various colors. The lord of this castle had his armor and horse's trappings all of red, and he was brother to the black knight and to the green. Let it suffice to say that he also fought with Sir Fairhands, and was beaten to the ground, and that the damsel was obliged to pray for his life, he promising, for his part, that he and his sixty knights would be Sir Fairhands' men forever. "What I require of you is this," said Sir Fairhands, "that you come, when I shall bid you, and swear to be the man of my lord King Arthur." "That will I do," said the other, "with all my heart."

As they rode on the morrow, the damsel said to the knight, "You shall soon meet one that is the most honorable knight in all the world save King Arthur only. He will pay you your wages." Then answered Sir Fairhands: "You say ever that I shall be conquered by the knights that I meet, but it ever falls out otherwise, for they lie in the dust before me. Henceforward, I pray you, rebuke me only if you see me base or a coward."

In a short space they came within sight of a fair city, and before the city there lay a great meadow, and in the meadow many pavilions.

"See," said the damsel, "yonder pavilion that is of the color of gold of India, and the knight whose armor and clothing are of the same. That is the dwelling of Sir Persaunt of India, the lordliest knight that ever you saw. You had better flee while it is yet time." "Not so," he made answer, "for if he be a noble knight, he will not set on me with all his company; and if he come against me alone, I will not refuse to meet him so long as I live."

Then the damsel said: "Sir, I marvel much who and what you are. You speak boldly, and you do boldly, as I myself have seen. But in truth, I fear for you, for you and your horse are wearied with much journeying. So far you have come safely, but now I am sore afraid, for this Persaunt is a stout knight, and though you overcome him, yet you may well get some hurt in so doing. And, if it so befall, how will you fare with the knight that

besieges my lady, for I warrant you that he is a stouter knight by far than even Persaunt." "Have no care, fair lady," said the knight, "for now that I am come so near to this knight, I must needs make trial of him, how stout soever he be. Verily I should be ashamed to draw back."

Then the damsel cried out: "Oh, sir, I marvel much at you. Ever I have used most ungentle words to you, and you have answered me ever most gently; this you could not have done had you not been of gentle blood."

"Damsel," said Sir Fairhands, "trouble not yourself. You harmed me not with your words; nay, you helped me, for the more you angered me, the more I spent my anger on the knights that came against me. But surely, whether or no I be a gentleman born, I have done you a gentleman's service, and shall do you yet more before I depart from you." "I pray you, sir, to pardon me," said she. "With all my heart," he answered; "and now that you speak me fair, I think that there is nothing upon the earth that I cannot do."

By this time Sir Persaunt had perceived the knight and the damsel, and sent to know whether they came for war or for peace. "That," answered Sir Fairhands, "shall be as it pleases him." "Then," said Sir Persaunt, "I will make trial of him." So they ran together with their spears, and fought long and stoutly with their swords. But in the end Sir Persaunt fared no better than they



SIR FAIRHANDS AND SIR PERSAUNT FIGHTING BEFORE THE CASTLE

who had gone before him, for Sir Fairhands smote him to the earth with a great blow upon his helmet, and then, standing over him, began to unlace his helmet, as though he would have slain him. But the damsel begged his life, which Sir Fairhands readily granted, saying, "'Twere a pity so good a knight should die." Then Sir Persaunt swore obedience to him for himself and for the hundred knights that served him.

On the morrow, when they would depart, Sir Persaunt demanded of the damsel, "Whither go you with this knight?" "I go," said she, "to the Castle Dangerous, where my sister is besieged." "Say you so?" said he; "the knight that makes that siege is the most dangerous upon the earth. He has besieged the castle now two years, and might have taken it long since, but he would not, for he waits to see whether Sir Lancelot, or Sir Tristram, or Sir Lamorack, will not come to the help of the lady, having a great desire to do battle with one of these; for of all knights in the world, the three best are these — Sir Lancelot, Sir Tristram, and Sir Lamorack; and if you, valiant knight, match him of the siege, who is called the Knight of the Marshes, you may be put as a fourth with them."

The lady of the castle had word of her sister's coming, and of the knight whom she brought with her, by the dwarf. "What manner of man is he?" said the lady, who was called the Dame Lyones. "He is a very noble

knight," said the dwarf, "and though he be young, you never saw a finer man." "And what is his name?" said she. The dwarf answered, "That I may not tell you, but he is the son of the King of Orkney, and Sir Lancelot made him knight." And he told her how he had slain the two knights at the ford — "they were stout knights," said she, "but murderers" — and the black knight also, and had overcome the green knight, and the red, and the gold. "These are good tidings," said the Dame. "Take my greeting to him, and say that he will have to do with a very valiant knight, but one who has no courtesy or gentleness and thinks only of murder."

Meanwhile Sir Fairhands and the damsel came near to the castle, and the knight spied great trees, as they rode, and forty knights, richly armed, hanging thereon, with gilded spurs upon their heels. "What means this?" said he. "Keep a brave heart," said she, "or you are lost. These all are knights who came to rescue my sister, and this man who besieges her overcame them and put them to a shameful death without mercy. And so you will fare, if you show not yourself better than he." "Verily," said he, "I had sooner die in battle. But though you say he is a valiant knight, he keeps a very shameful custom, and I marvel much that none of my Lord Arthur's knights have dealt with him after his deserts."

As they rode on they came to a sycamore tree, whereon

hung a great horn, as great as ever w
the tusk of an elephant. "That,"
Knight of the Marshes has hung
it, he will make himself ready, and
him in battle. But I pray you blow it not
past, for they say that till it is noon
till it be as the strength of seven men."
Fairhands, "give me no such couns
his best, for I will either win all th
won, or die in the field."

Thereupon he leapt lightly to th
the horn so eagerly that all the ca
many of the knights that were besie
out of their pavilions, and many of
of their windows. And when the K
heard it, he made haste to prepar
buckled on his spurs, and an earl set the helmet on his head, and his squires brought him a shield and spear, and all that he had upon him was blood-red.

"Sir," said the damsel to her knight, — the
name, you should know, was Linet, — "there
enemy, and at yonder window is my sister, Dame
"Where?" said he. And she pointed with her finger.
"Verily," said he, "she is the fairest lady that ever I beheld, if I can see so far. Truly she shall be my lady, and for her will I fight." And he looked smiling to the window. And Dame Lyones curtsied to him to the ground.



Marshes cried: "Have done with
hat she is my lady, for whom I have
" "Then you have spent much
ir Fairhands, "for she loves thee
that I will rescue her from thee,
"You had best take warning," said
ights that hang there upon the
Fairhands, "that is a shameful
me a greater courage than if you
knight."

Heroes of Chivalry and Romance.

sufficient; curt'sied, made a "courtesy,"
il'ions, tents.

Letters. — Instead of writing a compo-
n's adventures, write a letter to a friend,
read this story. Advise him to do so if
you think he will enjoy it.

Before you begin your letter read the following one carefully. It was written by the great English scientist, Thomas H. Huxley, to his daughter, when he was away from home on a vacation.

Notice the following things in regard to it: —

1. Where the place and date are written, and how they are punctuated. 2. Where the salutation is written, and how it is punctuated. 3. Where the body of the letter begins. 4. The complimentary close — where it is placed and how punctuated.

HOTEL BEAU SÉJOUR,
SAN REMO,
March 30, 1885.

DEAREST BABS,

We could not stand "beautiful Venice, the pride of the sea," any longer. It blew, and rained, and "colded" for eight and forty hours

consecutively, so we packed up and betook ourselves here by way of Milan and Genoa. At Milan it was so like London on a wet day, that except for the want of smoke we might have been in our own dear native land.

The quick train from Genoa here is believed to go fully twenty-five miles an hour, but we took the slow train at 9.30, and got here some time in the afternoon. But, mind you, it is a full eighty miles, and when we were at full speed between the stations — very few donkeys could have gone faster. But the coast scenery is very pretty and we didn't mind.

We shall stop some days and give San Remo a chance — at least a week unless the weather turns bad.

Mother sends heaps of love to all, including Charles.

Ever your loving

FATHER.

How many paragraphs are there in this letter? What is the first one about? The second? The third? The fourth? You will notice that whenever the thought changes, a new paragraph is made. Be careful to do this in your own letter.

38

THE ADVENTURE OF SIR GARETH (*Concluded*)

THEN the two put their spears in rest, and charged, and smote each other on the shields with so strong a blow that the girths of their saddles were burst, and both fell to the ground, holding their bridles in their hands. All that saw them thought that the necks of both had been broken, but the two fighters rose from the ground, and drew their swords, and put their shields before them, and made at each other. Like two lions

they fought together, till it was past noon. Then by common consent they parted for a while till they could take breath, and then did battle again till even. Nor could any of these who beheld say which was likelier to be conqueror, for both had given and suffered many grievous blows, and their shields and armors were sorely hacked and hewn. Then again by common consent they rested a while, and their pages unlaced their harness, so that they might be cooled by the wind.

Then Sir Fairhands, looking up, saw Dame Lyones at a window, with so smiling a face that he took great heart at the sight and bade the Knight of the Marshes come on again. "That will I," said he. So their pages laced up their helmets and their harness, and they fell to fighting again. Then the knight of the siege dealt Sir Fairhands a cunning blow within the hand so that his sword fell from it, and, after this, so strong a buffet on the helmet that he fell to the earth. Then his adversary threw himself upon him to hold him down. But the damsel Linet cried aloud, "Where is your courage, Sir Fairhands? My sister weeps to see you." When Sir Fairhands heard this, he leapt up with great strength, and got his feet again, and caught his sword in his hand.

Then there was another battle, but Sir Fairhands redoubled his strokes, and in no long time had smitten the sword out of his adversary's hand, and had laid him even with the ground. So the Knight of the Marshes

yielded himself, and prayed for mercy. But Sir Fairhands bethought him of the knights that he had seen so shamefully hanged, and said, "I cannot give you mercy, seeing you have put so many knights to a shameful death."

"Hear now the cause," said the other. "Once I loved a lady whose brother was slain by Sir Lancelot, and I made her a promise that I would fight ever with King Arthur's knights, and that I would so put to death whomsoever I should vanquish." And many nobles and knights came up and entreated of the conqueror that he would spare the fallen knight, saying: "'Tis better for you to have him and us for your men. And if you slay him, it will not undo the evil that he has done."

Then said Sir Fairhands: "I am loath to slay the knight, though he has done many shameful deeds; and indeed I blame him the less because he has done these things at a lady's bidding. Therefore I give him pardon, but on these conditions: first, that he yield to the Lady Lyones, and make amends to her for all the wrongs he has done her; second, that he go to the court of King Arthur and beg forgiveness of Sir Lancelot for his ill will toward him." "This will I do," said the knight.

Now the knights that had yielded themselves to Sir Fairhands, who shall be called henceforth by his true name of Sir Gareth, went to King Arthur, according as they had been bidden, and swore loyalty to him. First

came the green knight with his fifty knights, and after him the red knight, with a hundred, and they all yielded themselves to the King, telling him how they had been overcome by a knight that had a damsel with him, and was called Sir Fairhands. "Now," said the King, "I marvel much of what lineage he is. For twelve months he was here, and he was but poorly cared for, and Sir Kay called him Fairhands in scorn."

While the King talked with the knights, came in Sir Lancelot, and said, "There is come a very goodly lord, having five hundred knights with him." So the King went out of the hall, and the lord saluted him in courteous fashion. "What is your will," said the King, "and on what errand are you come?" The lord answered, "I am called the Knight of the Marshes, but my name is Sir Ironside. I am sent hither by a knight that calls himself Sir Fairhands. He overcame me in battle, fighting hand to hand, and this no man has done for thirty years, and, having overcome me, charged me that I should yield myself to you."

"You are welcome," said the King, "and the more because you have been a long time an enemy to me and my knights." "That is so," answered the lord, "but henceforth I am at your command, and so are all my knights, and we will serve you as best we can." Said the King, "Ironside, I will make you a knight of the Round Table, but you must leave your murderous ways." "That I will

henceforth," said the lord, "for indeed I followed them at the command of a lady that wishes to be avenged of her enemy. And I would fain ask pardon of Sir Lancelot, for chiefly I did these things out of ill will to him." "He is here," said the King. So the lord craved pardon of Sir Lancelot, who granted it right generously.



After this as they sat at meat, came in the Queen of Orkney, the King's sister. And Sir Gawaine, with his brothers, knelt before her and asked her blessing, for they had not seen their mother for the space of fifteen years. But the Queen spake with a loud voice to King Arthur, saying, "What have you done with Sir Gareth, my youngest son? He was with you for

the space of a year, and you made him a kitchen knave, which was truly a shameful thing."

"I knew him not," said Gawaine to his mother. "Nor I," said the King, "but this I know, that he has proved himself a very worthy knight, nor shall I ever rest till I have found him."

But the Queen did not abate her wrath. "You did ill," she said to her brother and her sons, "when you kept my son Gareth in the kitchen and fed him like a poor hog." "Fair sister," answered the King, "you must see that we knew him not, neither I nor his brethren. And, sister, why did you not warn me of his coming? For when he first came he was leaning on the shoulders of two, as if he could not go alone, and he asked me three gifts — first, meat for twelve months, and second, when the twelve months were past, the adventure of the damsel Linet, and the adventure being given him, that he should be knighted by Sir Lancelot. All these things he had. But because he asked for food, there were many here that deemed that he was not of a noble house."

"Know, brother," said the Queen, "that I sent him well armed and horsed, and finely clad, with plenty of gold and silver." "Of these things," said the King, "we saw naught in this place. Only when he was about to depart, there came one who said that there was a dwarf waiting for him who had brought him armor and a good horse. And we, marveling how he should be possessed of

such things, judged that he must come of a noble house. But enough of these things; by the grace of God he shall be found. Then shall we be all merry, for he has shown himself to be a very worthy knight, and I am right glad to know that he is of my kindred."

And at King Arthur's bidding Sir Gareth returned, and with him Dame Lyones and the Lady Linet. And in their honor King Arthur held a great tournament, wherein Sir Gareth won the prize.

After the jousting was ended, King Arthur said to his nephew, Sir Gareth, "Love you this lady, Dame Lyones?" "That I do," said he, "with all my heart." And the King said to the Dame, "And love you him?" "My lord King," she said, "know you that he is my first love and my last, and if I may not have him, I promise you that I will have none." Then said the King: "I would not hinder your loves, no, not for my very crown. You shall have my good will to the very uttermost." So likewise said the Queen of Orkney, Sir Gareth's mother.

On Michaelmas Day the Archbishop of Canterbury made the wedding between Sir Gareth and Dame Lyones with all solemnity. Also Sir Gaheris, which was Sir Gareth's brother, wedded the damsel Linet. And after the wedding the green knight prayed that he might be Sir Gareth's chamberlain, and the red knight that he might be his butler, and Sir Persaunt that he might be chief server, and Sir Ironside that he might be his carver.

All these things did he grant right courteously. Thus ends the adventure of Sir Gareth.

— A. J. CHURCH: *Heroes of Chivalry and Romance.*

a mends', apologies; **lin'e age**, parentage; **sa lu'ted**, greeted respectfully; **cra'ven**, coward; **Mich'ael mas**, the feast of St. Michael, September 29; **cham'ber lain**, chief officer of the household of a noble or king.

1. By what ceremony did a knight swear loyalty to a king? 2. Where are the Orkney Isles? Find them on your maps and see what kind of a journey Sir Gareth had to make in going from his home to Arthur's court. 3. Which of Sir Gareth's adventures did you enjoy most? Tell it in your own words.

Spelling. — knighthood, courteously, tournament, chivalrous, reigned, reveal, treachery, adversary, piteously, perceived.

As the teacher pronounces each word, write it in a sentence.

Written Composition. — Write a letter to a friend, telling of some experience you have had. Your experience need not be a wonderful one, like those of Sir Gareth. A very simple one, like that given in the letter below, is interesting if it is well told.

Arrange your letter in regard to paragraphing, the placing of the letter on the page, the salutation, the date and place from which it is written, and the complimentary close, like the model given.

BALSAM FARM,
GREAT BARRINGTON, MASS.,
Aug. 7, 1904.

DEAREST MOTHER,

I'm not a bit homesick and I'm having a fine time.

They have a new horse here. His name is Prince and we ride him every day. I rode down to the post office to-day — nearly a mile. Wasn't that pretty good? I slid down all right and got the mail, but I had a hard time to mount again. I had to lead Prince

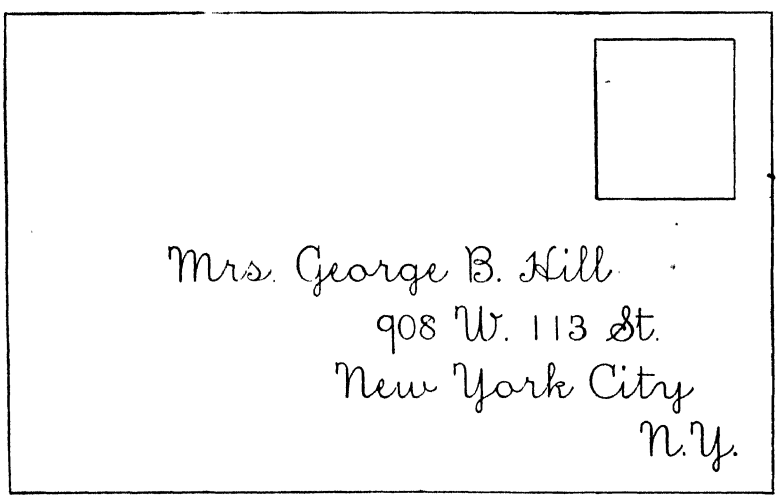
close to a fence. Then I climbed the fence and so got on to his back again.

The other day we went to a farmhouse up the road and bought two Belgian hares, and we carried them home in a bag. When we got back and took them out of the bag, one jumped from my lap and ran away. We chased it all over the place and everybody helped, but we could not catch it. The next morning we carried our one poor little hare back to its old home. We thought it would be lonely without any other bunnies.

Your loving daughter,

PEGGY.

Fold your letter carefully, place it in an envelope, and address it to your friend as this is addressed.



Address envelopes to six of your friends. Arrange the name, street and number, city, and state as they are arranged in the model given.



39

KING CANUTE

KING CANUTE was weary-hearted: he had reigned for years a score,
Battling, struggling, pushing, fighting, killing much and robbing more;
And he thought upon his actions, walking by the wild sea-shore.

On that day a something vexed him; that was clear to old and young;
Thrice his Grace had yawned at table when his favorite gleemen sung;
Once the Queen would have consoled him, but he bade her hold her tongue.

"Something ails my gracious master," cried the Keeper of the Seal.

"Sure, my lord, it is the lampreys served at dinner, or the veal?"

"Pshaw!" exclaimed the angry monarch. "Keeper, 'tis not that I feel.

"'Tis the heart and not the dinner, fool, that doth my rest impair:
Can a king be great as I am, prithee, and yet know no care?
Oh, I'm sick, and tired, and weary." Some one cried, "The King's armchair!"

Then towards the lackeys turning, quick my Lord the Keeper nodded:
Straight the King's great chair was brought him, by two footmen able-bodied;
Languidly he sank into it: it was comfortably wadded.

"Ah! I feel," said old King Canute, "that my end is drawing near."

"Don't say so," exclaimed the courtiers (striving each to squeeze a tear):

"Sure your Grace is strong and lusty, and may live this fifty year."

"Live these fifty year!" the Bishop roared, with actions
made to suit.
"Are you mad, my good Lord Keeper, thus to speak of
King Canute?
Men have lived a thousand years, and sure his Majesty
will do't.

"With his wondrous skill in healing ne'er a doctor can
compete:
Loathsome lepers, if he touch them, start up clean upon
their feet:
Surely he could raise the dead up, did his Highness think
it meet.

"Did not once the Jewish captain stay the sun upon the
hill,
And, the while he slew the foemen, bid the silver moon
stand still?
So, no doubt, could gracious Canute, if it were his sacred
will."

"Might I stay the sun above us, good Sir Bishop?"
Canute cried;
"Could I bid the silver moon to pause upon her heavenly
ride?
If the moon obeys my orders, sure I can command the
tide.

"Will the advancing waves obey me, Bishop, if I make the sign?"
Said the Bishop, bowing lowly, "Land and sea, my lord, are thine."
Canute turned towards the ocean. "Back!" he said, "thou foaming brine!

"From the sacred shore I stand on, I command thee to retreat;
Venture not, thou stormy rebel, to approach thy master's seat:
Ocean, be thou still! I bid thee come not nearer to my feet!"

But the sullen ocean answered, with a louder, deeper roar;
And the rapid waves drew nearer, falling sounding on the shore:
Back the Keeper and the Bishop, back the King and courtiers bore.

And he sternly bade them nevermore to bow to human clay,
But alone to praise and worship That which earth and seas obey;
And his golden crown of empire never wore he from that day.

—William Makepeace Thackeray.

Canute, called the Great, was a famous king of England, nine hundred years ago; **glee'men**, singers, minstrels; **lam'preys**, a rare and costly kind of fish; **im pair'**, harm; **prith'ee**, I pray thee; **lack'eys**, servants; **court'iers**, gentlemen at the court; "The Jewish captain" was Joshua (see Joshua x. 12).

1. How much can you learn from the poem about the king, what kind of a man he was, how long he had reigned, etc.? 2. Which lines show that he realized that even a great king's power is limited? Read them aloud. 3. Why is the ocean called **sullen**? 4. Why did he never wear his golden crown again? 5. What is a gléeman? What word, meaning the same, is used to describe Orpheus in *The Story of Jason*? 6. Why is **That** in the last stanza written with a capital?

Punctuation: *The Comma in a Series.* — What words are used in a series in the first stanza of *King Canute*? In the fourth stanza? Notice the use of the comma in these series.

Written Exercise. — Copy the following sentences, inserting commas where they are needed: —

1. Toiling rejoicing sorrowing
 Onward through life he goes.
2. Matthew Mark Luke and John
 Guard the bed that I lie on.
3. Joy temperance and repose
 Slam the door on the doctor's nose.
4. Cæsar came saw and conquered.
5. I slip I slide I gloom I glance
 Among my skimming swallows.
6. Great rats small rats lean rats brawny rats
 Brown rats black rats gray rats tawny rats
 Brothers sisters husbands wives
 Followed the piper for their lives.
7. Ripe in wisdom was he, but patient and simple and childlike.

8. In an attitude imploring,
Hands upon his bosom crossed,
Wondering worshiping adoring
Knelt the monk in rapture lost.

Written Composition. — Read the following business letters carefully. Copy them exactly as they are printed, being sure to place each punctuation mark where it belongs.

400 Irving Place,
Albany, N.Y.
Dec. 1, 1904.

The Century Company,
Union Square,
New York City, N.Y.

Dear Sirs,

Inclosed you will find a post office money order for $3.00 for a year's subscription to *St. Nicholas*. Please begin my subscription with the new volume.

Yours truly,
William Reed.

1140 Amsterdam Avenue,
New York, N.Y.
Dec. 22, 1904.

Stern Brothers,
West 23d St.,
New York, N.Y.

Dear Sirs,

Please send me as promptly as possible 5 yards of serge like the sample inclosed. Send the goods C.O.D. and oblige

Yours truly,
(Mrs.) Mary C. Scott.

You will notice that **Mrs.** in the signature of the second letter is inclosed in a parenthesis. Why is this? How does the complimentary close of these letters differ from the complimentary close of friendly letters?

Write a letter to some coal dealer in your town, either inquiring the price of coal or ordering some. Do not forget that the business man's address, as well as your own, is necessary. Tell him definitely what kind of coal you want and how much and when. Read these class letters aloud, and decide who has written the clearest and most businesslike one.

In writing business letters, in addressing envelopes, etc., it is customary to abbreviate certain words. Those most often abbreviated are given below. Study them until you can write them from dictation. Notice that an abbreviation always ends with a period, and that it usually begins with a capital letter.

ABBREVIATIONS IN COMMON USE

M.	noon.
A.M.	before noon.
P.M.	afternoon.
B.C.	before Christ.
A.D.	after Christ.
Jan.	January.
Feb.	February.
Mar.	March.
Apr.	April.
Aug.	August.
Sept.	September.
Oct.	October.
Nov.	November.
Dec.	December.

May, June, July, are not abbreviated.

Prof.	professor.
Dr.	doctor.
Rev.	reverend.
Hon.	honorable.
Gov.	governor.
Gen.	general.
Lieut.	lieutenant.
Esq.	esquire.
Ave.	avenue.
St.	street.
Co.	county.
Co.	company.
P.S.	postscript.
N.B.	note well.
etc.	and so forth.

40

TUBAL CAIN

Old Tubal Cain was a man of might,
In the days when the earth was young;
By the fierce red light of his furnace bright,
The strokes of his hammer rung:
And he lifted high his brawny hand
On the iron glowing clear,
Till the sparks rushed out in scarlet showers,
As he fashioned the sword and the spear.
And he sang: "Hurrah for my handiwork!
Hurrah for the Spear and the Sword!
Hurrah for the hand that shall wield them well,
For he shall be king and lord!"

To Tubal Cain came many a one,
As he wrought by his roaring fire,
And each one prayed for a strong steel blade
As the crown of his desire.
And he made them weapons sharp and strong,
Till they shouted loud for glee,
And gave him gifts of pearls and gold,
And spoils of the forest free.
And they sang: "Hurrah for Tubal Cain,
Who hath given us strength anew!
Hurrah for the smith, hurrah for the fire,
And hurrah for the metal true!"

But a sudden change came o'er his heart,
Ere the setting of the sun,
And Tubal Cain was filled with pain
For the evil he had done;
He saw that men, with rage and hate,
Made war upon their kind,
That the land was red with the blood they shed,
In their lust for carnage blind.
And he said: "Alas! that ever I made,
Or that skill of mine should plan,
The spear and the sword for men whose joy
Is to slay their fellow-man!"

And for many a day old Tubal Cain
Sat brooding o'er his woe;
And his hand forbore to smite the ore,
And his furnace smoldered low.
But he rose at last with a cheerful face,
And a bright, courageous eye,
And bared his strong right arm for work,
While the quick flames mounted high.
And he sang: "Hurrah for my handiwork!"
As the red sparks lit the air;
"Not alone for the blade was the bright steel made," —
As he fashioned the first plowshare.

And men, taught wisdom from the past,
In friendship joined their hands,

Hung the sword in the hall, the spear on the wall,
And plowed the willing lands;
And sang: "Hurrah for Tubal Cain!
Our stanch good friend is he;
And for the plowshare and the plow
To him our praise shall be.
But while oppression lifts its head,
Or a tyrant would be lord,
Though we may thank him for the plow,
We'll not forget the sword."

— CHARLES MACKAY.

The Bible mentions Tubal Cain (Genesis iv. 22) as the first to work in metals. **brawn'y**, strong; **lust**, strong desire; **car'nage**, bloodshed; **stanch**, firm; **op pres'sion**, the laying of heavy burdens, cruelty; **ty'rant**, a cruel king or master.

1. Read the whole poem through. What do you like about it? 2. What is there about it that gives the impression of strength? 3. Which was the better worth doing — his earlier work or his later? Why? 4. What colors are mentioned in the first stanza? Read those lines, omitting the color words, and see how much less clear a picture it makes. 5. What does "spoils of the forest free" mean? 6. Express the fourth line of the second stanza in your own words. 7. Why "willing lands" (last stanza)?

Word Study: *Synonyms.*

strong	mighty	kill
wisdom	knowledge	difficult
courageous	pleasant	vigorous
slay	easy	kind
glee	brave	pleasure

For each word in the first column find one in the second or third that means about the same. Arrange the words in pairs.

41

THE INCHCAPE ROCK

No stir in the air, no stir in the sea,
The ship was still as she could be;
Her sails from heaven received no motion;
Her keel was steady in the ocean.

Without either sign or sound of their shock,
The waves flowed over the Inchcape Rock;
So little they rose, so little they fell,
They did not move the Inchcape Bell.

The Abbot of Aberbrothok
Had placed that bell on the Inchcape Rock;
On a buoy in the storm it floated and swung,
And over the waves its warning rung.

When the rock was hid by the surge's swell,
The mariners heard the warning bell;
And then they knew the perilous rock
And blessed the Abbot of Aberbrothok.

The sun in heaven was shining gay;
All things were joyful on that day;
The sea birds screamed as they wheeled round,
And there was joyance in their sound.

The buoy of the Inchcape Bell was seen,
A dark spot on the ocean green;
Sir Ralph the Rover walked his deck
And fixed his eye on the darker speck.

He felt the cheering power of Spring;
It made him whistle, it made him sing:
His heart was mirthful to excess,
But the Rover's mirth was wickedness.

His eye was on the Inchcape float.
Quoth he, "My men, put out the boat
And row me to the Inchcape Rock,
And I'll plague the Abbot of Aberbrothok."

The boat is lowered, the boatmen row,
And to the Inchcape Rock they go;
Sir Ralph bent over from the boat,
And he cut the bell from the Inchcape float.

Down sank the bell with a gurgling sound;
The bubbles rose and burst around.
Quoth Sir Ralph, "The next who comes to the Rock
Won't bless the Abbot of Aberbrothok."

Sir Ralph the Rover sailed away;
He scoured the sea for many a day;
And now grown rich with plundered store,
He steers his course for Scotland's shore.

So thick a haze o'erspreads the sky,
They cannot see the sun on high:
The wind hath blown a gale all day;
At evening it hath died away.

On the deck the Rover takes his stand;
So dark it is they see no land.
Quoth Sir Ralph, "It will be brighter soon,
For there is the dawn of the rising moon."

"Canst hear," said one, "the breakers roar?
For methinks we should be near the shore."
"Now where we are I cannot tell,
But I wish I could hear the Inchcape Bell."

They hear no sound; the swell is strong;
Though the wind hath fallen, they drift along
Till the vessel strikes with a shivering shock:
"O Christ! it is the Inchcape Rock!"

Sir Ralph the Rover tore his hair;
He curst himself in his despair:
The waves rush in on every side;
The ship is sinking beneath the tide.

But, even in his dying fear,
One dreadful sound could the Rover hear,—
A sound as if with the Inchcape Bell
The Devil below was ringing his knell.

—Robert Southey.

1. Read the whole poem through. What kind of a day do the first and second stanzas picture? 2. Read the lines that make you feel the quiet of the day. 3. What do the third and fourth stanzas tell about? 4. What was Sir Ralph? Substitute another word for Rover. 5. Why is **scoured** a better word than "sailed" (eleventh stanza)? 6. Contrast the day of his return with the day he cut the rope. 7. What was his punishment for this deed?

Sentence Study. — Write very briefly, in one paragraph, the story of *The Inchcape Rock*. When you have finished, read your story through aloud and see if you have expressed only one idea in every sentence. Then exchange papers and see if you can find in your classmate's work any failure to recognize and properly mark off the sentences.

Letters. — A well-written, correctly spelled, carefully punctuated letter is far more apt to win a position for an applicant than a carelessly worded and poorly spelled one.

1. Copy the letter given below. 2. Write a letter, applying for a position in some store in your town.

127 MAIN ST.,
PHILADELPHIA, PA.
June 28, 1904.

MR. JOHN CLARK,
524 MARKET ST.
DEAR SIR,

I understand that you want an errand boy in your store.

I wish to work during my vacation and should be glad if you would try me. I am thirteen years old and large for my age.

Dr. Nichols, 315 Main St., knows me, and has said that I might refer you to him if you wish to make inquiries about me.

Very respectfully,
HERBERT DOUGLAS.



From the painting by Gibbs

THE THIN RED LINE AT BALACLAVA

42

THE CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE

[The famous charge of the Light Brigade was made by English cavalry on the Russian troops in the battle of Balaclava, October 25, 1854.]

HALF a league, half a league,
Half a league onward,
All in the valley of Death
Rode the six hundred.
"Forward, the Light Brigade!
Charge for the guns!" he said:
Into the valley of Death
Rode the six hundred.

"Forward, the Light Brigade!"
Was there a man dismay'd?

Not tho' the soldier knew
Some one had blunder'd:
Their's not to make reply,
Their's not to reason why,
Their's but to do and die:
Into the valley of Death
Rode the six hundred.

Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon in front of them
Volley'd and thundered;
Storm'd at with shot and shell,
Boldly they rode and well,
Into the jaws of Death,
Into the mouth of Hell
Rode the six hundred.

Flash'd all their sabers bare,
Flash'd as they turned in air,
Sab'ring the gunners there,
Charging an army, while
All the world wonder'd:
Plunged in the battery smoke
Right thro' the line they broke;
Cossack and Russian
Reel'd from the saber stroke
Shatter'd and sunder'd.

Then they rode back, but not —
Not the six hundred.

Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon behind them,
Volley'd and thunder'd;
Stormed at with shot and shell,
While horse and hero fell,
They that had fought so well
Came thro' the jaws of Death,
Back from the mouth of Hell,
All that was left of them,
Left of six hundred.

When can their glory fade?
O the wild charge they made!
All the world wonder'd.
Honor the charge they made!
Honor the Light Brigade,
Noble six hundred!

— Alfred Tennyson.

1. Read the poem through several times. See if you can tell why it has become so famous. 2. What is a soldier's first duty? Which stanza shows that these soldiers realized this? 3. Why does Tennyson repeat the word **cannon** so often in the third and fifth stanzas? 4. What other examples of this same kind can you find? 5. Which stanza do you like the best? Why? Read it aloud. 6. Commit the whole poem to memory.

Capital Letters: *Review.* — Write from dictation and give reasons for the capital letters: —

1. *The Charge of the Light Brigade* was written by Tennyson, an English poet. 2. King Alfred said, "While I have lived I have striven to live worthily." 3. Dear God, was that Thy answer from the horror round about? 4. Give me of your balm, O fir tree. 5. The stormy March is come at last.

Sentence Study: *Kinds of Sentences.*

1. The brigade rode into the valley.
2. Was there a man dismayed?
3. Lend a hand to him who needs it.
4. Sail on, O mighty ship, sail on!
5. Keep thy tongue from evil.
6. A key of silver can open an iron lock.
7. Roll on, thou deep and dark blue ocean — roll!
8. What doth the poor man's son inherit?

Which of these groups of words state a fact or declare something? Which ask questions? Which show strong feeling? Which command?

Each of these groups, whether it asks, states, commands, or shows strong feeling, expresses a thought.

Learn the following definitions: —

A sentence is a thought expressed in words.

A sentence that states a fact is called a declarative sentence.

A sentence that asks a question is called an interrogative sentence.

A sentence that expresses strong feeling is called an exclamatory sentence.

A sentence that commands or entreats is called an imperative sentence.

Sentence 1 is a declarative sentence. With what punctuation mark does it close?

Sentence 2 is an interrogative sentence. With what mark do interrogative sentences close?

Sentence 3 is an imperative sentence. Imperative sentences close with periods.

Sentence 4 is an exclamatory sentence. An exclamatory sentence closes with an exclamation point.

Written Exercise. — 1. Write five interrogative sentences about the company of soldiers that made the famous charge referred to in *The Charge of the Light Brigade*. 2. Write five declarative sentences in answer to these. 3. Select three exclamatory sentences from the poem. 4. Write five imperative sentences.

Synonyms. — Rewrite these sentences, substituting a synonym for the italicized words: —

1. Was there a man *dismayed?* 2. When can their *glory* fade? 3. O the wild *charge* they made! 4. No *stir* in the air, no *stir* in the sea, the ship was *still* as she could be. 5. I *love*, oh, how I *love* to ride on the *fierce, foaming,* bursting tide.

Letters. — 1. Copy the invitation and one of the replies. 2. Write a reply, either accepting or declining an invitation to a birthday party supposed to be given by one of your classmates.

Miss Lucy Austin requests the pleasure of Miss Ruth Turner's company at a Hallowe'en party on Monday, October thirty-first, at eight o'clock.

150 Lake Avenue,
October twenty-fourth.

Miss Ruth Turner accepts with pleasure Miss Lucy Austin's kind invitation to the Hallowe'en party on Monday, October thirty-first, at eight o'clock.

275 Central Avenue,
October twenty-fifth.

Or

Miss Ruth Turner regrets that she is unable to accept Miss Lucy Austin's kind invitation to the Hallowe'en party on Monday, October thirty-first, at eight o'clock.

275 Central Avenue,
October twenty-fifth.

43

ROLAND AND HIS HORN

[History tells us that when the Normans conquered the English at Hastings, in the front of the Norman army rode a warrior poet singing the *Song of Roland*. This is an old French poem about Roland, a prince who served Charlemagne, or Charles the Great, the Emperor of France and Germany and Italy, eleven hundred years ago. His most famous deed was his last fight against the Moors of Spain. Like all the heroes of old, he is represented as having more than human strength, and he perhaps appeals to us the more strongly because he was fighting, not only for his nation, but for his religion, for the Moors were Mohammedans, and all the nations of Europe were struggling to force them back into Africa. The story as given below is abridged and adapted from Sir G. W. Cox's *Popular Romances of the Middle Ages*.]

CHARLES the Great, king of the Franks, had fought seven years in Spain, until he had conquered all the land down to the sea, and there remained not a castle whose walls he had not broken down, save only Saragossa, a fortress on a rugged mountain top, so steep and strong that he could not take it. There dwelt the pagan King Marsilius, who feared not God, but served Mohammed.

King Marsilius sat on his throne in his garden, beneath an olive tree, and summoned his lords and nobles to council. When twenty thousand of his warriors were gathered around him, he spoke to his dukes and counts, saying: "What shall we do? Lo! these seven years the



THE EMPEROR RECEIVING THE AMBASSADORS

great Charles has been winning all our lands, till only Saragossa remains to us. We are too few to give him battle, and man for man we are no match for his warriors. What shall we do to save our lands?"

Then up spake Blancandrin, a wily counselor: "It is plain we must be rid of this proud Charles; Spain must be rid of him; and since he is too strong to drive out with the sword, let us see what promises will do. Send envoys to him and say that we will give him great treasure in gold and cattle. Say that we will be his vassals, and do him service at his call. Say that we will forsake our God and call upon his God. Say anything, so long as it will persuade him to ride away with his army and quit our land." And all the pagans said, "It is well spoken."

Charles the Emperor held festival before Cordova, and rejoiced, he and his host, because they had taken the city, had overthrown its walls, and had gotten much booty, both of gold and silver and rich raiment. The Emperor sat among his knights in a green meadow. Round about him were Roland, his nephew, the captain of his host, and other princes, as well as fifteen thousand of the noblest-born of France. The Emperor sat upon a chair of gold, beneath a pine tree; white and long was his beard, and he was huge of limb and noble of countenance. When the messengers of King Marsilius came into his presence, they knew him straightway, and alighted quickly from their mules, and came meekly bending at his feet.

Then said Blancandrin, "God save the king, the glorious king, whom all men ought to worship. My master King Marsilius sends greeting to the great Charles, whose power no man can withstand, and he prays thee make peace with him. Marsilius offers gifts of bears and lions and hounds, seven hundred camels, a thousand falcons, of gold and silver as much as four hundred mules harnessed to fifty chariots can draw, with all his treasure of jewels. Only make peace with us and retire with thy army to Aachen, and my master will meet thee there at the feast of St. Michael. He will be baptized in thy faith, and will hold Spain as thy vassal. Thou shalt be his lord, and thy God shall be his God."

The emperor bowed his head while he thought upon the message; for he never spake a hasty word, and never went back from a word once spoken. Having mused awhile, he raised his head and answered: "The King Marsilius is greatly my enemy. In what manner shall I be assured that he will keep his covenant?" The messengers said: "Great king, we offer hostages of good faith, the children of our noblest. Take ten or twenty, as it seemeth good to thee; but treat them tenderly, for verily at the feast of St. Michael our king will redeem his pledge, and come to Aachen to be baptized and pay his homage and his tribute."

Then the king commanded a pavilion to be spread, wherein to lodge them for the night. And on the mor-

row, after they had taken their journey home, and the king had heard mass, he called his barons to him. There came all the chiefs of his army and with them many thousand noble warriors. Then the king showed them after what manner the messengers had spoken, and asked their advice. With one voice the Franks answered, "Beware of King Marsilius."

Then spake Roland and said: "Trust him not. Remember how he slew the messengers whom we sent to him before. Seven years have we been in Spain, and now only Saragossa holds out against us. Be not slack to finish what is now well-nigh done. Gather the host. Lay siege to Saragossa with all thy might. Conquer the last stronghold of the pagans, and end this long and weary war."

But Ganelon drew near to the king and spake: "Heed not the counsel of any babbler, unless it be to thine own profit. What has Marsilius promised? Will he not give up his God, himself, his service, and his treasure?" And all the Franks answered, "The counsel of Ganelon is good."

So Charles said, "Who will go up to Saragossa to King Marsilius and make terms of peace with him?"

Roland answered, "Send Ganelon," and the Franks said, "Ganelon is the man, for there is none more cunning of speech than he." So King Charles sent Ganelon as his envoy. But Ganelon was a traitor and gave evil counsel to King Marsilius, saying: "Send back the hostages to Charles with me. Then will Charles gather his host

together, and depart out of Spain, and go to Aachen, there to await the fulfilment of thy promise. But he will leave his rear guard of twenty thousand, together with Roland and Oliver, and his twelve noblest knights, to follow after him. Fall on these with all thy warriors; let not one escape. So shall the pride of Charles be broken; for the strength of his army is not in his host, but in these, and in Roland his right arm. Destroy them, and thou mayest choose thy terms of peace, for Charles will fight no more. The rear guard will take their journey along the narrow Valley of Roncesvalles. Surround the valley with thy host, and lie in wait for them. They will fight hard, but in vain."

When Ganelon came before Charles, he told him King Marsilius would perform the oath which he swore, and was even now setting out upon his journey, to pay the price of peace and be baptized. Then Charles lifted up his hands towards heaven, and thanked God for the prosperous ending of the war in Spain.

On the morrow the king arose and gathered to him his host to go away to keep the feast of St. Michael at Aachen, and to meet Marsilius there. And Olger the Dane he made captain of the vanguard of his army which should go with him. Then said the king to Ganelon, "Whom shall I make captain of the rear guard which I leave behind?" Ganelon answered, "Roland; for there is none like him in all the host." So Charles made

Roland captain of the rear guard. With Roland there remained behind Oliver, and the twelve knights, and Turpin the Archbishop, who for love of Roland went with him, and twenty thousand well-proved warriors. Then said the king to his nephew, "Good Roland, behold, the half of my army have I given thee in charge. See thou keep them safely." Roland answered: "Fear nothing. I shall render good account of them."

—G. W. Cox: *Popular Romances of the Middle Ages.*

pa'gans, heathen; **en'voys**, those bearing messages from one king or government to another, ambassadors; **rai'ment**, clothing; **vas'sal**, one pledged to the service of a lord; **cov'e nant**, agreement; **hom'age**, respect paid to a lord by his vassal; **trib'ute**, a sum paid to a stronger state by a weaker in return for peace or protection; **hos'-ta ges**, in old times, persons placed by one country in the hands of another, to be killed or kept prisoners in case that it did not fulfill an agreement; **van'guard**, the guard of the van or front of the army.

1. Who were the Moors? Where did they come from? Why was Charles so anxious to drive them out of Spain? 2. Who was Mohammed? Find out something about the Mohammedan religion. What people now believe in it? 3. Find Saragossa and Cordova on your maps. 4. Where is Aachen, or Aix-la-Chapelle, as it is generally called? 5. Trace the course of the army on your maps — from Cordova to Aachen.

Punctuation: *The Hyphen.* — On the first page of Lesson 43, why is there a short dash or hyphen (-) after the first syllable of the word "fortress"? How many other instances of this same kind can you find on that page? Where does the hyphen always occur? Make a list of ten words in the lesson that are written with a hyphen. Why is the hyphen used? Could you divide any of the words differently?

44

ROLAND AND HIS HORN (*Continued*)

So they took leave of one another, and the king and his host marched forward, till they reached the borders of Spain. They had to travel along steep and dangerous mountain ways, and down through silent valleys made gloomy by overhanging crags. And when the king thought upon his nephew whom he left behind, his heart grew heavy with the thought of ill. So they came into France and saw their own lands again. But Charles would not be comforted, and would sit with his face wrapped in his mantle; and he often said that he feared that Ganelon had wrought some treason.

Now Marsilius had sent in haste to all his barons to assemble a mighty army, and in three days he gathered four hundred thousand men at Roncesvalles, in the Western Pyrenees, and there lay in wait for the rear guard of King Charles. And a great number of the most valiant pagan kings banded themselves together to attack Roland in a body, and to fight with none other till he was slain.

Now when the rear guard had toiled up the rocky pass and climbed the mountain ridge, they looked down on Roncesvalles, whither their journey lay. And behold! all the valley bristled with spears, and the valley sides were overspread with them, for the multitude was like

blades of grass upon a pasture; and the murmur of the pagan host rose to them on the mountain as the murmur of a sea.

Then when they saw that Ganelon had played them false, Oliver spake to Roland: "What shall we now do because of this treason? For this is a greater multitude of pagans than has ever been gathered together in the world before. And they will certainly give us battle." Roland answered: "God grant it; for sweet it is to do our duty for our king. This will we do: when we have rested we will go forward." Then said Oliver: "We are but a handful. These are in number as the sands of the sea. Be wise; take now your horn, good comrade, and sound it; perhaps Charles may hear, and come back with his host to rescue us." But Roland answered: "The greater the number, the more glory. God forbid I should sound my horn and bring Charles back with his barons, and lose my good name, and bring disgrace upon us all. Fear not the numbers of the host; I promise you they shall repent of coming here; they are as good as dead already in my mind."

Three times Oliver urged him to sound his horn, but Roland would not, for he said, "God and His angels are on our side; through Him we shall do great wonders, and He will not see us put to shame before His enemies." Yet again Oliver pleaded, for he had mounted up into a pine tree and seen more of the multitude that came

against them; far as the eye could see they reached; and he prayed Roland to come and see also. But he would not. "Time enough," he said, "to know their numbers, when we come to count the slain. We will make ready for battle."

Roland ranged his trusty warriors and went to and fro among them, riding upon his battle horse, by his side his good sword Durendal. There was not a man but loved him unto death and cheerfully would follow where he led. He looked upon the pagan host, and his countenance waxed fierce and terrible; he looked upon his band, and his face was mild and gentle. He said: "Good comrades, lords, and barons, let no man grudge his life to-day; but only see that he sells it dear. A score of pagans is a poor price for one of us. I have promised to render good account of you. I have no fear. God knows the result of the fight, but we know that much glory and worship await us upon earth and crowns in Paradise." Then he gave the word, "Forward!" and with his golden spurs pricked his steed. So, foremost, he led the rear guard down the mountain side, down into the Valley of Death, called Roncesvalles. Close following came Oliver, Archbishop Turpin, and the valiant Twelve, the guard pressing forward with shouts and bearing the snow-white banner of their king aloft.

Marvelous and fierce was the battle. Roland's spear was good, for it crashed through fifteen pagan bodies,

through brass and hide and bone, before the trusty ash broke in his hand and he drew Durendal from its sheath. The Twelve did wondrously; nay, every man of the twenty thousand fought with lionlike courage; and no man counted his life dear to him. Archbishop Turpin, resting for a moment to get fresh breath, cried out, "Thank God to see the rear guard fight to-day!" and then spurred in again among them. Roland saw Oliver still fighting with the butt of his spear and said, "Comrade, draw thy sword;" but he answered: "Not while a handful of the stump remains. Weapons are precious to-day."

For hours they fought, and not a Frank gave way. Wheresoever a man planted his foot, he kept the ground or died. The guard hewed down the pagans by crowds, till the earth was heaped with full two hundred thousand heathen dead. Of those kings who had banded together by oath to fight him, Roland gave good account, for he laid them all dead about him in a ring, and Durendal to its hilt dripped with blood. But many thousands of the Franks were slain, and of the Twelve there now remained but two.

Marsilius looked upon his shattered host and saw them fall back in panic, for they were dismayed because of the Franks. But Marsilius heard the sound of trumpets from the mountain top, and a glad man was he, for twenty strong battalions of Mohammedans were come to his help,

and these poured down the valley side. Seeing this, the rest of the pagans took heart again, and they pressed about the remnant of the guard, and shut them in on every hand. Nevertheless Roland and his fast-lessening band were not dismayed. So marvelously they fought, so many thousand pagans they hurled down, making grim jests the while as though they played at war for sport, that their enemies were in mortal fear and doubted greatly if numbers would suffice to overwhelm these men, for it seemed as if God's angels were come down to the battle. But the brave rear guard dwindled away, and Roland scarce dared turn his eyes to see the handful that remained. Dead were the Twelve, with all the flower of the guard.

Then Roland spake to Oliver, "Comrade, I will sound my horn; perhaps Charles may hear and come to us." But Oliver was angry, and answered: "It is now too late. Hadst thou but heeded me in time, much weeping might have been spared the women of France, Charles would not have lost his guard, nor France her valiant Roland." "Talk not of what might have been," said Archbishop Turpin, "but blow thy horn. Charles cannot come in time to save our lives, but he will certainly come and avenge them."

Then Roland put the horn to his mouth, and blew a great blast. Far up the valley went the sound and smote against the mountain tops; these echoed it on from ridge

to ridge for thirty leagues. Charles heard it in his hall and said: "Listen! what is that? Surely our men do fight to-day." But Ganelon answered the king: "What folly is this! It is only the sighing of the wind among the trees."

Weary with battle, Roland took the horn again, and blew it with all his strength. So long and mighty was the blast, the veins stood out upon his forehead in great cords. Charles heard it in his palace and cried: "Hark! I hear Roland's horn. He is in battle or he would not sound it." Ganelon answered: "Too proud is he to sound it in battle. My lord the king groweth old and childish in his fears. What if it be Roland's horn? He hunteth perchance in the woods. Forsooth, a merry jest it would be for him were the king to make ready for war and gather his thousands, and find Roland at his sport, hunting a little hare."

The blood ran fast down Roland's face, and in sore pain and heaviness he lifted the horn to his mouth and feebly blew it again. Charles heard it in his palace and started from his seat; the salt tears gathered in his eyes and dropped upon his snowy beard; and he said: "O Roland, my brave captain, too long have I delayed! Thou art in evil need. I know it by the wailing of the horn! Quick, now, to arms! Make ready, every man! For straightway we will go and help him." Then he thrust Ganelon away, and said to his servants, "Take this

man, and bind him fast with chains; keep him under guard till I return in peace and know if he has wrought us treason." So they bound Ganelon and flung him into a dungeon; and Charles the Great and his host set out with all speed to come to Roland.

—G. W. Cox: *Popular Romances of the Middle Ages.*

Sentence Study. — Below are several sentences selected from the story of Roland. Copy them in groups, arranging all the declarative sentences in one group, the interrogative in another, the exclamatory in a third, the imperative in a fourth. Be careful to punctuate properly.

1. What shall we do to save our lands? 2. Send envoys to him. 3. God save the king! 4. Trust him not. 5. What has Marsilius promised? 6. We will make ready for battle. 7. Marvelous and fierce was the battle. 8. Thank God to see the rear guard fight to-day! 9. Weapons are precious to-day. 10. It is only the sighing of the wind among the trees. 11. Talk not of what might have been, but blow thy horn. 12. What folly is this! 13. Dear comrade, I fear that thou art grievously wounded. 14. A heavy-hearted man was Roland. 15. What shall we now do? 16. Comrade, draw thy sword. 17. Listen, what is that? 18. Quick, now, to arms! 19. What if it be Roland's horn? 20. The tears gathered in his eyes.

Word Study: *Synonyms.* — grief, tempest, ignorant, strong, busy, heroic, separate, easy.

1. Find a synonym for each of these words. 2. Write sentences in which you may equally well use either the printed word or your synonym.

Composition. — Let each child in the class write a letter to one of his classmates, thanking him for a book or for some other gift; or inviting him informally to go to some entertainment; or inviting

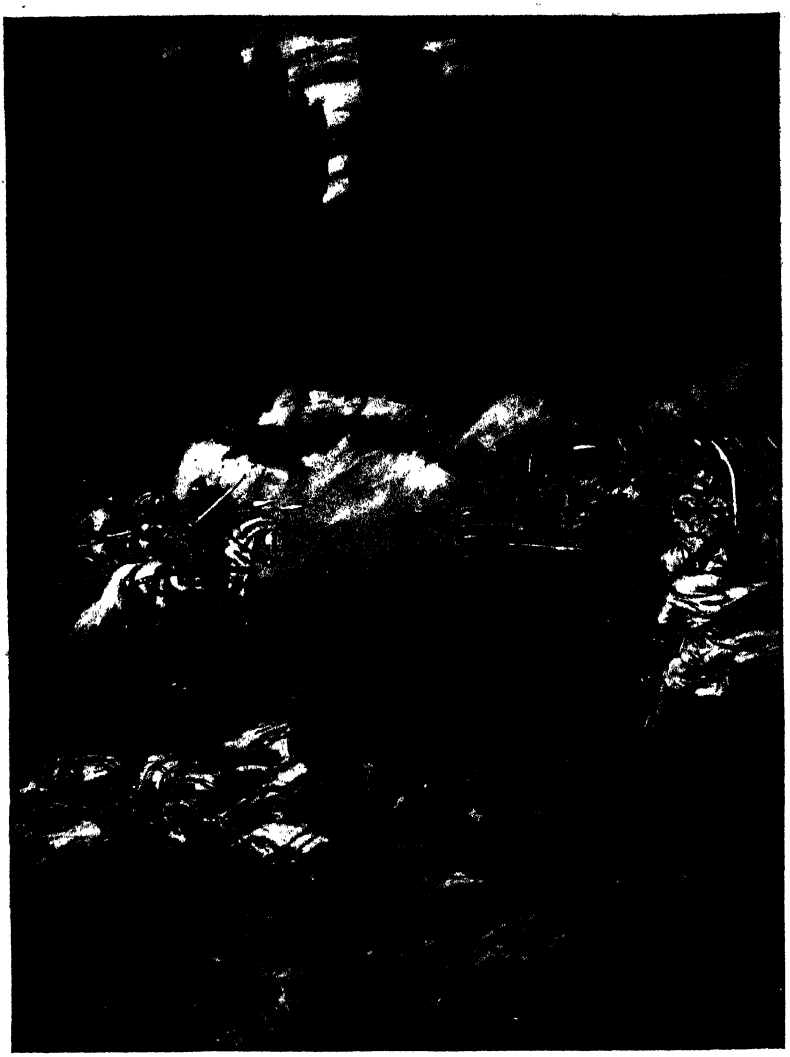
him formally to a New Year's party; or writing simply a friendly letter, giving interesting information about himself and his family.

Inclose these letters in envelopes, address them properly, and deliver them. After they have been answered, both the original letters and their replies may be read aloud. Notice which is the best of each kind, and tell why you think so.

45

ROLAND AND HIS HORN (*Concluded*)

Fierce with the cruel throbbing of his wounds, and well-nigh blinded with the blood that trickled down his face, Roland fought on, and with his good sword Durendal slew the pagan prince, Faldrun, and three and twenty mighty champions. The little company that was left of the brave rear guard cut down great masses of the pagans, and reaped among them as the reapers reap at harvest time, but one by one the reapers fell ere yet the harvest could be gathered in. Yet where each Frank lay, beside him there lay his pile of slain, so any man might see how dear he had sold his life. But a pagan king espied where Oliver was fighting seven abreast, and spurred his horse and rode and smote him through the back a mortal wound. Yet even when the pains of death took hold on Oliver, so that his eyes grew dim and he knew no man, he never ceased striking out on every side with his sword; and then Roland hastened to his help, and, cutting the pagans down for a wide space about, came to his horse. But Oliver



THE BATTLE IN THE VALLEY

struck him a blow that brake the helm to shivers on his throbbing head. Nevertheless, Roland for all his pain took him tenderly down, and spake with much gentleness, saying; "Dear comrade, I fear that thou art grievously wounded." Oliver said, "Thy voice is like Roland's voice; but I cannot see thee." Roland answered, "It is I, thy comrade." Then he said: "Forgive me if I smote thee. It is so dark that I cannot see thy face; give me thy hand; God bless thee, Roland; God bless Charles and France!" So saying, he fell upon his face and died.

A heavy-hearted man was Roland; little cared he for his life since Oliver, his good comrade, was parted from him. Then he turned and looked for the famous rear guard of King Charles the Great. Only two men were left besides himself.

Turpin the Archbishop, Count Walter, and Roland set themselves together to sell their lives as dearly as they might; and when the pagans ran upon them in a multitude with shouts and cries, Roland slew twenty, Count Walter six, and Turpin five. Then the pagans drew back and gathered together all the remnant of their army, forty thousand horsemen and a thousand footmen with spears, and charged upon the three. Count Walter fell at the first shock. The Archbishop's horse was killed, and he, being brought to earth, lay there dying, with four wounds in his breast.

Then Roland took the horn and sought to wind it yet

again. Very feeble was the sound, yet Charles heard it away beyond the mountains, where he marched fast to help his guard. And the king said: "Good barons, great is Roland's distress; I know it by the sighing of the horn. Spare neither spur nor steed for Roland's sake." Then he commanded to sound all the trumpets long and loud; and the mountains tossed the sound from peak to peak, so that it was plainly heard down in the Valley of Roncesvalles.

The pagans heard the trumpets ringing behind the mountains, and they said: "These are the trumpets of Charles the Great. Behold Charles cometh upon us with his host, and we shall have to fight the battle again if we remain. Let us rise up and depart quickly. There is but one man more to slay." Then four hundred of the bravest rode at Roland; and he, spurring his weary horse against them, strove still to shout his battle cry, but could not, for voice failed him. And when he was come within spear-cast, every pagan flung a spear at him, for they feared to go nigh him, and said, "There is none born of woman that can slay this man." Stricken with twenty spears, his faithful steed dropped dead. Roland fell under him, his armor pierced everywhere with spearpoints. Stunned with the fall, he lay there in a swoon. The pagans came and looked on him, and gave him up for dead. Then they left him and made all speed to flee before Charles should come. They hastened up the mountain sides, and left the

gloomy valley piled with dead, and fled away towards Spain.

Roland lifted his eyes and beheld the pagans fleeing up the mountain passes; and he was left alone among the dead. Then in great pain he drew his limbs from underneath his horse, and got upon his feet, but scarce could stand. He dragged himself about the valley, and looked upon his dead friends and comrades. Round about each one there lay a full score of pagan corpses, and Roland said, "Charles will see that the guard has done its duty." He came to where Oliver lay, and he lifted the body tenderly in his arms, saying, "Dear comrade, thou wast ever a good and gentle friend to me; better warrior never broke a spear, nor wielded sword; wise wert thou of counsel, and I repent me that once only I hearkened not to thy voice. God rest thy soul. A sweeter friend and truer comrade no man ever had than thou." And in the Valley of Death, Roland wept for the last of his friends.

When he found death coming on him, Roland took his sword Durendal in one hand, and his horn in the other, and crawled away about a bowshot to a green hillock, whereupon four marble steps were built beneath the trees. There he lay down in his agony. A certain pagan was plundering there among the dead, and watched till Roland ceased to moan in his pain; then, thinking there was no more breath in him, the thief stole slowly up, and seeing the glitter of the hilt of Durendal, put forth his

hand and drew it from its sheath. Roland lifted his eyes and saw the thief bend over him with the sword in his hand. He seized the horn from beside him, and dealt the man a blow upon the crown that broke his skull.

Then he took Durendal into his hands, and prayed that it might not fall into the power of his enemies. He said: "O Durendal, how keen of edge, how bright of blade thou art! God sent thee by his angel to King Charles, to be his captain's sword. Charles girt thee at my side. How many countries thou hast conquered for him in my hands! O Durendal, though it grieves me sore, I had rather break thee than that pagan hands should wield thee against France." Then he prayed that God would now give him strength to break his sword; and lifting it in his hands, he smote mightily upon the topmost marble step. The gray stone chipped and splintered, but the good blade broke not, neither was its edge turned. He smote the second step; the blade bit it, and leaped back, but blunted not, nor broke. The third step he smote with all his might; it powdered where he struck, but the sword broke not, nor lost its edge. And when he could no more lift the sword, his heart smote him that he had tried to break the holy blade; and he said, "O Durendal, the angels will keep thee safe for Charles and France!"

Then Roland, when he felt death creep upon him, lay down and set his face toward Spain and toward his ene-

mies, that men should plainly see he fell a conqueror. Beneath him he put the sword and horn. Then lifted he his weary hands to heaven and closed his eyes; and whilst he mused God sent his swift archangels, Gabriel and Michael, to bear his soul to Paradise.

Gloom fell; the mists went up, and there was only death and silence in the valley. The low red sun was setting in the west.

Charles and his host rode hard, and drew not rein until they reached the mountain top, and looked down on the Valley of Roncesvalles. They blew the trumpets, but there was no sound and there was no answer but the echoes on the mountain sides. Then down through the gloom and mist they rode, and saw the field; saw Roland dead, and Oliver; saw the Archbishop and the twelve valiant peers, and every man of the twenty thousand chosen guard; saw how fiercely they had fought, how hard they died.

There was not one in all the king's host but lifted up his voice and wept for pity at the sight they saw. But Charles the king fell on his face on Roland's body, with a great and exceeding bitter cry. No word he spake, but only lay and moaned upon the dead that was so dear to him. Then the king left four good knights in Roncesvalles to guard the dead from birds and beasts of prey, and set out in chase of the pagans.

In a vale the Franks overtook them, hard by a broad

and swift river. There being hemmed in, the river in front and the fierce Franks behind, the pagans were cut to pieces; not one escaped, save Marsilius and a little band who had taken another way and got safe to Saragossa. Thence Marsilius sent letters to the king of Babylon, who ruled forty kingdoms, praying him to come over and help him. And he gathered a mighty army and put off to sea to come to Marsilius.

Now after this Marsilius and the king of Babylon came out to battle with King Charles before the walls of Saragossa. But Charles utterly destroyed the pagans there and slew the two kings, and broke down the gates of Saragossa and took the city. So he conquered Spain and avenged himself for Roland and his guard.

—G. W. Cox: *Popular Romances of the Middle Ages.*

1. Why is Roland's horn famous in story? 2. Tell of his effort to break his sword. 3. Describe the return of Charles and his army. 4. Where is Babylon? Find it on your maps. 5. How did Charles avenge Roland's death? 6. Though this story is based on history, what parts are evidently legend?

Oral Composition. — Tell the story of Roland: 1. Who he was. 2. What the army was doing in Spain. 3. The departure of Charles. 4. The attack in the valley. 5. Roland's death.

This is a world-famous story. Try to make your account so interesting that your hearers will seem to see the dauntless Roland and his brave little band.

Written Composition. — Finish the following story. Do not begin to write until you have thought out exactly what you mean to say. Make your part of the story as interesting as possible.

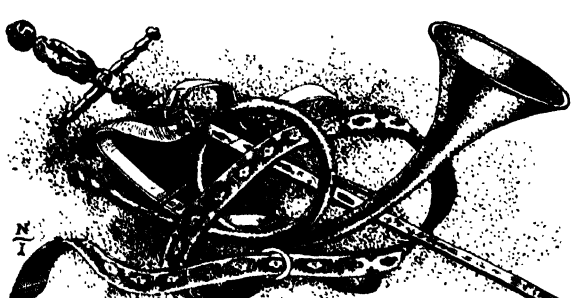
The Castle in the Wood

In the good old days, when wonderful things were more apt to happen than they are now, a king, in company with a body of knights, was once riding through a great forest. As they were making their way through the densest part of the woods, they came suddenly upon a castle with massive towers, rising in the midst of the green foliage.

There was no sign of life about the place. Dismounting, the king and his knights, with swords drawn, prepared to enter. Neither bolts nor bars hindered their progress. They went from hall to hall — all was silent and deserted. The echo of their own footsteps, the clanking of their spurs, and the cawing of the rooks, disturbed by the unwonted noise, were the only sounds that broke the stillness.

Finally they mounted the long, dim, winding stairs that led to the topmost chamber of the great turret. Here, at last, was a barred door. The king, who was in advance, threw himself with all his strength against the closed portal. The rusty bolt gave way, the door flew open, and there ———

Read the stories aloud in class, and see what a variety of good endings can be made. Take a vote as to which story is finished most in keeping with the way it is begun.





46

HOW THEY BROUGHT THE GOOD NEWS FROM GHENT TO AIX

I SPRANG to the stirrup, and Joris, and he;
I galloped, Dirck galloped, we galloped all three;
"Good speed!" cried the watch, as the gate bolts undrew;
"Speed!" echoed the wall to us galloping through;
Behind shut the postern, the lights sank to rest,
And into the midnight we galloped abreast.

Not a word to each other; we kept the great pace
Neck by neck, stride by stride, never changing our place;

I turned in my saddle and made its girths tight,
Then shortened each stirrup, and set the pique right,
Rebuckled the cheek strap, chained slacker the bit,
Nor galloped less steadily Roland a whit.

'Twas moonset at starting; but, while we drew near
Lokeren, the cocks crew and twilight dawned clear;
At Boom, a great yellow star came out to see;
At Düffeld 'twas morning as plain as could be,
And from Mecheln church steeple we heard the half chime,
So, Joris broke silence with, "Yet there is time!"

At Aershot, up leaped of a sudden the sun,
And against him the cattle stood black every one,
To stare thro' the mist at us galloping past,
And I saw my stout galloper Roland, at last,
With resolute shoulders, each butting away
The haze, as some bluff river headland its spray:

And his low head and crest, just one sharp ear bent back
For my voice, and the other pricked out on his track;
And one eye's black intelligence, — ever that glance
O'er its white edge at me, his own master, askance!
And the thick heavy spume flakes which aye and anon
His fierce lips shook upwards in galloping on.

By Hasselt, Dirck groaned; and cried Joris, "Stay spur!
Your Roos galloped bravely, the fault's not in her,

We'll remember at Aix"—for one heard the quick wheeze
Of her chest, saw the stretched neck and staggering knees,
And sunk tail, and horrible heave of the flank,
As down on her haunches she shuddered and sank.

So we were left galloping, Joris and I,
Past Looz and past Tongres, no cloud in the sky;
The broad sun above laughed a pitiless laugh,
'Neath our feet broke the brittle bright stubble like chaff,
Till over by Dalhem a dome-spire sprang white,
And "Gallop," gasped Joris, "for Aix is in sight!"

"How they'll greet us!"—and all in a moment his roan
Rolled neck and croup over, lay dead as a stone;
And there was my Roland to bear the whole weight
Of the news which alone could save Aix from her fate,
With his nostrils like pits full of blood to the brim,
And with circles of red for his eye sockets' rim.

Then I cast loose my buff coat, each holster let fall,
Shook off both my jack boots, let go belt and all,
Stood up in the stirrup, leaned, patted his ear,
Called my Roland his pet name, my horse without peer;
Clapped my hands, laughed and sang, any noise, bad or good,
Till at length into Aix Roland galloped and stood.

And all I remember is, friends flocking round
As I sat with his head 'twixt my knees on the ground;
And no voice but was praising this Roland of mine,
As I poured down his throat our last measure of wine,
Which (the burgesses voted by common consent)
Was no more than his due who brought good news from Ghent.

— ROBERT BROWNING.

pos'tern, gate; **pique**, point of the saddle; **as kance'**, sideways; **spume flakes**, foam-flakes; **bur'ges ses**, citizens.

1. Find Ghent and Aix-la-Chapelle on your maps. 2. Who is supposed to be speaking in the poem? 3. Who is the real hero of this poem? Why do you think so? How can you tell that Roland's master loved him? 4. Which stanza draws the clearest picture? 5. Look at the first stanza, and notice the time of starting. Follow through the poem, and find how long it took to reach Aix. 6. Read the first stanza aloud two or three times. Of what sound does the swing of the lines remind you?

Oral Composition. — Tell a story illustrating the intelligence of some horse that you have known, or about which you have heard.

Written Composition. — After the stories have all been told, write out the one that you most enjoyed hearing. See if you can make your story as interesting as the oral account.

Word Study: *Synonyms.*

cruel	strong
awful	dismal
stout	everlasting
dreary	inhuman
grateful	savage
eternal	deliberately
wild	thankful
slowly	dreadful

1. Arrange the synonyms in pairs.

2. Write a third word, meaning about the same, in as many cases as you can.

3. Substitute one of your synonyms in the poem, *The Charge of the Light Brigade*, for each word of the first column. See whether it expresses the poet's meaning as well as the word he has used.

47

THE STORY OF THE FISHERMAN

[Such stories as those you have been reading grew up only when a nation was young and saw wonders in all the world about it. The Arabs too had their marvelous tales, but these had less to do with heroes than with magicians and enchantments and powerful spirits over which man might gain power. The famous book of Arabian stories is *The Thousand and One Nights*, which we sometimes call *The Arabian Nights*. The tale ran that a king, being afraid of the power a wife might gain over him, was accustomed each day to marry a wife, and on the morrow to put her to death. But one woman, Shahrazad, was clever enough to outwit him. At night she fell to weeping, and the king said, "Why dost thou weep?" "O great king," answered she, "I have a young sister and I desire to see her, that I may take leave of her before I die." So the king sent for the sister, and when she came to the room of the king and his wife, the maiden said, "O my sister, if thou be not asleep, tell us one of thy pleasant stories, to pass the weary hours of the night, and I will take leave of thee in the morning."

"With all my heart," answered Shahrazad, "if the good king gives his permission." And the king, being wakeful, was pleased to hear a story, and said, "Tell on." And Shahrazad said: "Hear, then, O great king,]

"*The Story of the Fisherman*

"There was a certain fisherman, advanced in age, who had a wife and three children; and though he was poor,

it was his custom to cast his net, every day, no more than four times. One day he went forth at the hour of noon to the shore of the sea, and put down his basket, and cast his net, and waited until it was motionless in the water, when he drew together its strings, and found it to be heavy. He pulled, but could not draw it up, so he took the end of the cord, and drove a stake into the shore, and tied the cord to it. He then stripped himself and dived round the net, and continued to pull until he drew it out. Thereupon he rejoiced, and put on his clothes; but when he came to examine the net, he found in it the carcass of an ass. At the sight of this he mourned, and exclaimed, 'This is a strange piece of fortune!'

"He then freed his net of the dead ass, and wrung it out; after which he spread it, and descended into the sea, and cast it again, and waited till it had sunk and was still, when he pulled it, and found it more heavy and difficult to raise than on the former occasion. He therefore concluded that it was full of fish; so he tied it, and stripped, and plunged, and dived, and pulled until he raised it, and drew it up upon the shore; when he found in it only a large jar, full of sand and mud. On seeing this, he was troubled in his heart. But he threw aside the jar, and wrung out and cleansed his net; and, begging the forgiveness of Allah for his impatience, returned to the sea for the third time, and threw the net, and

waited till it had sunk and was motionless. He then drew it out, and found in it a quantity of broken jars and pots.

"Upon this, he raised his head towards heaven, and said, 'O Allah, thou knowest that I cast not my net more than four times; and I have now cast it three times!' Then he cast the net again into the sea, and waited until it was still, when he attempted to draw it up, but could not, for it clung to the bottom. And he stripped himself again, and dived round the net, and pulled it until he raised it upon the shore. Then he opened it, and found in it a bottle of brass, filled with something, and having its mouth closed with a stopper of lead, bearing the impression of the seal of Solomon.

"At the sight of this the fisherman was rejoiced, and said, 'This I will sell in the copper market; for it is worth ten pieces of gold.' He then shook it, and found it to be heavy, and said, 'I must open it, and see what is in it, and store it in my bag; and then I will sell the bottle in the copper market.' So he took out a knife, and picked at the lead until he had extracted it from the bottle. He then laid the bottle on the ground, and shook it, that its contents might pour out; but there came forth from it nothing but smoke, which ascended towards the sky, and spread over the face of the earth; at which he wondered exceedingly. And after a little while, the smoke collected together, and became an Afreet, whose



head was in the clouds, while his feet rested upon the ground. His head was like a dome; his legs, like masts; his mouth resembled a cavern; his teeth were like stones; his nostrils, like trumpets; his eyes, like lamps; and he had disheveled and dust-colored hair.

"When the fisherman beheld this Afreet, he was overcome with fear. The Afreet, as soon as he perceived him, exclaimed, — "

And here Shahrazad saw that the dawn was breaking and she was silent; and her sister said to her, "What a charming and delightful story!" "This is nothing," replied Shahrazad,

"to what I will tell thee to-morrow night, if the king let me live." And the king said to himself, "By Allah, I will not kill her until I hear the rest of the story."

And when the second night came, the younger sister said unto Shahrazad, "O my sister, finish thy story of the fisherman and the Afreet." "With all my heart," answered she, "if the king gives his permission." "Say on," commanded the king.

And Shahrazad said: "O great king and wise ruler, when the Afreet perceived the fisherman, he exclaimed, 'There is no god but Allah and Solomon is his prophet.' 'O Afreet,' said the fisherman, 'dost thou say Solomon is the prophet of Allah? Solomon hath been dead a thousand and eight hundred years; and we are now in the end of time. What is thy history, and what is thy tale, and what was the cause of thy entering this bottle?'

"When the Afreet heard the words of the fisherman, he said, 'Thou shalt instantly be put to a most cruel death.' 'Wherefore wouldst thou kill me,' exclaimed the fisherman, 'when I have liberated thee from the bottle, and rescued thee from the bottom of the sea, and brought thee up upon the dry land?' The Afreet answered, 'Choose what kind of death thou wilt die, and in what manner thou shalt be killed.' 'What is my offense,' said the fisherman, 'that this should be my

reward from thee?' The Afreet replied, 'Hear my story, O fisherman.' 'Tell it, then,' said the fisherman, 'and be short in thy words.'

— *Adapted from the translation by* E. W. LANE.

Al'lah, the Mohammedan name for God; **Af'reet**, evil spirit; **di shev'eled**, disarranged; **lib'e ra ted**, freed; **of fense'**, fault.

1. From what country do these tales come? Where is this country? 2. Why are they called *The Thousand and One Nights?* How did Shahrazad outwit her husband? 3. Who was Solomon? When did he live? 4. Describe the Afreet.

Sentence Study. — Select from *The Story of the Fisherman* five declarative sentences; five imperative sentences; three exclamatory sentences; three interrogative sentences.

Word Study: *Words of Opposite Meaning.*

famous	foolish	rich
clever	heroic	good
pleasant	wrong	stupid
poor	unknown	idle
wise	unpleasant	wrong

I. Select from the second and third columns words nearly opposite in meaning to those printed in the first. Arrange in pairs.

II. 1. Write words that mean the opposite of the following: 1. brave. 2. true. 3. quickly. 4. great. 5. beautiful. 6. smooth. 7. careful. 8. honest.

2. Write sentences, using in each one of the words given in the list. Write the same sentences over, substituting for the printed word your word of opposite meaning with **not**. *Example:* He was brave. He was not cowardly.

48

THE STORY OF THE FISHERMAN (*Concluded*)

"'KNOW then,' said the Afreet, 'that I rebelled against Solomon, the son of David, and he sent to me his officer, who came upon me forcibly and took me to him in bonds, and placed me before him. And when Solomon saw me, he exhorted me to embrace the faith, and to submit to his authority; but I refused. Upon this he called for this bottle and confined me in it, and closed it upon me with the leaden stopper, which he stamped with the name of Allah: he then gave orders to have me carried away and thrown into the midst of the sea.

"'There I remained a hundred years; and I said in my heart, "Whosoever shall liberate me, I will enrich him forever." But the hundred years passed over me, and no one liberated me. And I entered upon another hundred years; and I said, "Whosoever shall liberate me, I will open to him the treasures of the earth," but no one did so. And four hundred years passed over me; and I said, "Whosoever shall liberate me, I will perform for him three wishes," but still no one liberated me. I then fell into a violent rage, and said within myself, "Whosoever shall liberate me now, I will kill him; and only suffer him to choose in what manner he will die." And, lo! now thou hast liberated me, and I have given

thee thy choice of the manner in which thou wilt die.'

"When the fisherman had heard the story of the Afreet, he said to the Afreet: 'Pardon me, and kill me not, and so may Allah pardon thee. Destroy me not, lest Allah give power over thee to one who will destroy thee.' The Afreet answered, 'I must positively kill thee; therefore choose by what manner of death thou wilt die.' The fisherman then felt assured of his death; but he again implored the Afreet, saying, 'Pardon me by way of gratitude for my liberating thee.' 'Why,' answered the Afreet, 'I am to kill thee for that very reason, because thou hast liberated me.'

"Then said the fisherman within himself: 'This is an Afreet, and I am a man; and Allah hath given me sound reason. Therefore, I will now plot his destruction.' So he said to the Afreet, 'Hast thou determined to kill me?' He answered, 'Yes.' Then said he, 'By the Most Great Name, engraved upon the seal of Solomon, I will ask thee one question; and wilt thou answer it to me truly?' On hearing the mention of the Most Great Name, the Afreet trembled, and replied, 'Yes; ask, and be brief.' The fisherman then said: 'How wast thou in this bottle? It will not contain thy hand or thy foot; how then can it contain thy whole body?' 'Dost thou not believe that I was in it?' said the Afreet. The fisherman answered, 'I will never believe thee until I

see thee in it.' Upon this, the Afreet shook himself, and became converted again into smoke, which rose to the sky, and then entered the bottle little by little, until it was all inclosed.

"Thereupon the fisherman hastily snatched the sealed leaden stopper, and having replaced it in the mouth of the bottle, called out to the Afreet, and said: 'Choose in what manner thou wilt die. I will assuredly throw thee here into the sea, and build me a house on this spot; and whosoever shall come here, I will prevent his fishing in this place, and will say to him, "Here is an Afreet, who, to any person who liberates him, will propose various kinds of death, and then give him his choice of one."'

"On hearing these words of the fisherman, the Afreet endeavored to escape; but could not, finding himself restrained by the impression of the seal of Solomon. The fisherman then took the bottle to the brink of the sea. The Afreet exclaimed, 'Nay! nay!'—to which the fisherman answered, 'Yea, without fail! yea, without fail!' The Afreet then, addressing him with a soft voice and humble manner, said, 'What dost thou intend to do with me, O fisherman?' He answered, 'I will throw thee into the sea; and as thou hast been there a thousand and eight hundred years, I will make thee to remain there until the hour of judgment.'

"At this the Afreet roared and cried: 'For the love of Allah, O fisherman, do not do that! Spare me and do

not bear me malice for what I did, for we Afreets are stupid folk. Let me out, and I will swear to bring thee great riches.'

"The fisherman accepted his offer and unsealed the bottle. Then the smoke ascended as before, and gathered itself together, and became an Afreet, who gave the bottle a kick, and sent it in the sea. When the fisherman saw this, he gave himself up for lost. But the Afreet laughed, and started off inland, saying to the fisherman, 'Follow me.' So he followed him, trembling. And he led him to a plain, and in the midst of this lay a lake surrounded by four little hills. He led the fisherman into the lake and bade him throw his net. The fisherman looked into the water, and was astonished to see fish of four colors, white and red and blue and yellow. Then he took his net and cast it, and when he drew it in, he found in it four fish, one of each color. And the Afreet said, 'Carry these to the Sultan and he will reward thee richly.' And so indeed it came to pass."

But when Shahrazad had concluded this story, the king determined to hear still another, and so Shahrazad continued for a thousand and one nights, by which time the king had lost his suspicions of womankind, and they lived happily forever after.

— *Adapted from the translation by* E. W. LANE.

ex hor'ted, pleaded with; **au thor'i ty**, power; **mal'ice**, ill will; **Sul'tan**, emperor.

49

THE VOYAGES OF SINDBAD THE SAILOR

[ANOTHER marvelous set of stories in *The Thousand and One Nights* are those which Sindbad the Sailor tells about his extraordinary voyages, in each of which he meets with terrible disasters, and escapes destruction only by his quick wits and good fortune. It was during one of these long and perilous voyages that one of the most interesting adventures of his life befell him. He had been accidentally separated from his companions and cast upon a lonely island. He relates his experiences as follows: —]

I CLIMBED up a lofty tree and began to look from it to the right and to the left, but saw nothing save sky and water and trees and birds and islands and sands. Looking carefully, however, I seemed to see distinctly in the distance a white object of enormous size. I then descended from the tree and went towards it, and lo! it was a large white dome of great height. I drew near to it and walked around it, but found no door to it, and it was so smooth that I was unable to climb it. I made a mark at the place where I stood and went round the dome, measuring the distance, and lo! it was fifty full paces. In my perplexity I then sat down to plan some means of entering this strange building.

The close of the day had now drawn near, and suddenly the sun was hidden and the sky became dark. I imagined that a cloud had come over it, but I raised my

head and saw that the cloud was a bird of enormous size, flying in the air, which had cast a shadow over this part of the island. At this my wonder increased, but I remembered a story which travelers had told me long before, that there is in certain islands a huge bird called the roc, which feeds its young with elephants. I was convinced therefore that the dome which I had seen was one of the eggs of the roc, and lo! the bird alighted by its egg and brooded over it with its wings and slept over it. Thereupon I arose and unwound my turban from my head and folded it and twisted it, so that it became like a rope, and I girded myself with



it, binding it tightly round my waist, and tied myself by it to one of the feet of the bird and made the knot fast, saying within myself, "Perhaps this bird will convey me to a land of cities and inhabitants, and that will be better than remaining in this island."

When the dawn came and morn appeared, the bird rose from his egg and uttered a great cry and drew me up into the sky. It soared so high that I imagined that it had reached the highest region of the sky. It then descended with me gradually until it alighted with me upon the earth, and when I reached the earth I hastily untied the rope from its feet and walked away. But the roc flew away towards the sea.

I found myself in a deep and narrow valley, the floor of which was composed of diamonds, but the sides of the valley were exceedingly steep and high, and in spite of the riches at my feet I lamented that my ill fortune had thus led me from one calamity into another. But as I thus mournfully walked along the valley, lo! the carcass of a sheep fell at my feet as from the skies. I wondered greatly at this until I recalled having heard a traveler from distant lands tell of this very valley of diamonds, and how the diamond merchants, unable to descend to the floor of the valley on account of its great depth and the steepness of its sides, had hit on this plan. They kill a sheep and skin it, and throw it down from the cliffs to the floor of the valley. And some of the loose diamonds stick

to the flesh of the sheep. Then come huge vultures, so the story ran, and, taking the carcass of the sheep in their talons, bear it away to their nests on the mountain side. But then the merchants follow the vultures to their nests, and, driving them away, secure the diamonds that have clung to the moist flesh.

When therefore I saw the carcass of the sheep and remembered the tale of the travelers, I selected a number of the diamonds and filled my pockets with them. Then I bound myself with my turban to the sheep, laying myself upon my back and placing the sheep above me. I had not waited long before I heard the flapping of great wings, and beheld an enormous vulture descending upon us. Grasping the sheep in his talons, he soared and circled upward until he reached his nest on the top of the cliffs, where he laid us down. So I hastily unbound myself, and escaped with my riches and joined a company of diamond merchants whom I soon found upon the mountain side, rejoicing that I had escaped with great wealth from so terrible an adventure.

— *Adapted from the translation by* E. W. LANE.

per plex'i ty, doubt, confusion of mind; **ca lam'i ty**, disaster; **tal'ons**, claws.

1. How large around was the dome — fifty paces? 2. Compare Sindbad's escape from the island with Ulysses' escape from the cave of the Cyclops. 3. Describe the method of obtaining the gems from the valley of diamonds. 4. Tell in your own words how Sindbad escaped from the valley. 5. Find out all you can about vultures.

Where are they found? How large are they? Would it be possible for them to carry as large a load as is represented in this story?

Spelling. — Permission, exclaimed, descended, difficult, occasion, impatience, rejoiced, answered, condensed, extraordinary, enormous, diamonds.

Sentence Study. — 1. Sindbad was a sailor. 2. The bird alighted. 3. The huge creature flew through the air. 4. The floor was covered with diamonds.

About what is the first sentence talking? What does it tell you about him?

About what is the second sentence talking? What does it tell you about it?

About what is the third sentence talking? What does it tell you about it?

About what is the fourth sentence talking? What does it tell you about it?

Every sentence consists of two parts. One part names the object of which we are thinking or talking or writing. The other part tells something about the object named. *Example:* In the sentence, "Wisdom is better than rubies," **wisdom** is the thing spoken about; **is better than rubies** tells something about wisdom.

Definition. — The part of a sentence that names that about which something is stated is the **subject.**

Definition. — The part of a sentence that tells what is stated about the person or thing named is the **predicate.**

Draw vertical lines separating the subject and predicate in the following sentences: —

1. Time flies. 2. Many hands make light work. 3. Birds of a feather flock together. 4. A fair little girl sat under a tree. 5. A little leak will sink a great ship. 6. Three wise men of Gotham went to sea in a bowl. 7. Thou shalt love thy neighbor. 8. The night dew falls in silent showers.

Word Study: *Prefixes.* — Substitute one word for the underlined groups in the sentences given below.

1. A sailor would rather be on the sea than on shore. 2. The ship struck a reef and is now on the ground. 3. Let us go on board. 4. The child spends much time in sleep. 5. I hear the wind howl when I am safe in bed.

In **asleep** and similar words, **a** means "on" or "in." Can you find any other words of this kind?

50

THE VOYAGES OF SINDBAD THE SAILOR (*Concluded*)

[It was on Sindbad's fifth voyage that he had his adventure with the Old Man of the Sea. The ship in which he sailed this time came to a large island, which seemed to have no inhabitants. The ship's company discovered on it, however, another of the huge roc's eggs which Sindbad had seen in his earlier voyage, and before he could warn them what it was, they had battered it with stones and broken the shell. They had barely time to reach their ship and embark again upon the sea when the bird came sailing back at nightfall to its egg, and, wild with fury at finding it destroyed, had swept off on its wide pinions to avenge the deed. It quickly overtook the ship, and dropped upon it from its claws a huge fragment of a cliff, which sunk the ship at once. Sindbad alone escaped, and found himself at last, after long battling with the waves, upon a wooded island.]

Under these trees I slept without interruption until the morning, and then arose and stood up, and walked among the trees; and I saw a streamlet, by which sat an old man, a comely person, who was clad from the waist downwards with a covering made of the leaves of trees. So I said within myself, "Perhaps this old man hath landed upon this island and is one of the crew of the wrecked vessel." I then approached him and saluted him, and he

returned the salutation by a sign, without speaking; and I said to him, "O chief, what is the reason of thy sitting in this place?" Thereupon he shook his head and sighed, and made a sign to me with his hand, as though he would say, "Carry me upon thy neck, and transport me from this place to the other side of the streamlet." I therefore said within myself, "I will act kindly with this person, and transport him to this place to which he desires to go; perhaps I shall obtain for it a reward."

Accordingly I advanced to him, and took him upon my shoulders, and conveyed him to the place that he had indicated to me, when I said to him, "Descend at thine ease." But he descended not from my shoulders. He had twisted his legs round my neck, and I looked at them, and I saw that they were like the hide of the buffalo in blackness and roughness. So I was frightened at him, and desired to throw him down from my shoulders; but he pressed upon my neck with his feet, and squeezed my throat, so that the world became black before my face, and I fell upon the ground like one dead.

He then raised his legs, and beat me upon my back and my shoulders; and I suffered violent pain; therefore I rose with him. He still kept his feet upon my shoulders, and I had become fatigued with bearing him; and he made a sign to me that I should go in among the trees, to the best of the fruits. When I disobeyed him, he struck me, with his feet, blows more violent than those

of whips; and he ceased not to direct me with his hand to every place to which he desired to go, and to that place I went with him. If I went slowly, he beat me; and I was as a captive to him. We went into the midst of the island, among the trees, and he descended not from my shoulders by night nor by day. When he desired to sleep, he would wind his legs round my neck, and sleep a little, and then he would awake and beat me, whereupon I would arise with him quickly, unable to disobey him, by reason of the pain which I suffered from him. And I blamed myself for having had pity on him, and I begged of Allah that I might die, in consequence of the great fatigue and distress that I suffered.

Thus I remained for a length of time, until I carried him one day to a place in the island where I found an abundance of gourds, many of which were dry. Upon this I took a large one that was dry, and, having opened its smaller end, and cleansed it, I went with it to a grape-vine, and filled the opening with the juice of the grapes. I then stopped up the hole, and put it in the sun, and left it for some days, until it had become pure wine; and every day I used to drink of it, to help myself to endure the fatigue that I underwent with that obstinate demon.

So, seeing me one day drinking, he made a sign to me with his hand, as though he would say, "What is this?" And I answered him, "This is something agreeable, that makes glad the heart." Then I ran with him,

and danced among the trees, and clapped my hands, and sang, and was joyful. Therefore when he beheld me in this state, he made a sign to me to hand him the gourd, that he might drink from it; and I feared him, and gave it to him; whereupon he drank what remained in it, and threw it upon the ground, and, being moved with merriment, began to shake upon my shoulders. All his limbs, and the muscles of his sides, became loosened, and he began to lean from side to side upon my shoulders. So when I knew that he was drunk, I put my hand to his feet, and loosed them from my neck. Then I stooped with him, and sat down, and threw him upon the ground. And I took a great stone from among the trees, and, coming to him, struck him upon his head as he lay asleep.

After that I walked about the island, with a happy mind, and came to the place where I was before, on the shore of the sea. And I remained upon that island, eating of its fruits, and drinking of the water of its rivers, and watching to see some vessel passing by me. And I said within myself, "I wonder if Allah will preserve me in safety, and if I shall return to my country, and meet my family and my companions." And lo, a vessel approached from the midst of the roaring sea, and ceased not in its course until it anchored at that island, and the passengers landed there. When they beheld me, they all gathered around me, and I told them what had

befallen me, and they wondered extremely, and said to me: "This man who rode upon thy shoulders is called the Old Man of the Sea, and no one ever was beneath his limbs and escaped from him excepting thee. Praise be to Allah for thy safety!"

1. Describe Sindbad's experience with the Old Man of the Sea. In which of the Greek stories did an old man of the sea appear? Compare the two. 2. Compare these Arabian heroes — the fisherman and Sindbad — with the Greek heroes — Hercules and Jason. Which do you like the better? By what means do the former overcome difficulties? The latter?

Punctuation: *Rules.* — Study the following rules very carefully. There are sentences to illustrate all but three of these rules in Lesson 50. Copy these sentences and supply three of your own to illustrate the rules for which you do not find sentences in the lesson.

I. Use a period: —

1. After declarative sentences.
2. After imperative sentences.
3. After abbreviations.

II. Use a question mark after a question.

III. Use an exclamation point after an exclamatory word or sentence.

IV. Use a comma: —

1. To separate words or groups of words in a series.
2. To separate a quotation from the rest of the sentence.
3. To separate a name used in address from the rest of the sentence.
4. In dates and addresses.

V. Use an apostrophe: —

1. To show omission of letters in contractions.
2. To show possession or ownership.

VI. Use quotation marks to inclose quotations.

VII. Use a hyphen at the end of a line to indicate that a word has been divided. (A word should be divided only between syllables.)

Sentence Study: *Oral Exercise.* — The subject of a sentence does not always stand at the beginning of the sentence.

Find the subjects of the following: —

1. After much suffering Sindbad escaped.
2. Freely shalt thou partake of all my store.
3. Grasping the sheep in his talons, he sailed away.
4. Then came huge vultures.
5. Colder and louder blew the blast.
6. Into the Valley of Death rode the six hundred.
7. Where is the German fatherland?
8. Down in a green and shady bed a modest violet grew.
9. What does the poor man's son inherit?
10. Alone, from out the stubble piped the quail.

Written Exercise. — Rewrite these sentences, placing the subject first; then draw a vertical line between the subject and the predicate.

51

THE DESTRUCTION OF SENNACHERIB

The Assyrian came down like the wolf on the fold,
And his cohorts were gleaming in purple and gold;
And the sheen of their spears was like stars on the sea
When the blue wave rolls nightly on deep Galilee.

Like the leaves of the forest when Summer is green,
That host with their banners at sunset were seen:



From the painting by Doré

DESTRUCTION OF THE ARMY OF SENNACHERIB

Like the leaves of the forest when Autumn hath blown,
That host on the morrow lay withered and strown.

For the Angel of Death spread his wings on the blast,
And breathed in the face of the foe as he passed;
And the eyes of the sleepers waxed deadly and chill,
And their hearts but once heaved, and forever grew still!

And there lay the steed with his nostrils all wide,
But through it there rolled not the breath of his pride,
And the foam of his gasping lay white on the turf,
And cold as the spray of the rock-beating surf.

And there lay the rider distorted and pale,
With the dew on his brow and the rust on his mail;
And the tents were all silent, the banners alone,
The lances unlifted, the trumpets unblown.

And the widows of Ashur are loud in their wail,
And the idols are broke in the temple of Baal;
And the might of the Gentile, unsmote by the sword,
Hath melted like snow in the glance of the Lord.

— Lord Byron.

Byron's famous poem is based on a single verse (2 Kings xix. 35) of the Bible story. The King of Assyria, Sennacherib, had come with a mighty army to capture Jerusalem. "And it came to pass that night, that the angel of the Lord went out, and smote in the camp of the Assyrians an hundred fourscore and five thousand: and when they [the remainder] arose early in the morning, behold, they [the others] were all dead corpses."

Ashur, Assyria; **Baal**, here used, though incorrectly, for the god of the Assyrians; **Gentile**, one not a Jew. **co'horts**, companies or regiments; **sheen**, glitter; **strown**, strewed, scattered; **dis tor'ted**, twisted; **wail**, cry; **unsmote'**, not smitten or struck.

1. Read the poem through aloud. What do you like about it? 2. Where was the ancient kingdom of Assyria? 3. Where is the Sea of Galilee? 4. Memorize the stanza that you think the finest. 5. Explain the two last lines of the last stanza. 6. To what is the Assyrian army compared in the first stanza? 7. Which stanza gives you an idea of the great numbers in the Assyrian host?

Sentence Study. — Read the first line of the poem. Which words of that line are necessary to give you the bare idea that the Assyrians advanced? In what way does the comparison, **like the wolf on the fold**, add to the picture made by the sentence? To what else might the advance of the Assyrians be compared? Fill out the blanks below, making as clear and impressive pictures as possible.

The Assyrian came down like ——.

The Assyrian came down like ——.

What further comparisons are made in this same poem? Read them all aloud. Find as many suitable comparisons as possible for the following: —

1. Bozzaris fought like ——. 2. Bad news always travels as swiftly as ——. 3. O moon! in the night I have seen you shining like ——.

Word Study: *Prefixes.* — What is the prefix in **unlifted, unblown, unsmote**? How does this prefix change the meaning of the word?

Write sentences containing the following words: unconscious, untrue, unwise, unbecoming, uncommon.

Rewrite your sentences, substituting for the printed words the group of words for which they stand. What does the prefix **un** usually mean?

52

ABOU BEN ADHEM

Abou Ben Adhem (may his tribe increase!)
Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace,
And saw, within the moonlight in his room,
Making it rich, and like a lily in bloom,
An angel writing in a book of gold:
Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold,
And to the presence in the room he said,
"What writest thou?" — The vision raised its head,
And with a look made of all sweet accord,
Answered, "The names of those who love the Lord."
"And is mine one?" said Abou. "Nay, not so,"
Replied the angel. Abou spoke more low,
But cheerily still; and said, "I pray thee then,
Write me as one that loves his fellow-men."

The angel wrote and vanished. The next night
It came again, with a great wakening light,
And showed the names whom love of God had blessed,
And lo! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest.

— Leigh Hunt.

Ben, in Oriental names, means "son of." **ac cord'**, likeness or agreement; the meaning of the line is not quite clear, but it seems to be that the "look" of the angel was in every way "sweet," or that every part of his appearance agreed with every other part in being sweet.

Read this poem carefully two or three times, and see if you can find in it the lesson the poet had in mind when he wrote it.

Sentence Study. — In imperative sentences the subject is often omitted. In which of the following is the subject omitted? Underline it where it does appear.

1. Write me as one that loves his fellow-men.
2. Depart before the prying day grow bold.
3. Do not shoot me, Hiawatha.
4. Be slow to anger.
5. Guide Thou my feet.
6. Look before you leap.
7. Make hay while the sun shines.
8. Own a fault if you are wrong.

53

THE ARAB TO THE PALM

If I were a king, O stately tree,
A likeness, glorious as might be,
In the court of my palace I'd build for thee!

With a shaft of silver, burnished bright,
And leaves of beryl and malachite;
With spikes of golden bloom ablaze,
And fruits of topaz and chrysoprase.

And there the poets in thy praise,
Should night and morning frame new lays, —
New measures sung to tunes divine;
But none, O palm, shall equal mine!

— Bayard Taylor.

ber'yl, mal'a chite, to'paz, chrys'o prase, precious stones.

1. Who is supposed to be speaking in this poem? 2. Why does the Arab think so much of the palm tree? 3. Why would beryl and malachite be appropriate for the leaves of the tree? 4. Describe in your own words the tree the Arab would like to build.

54

JOSEPH AND HIS BRETHREN

And Jacob dwelt in the land of Canaan. Now Jacob loved Joseph more than all his children, because he was the son of his old age: and he made him a coat of many colors. And when his brethren saw that their father loved him more than all his brethren, they hated him, and could not speak peaceably unto him.

And Joseph dreamed a dream, and he told it to his brethren: and they hated him yet the more. And he said unto them, "Hear, I pray you, this dream which I have dreamed. Behold, we were binding sheaves in the field, and lo, my sheaf arose and stood upright; and behold, your sheaves stood round about, and made obeisance to my sheaf." And his brethren said to him, "Shalt thou indeed reign over us?" And they hated him yet more for his dreams, and for his words.

And he dreamed yet another dream, and told it to his brethren, and said, "Behold, I have dreamed a dream more; and behold, the sun and the moon and the eleven

stars made obeisance to me." And he told it to his father and to his brethren: and his father rebuked him, and said unto him, "What is this dream that thou hast dreamed? Shall I and thy mother and thy brethren indeed come to bow down ourselves to the earth?"

And his brethren went to feed their father's flock in Shechem. And Jacob said unto Joseph, "Do not thy brethren feed the flock in Shechem? Come, and I will send thee unto them." And he said to him, "Here am I." And he said to him, "Go, I pray thee, see whether it be well with thy brethren, and well with the flocks; and bring me word again."

And Joseph went after his brethren, and found them in Dothan. And when they saw him afar off, even before he came near unto them, they conspired against him to slay him. And they said one to another, "Behold, this dreamer cometh. Come now, therefore, and let us slay him, and cast him into some pit, and we will say, 'Some evil beast hath devoured him:' and we shall see what will become of his dreams." And Reuben heard it and he delivered him out of their hands; and said, "Let us not kill him." And Reuben said unto them, "Shed no blood, but cast him into this pit that is in the wilderness, and lay no hand upon him;" that he might restore him to his father.

And it came to pass, when Joseph was come unto his brethren, that they stript Joseph of his coat, his coat

of many colors that was on him; and they took him and cast him into a pit. And the pit was empty, there was no water in it. And they sat down to eat bread: and they lifted up their eyes and looked, and behold, a company of Ishmaelites came from Gilead with their camels, bearing spicery and balm and myrrh, going to carry it down to Egypt. And Judah said unto his brethren, "What profit is it if we slay our brother, and conceal his blood? Come, and let us sell him to the Ishmaelites, and let not our hand be upon him: for he is our brother and our flesh." And his brethren were content, and they lifted up Joseph out of the pit, and sold Joseph to the Ishmaelites for twenty pieces of silver: and they brought Joseph into Egypt.

And Reuben returned unto the pit; and behold, Joseph was not in the pit; and he rent his clothes. And he returned unto his brethren, and said, "The child is not; and I, whither shall I go?" And they took Joseph's coat, and killed a kid of the goats, and dipped the coat in the blood. And they brought the coat of many colors to their father; and said, "This have we found: know now whether it be thy son's coat or no." And he knew it, and said, "It is my son's coat; an evil beast hath devoured him; Joseph is without doubt rent in pieces." And Jacob rent his clothes, and mourned for his son many days. And all his sons and all his daughters rose up to comfort him; but he refused to be comforted: and he



From the painting by Schopin

THE DESPAIR OF JACOB

said, "I will go down into the grave unto my son mourning." Thus his father wept for him. And the Ishmaelites sold him into Egypt unto Potiphar, an officer of Pharaoh's, and captain of the guard.

And the Lord was with Joseph, and he was a prosperous man; and he was in the house of his master the Egyptian. And his master saw that the Lord was with him, and that the Lord made all that he did to prosper in his hand. And Joseph found grace in his sight, and he served him: and he made him overseer over his house, and all that he had he put in his hand. And it came to pass from the time that he had made him overseer in his house, and over all that he had, that the Lord blessed the Egyptian's house for Joseph's sake; and the blessing of the Lord was upon all that he had in the house, and in the field.

Then Pharaoh sent and called Joseph. And Pharaoh said unto Joseph, "I have dreamed a dream, and there is none that can interpret it: and I have heard say of thee that thou canst understand a dream to interpret it." And Joseph answered Pharaoh, saying, "It is not in me: God shall give Pharaoh an answer of peace." And Pharaoh said unto Joseph, "In my dream, behold, I stood upon the bank of the river: and behold, there came up out of the river seven kine, fat-fleshed and well-favored; and they fed in a meadow. And behold seven other kine came up after them, poor and very ill-favored and lean-

fleshed, such as I never saw in all the land of Egypt for badness. And the lean and the ill-favored kine did eat up the first seven fat kine. And when they had eaten them up, it could not be known that they had eaten them; but they were still ill-favored, as at the beginning. So I awoke. And I saw in my dream, and behold, seven ears came up in one stalk, full and good. And behold, seven ears, withered, thin, and blasted with the east wind, sprung up after them. And the thin ears devoured the seven good ears; and I told this unto the magicians, but there was none that could declare it to me."

And Joseph said unto Pharaoh, "God hath shown Pharaoh what he is about to do. Behold, there come seven years of great plenty throughout all the land of Egypt. And there shall arise after them seven years of famine; and all the plenty shall be forgotten in the land of Egypt; and the famine shall consume the land. Now therefore let Pharaoh look out a man discreet and wise, and set him over the land of Egypt. Let Pharaoh do this, and let him appoint officers over the land of Egypt in the seven plenteous years. And let them gather all the food of those good years that come, and lay up corn under the hands of Pharaoh, and let them keep food in the cities. And that food shall be for a store to the land against the seven years of famine."

—The Bible: Genesis xxxvii, xxxix, and xli.

breth'ren, an old word for brothers; **o bei'sance**, a deep bow made to a superior; **con spired'**, plotted; **myrrh**, a sweet-smelling gum; **rent**, tore; **well-fa'vored**, good-looking; **in ter'pret**, explain; **kine**, an old word for cows; **corn**, grain of any kind.

1. Find Palestine on your maps. Canaan was that part of Palestine that lay between the Jordan River and the Mediterranean Sea. What direction is this from Egypt and about how far? 2. To what nation did Jacob belong? 3. Tell Joseph's dreams in your own words. 4. How did his brothers receive his dreams? 5. How did Joseph win the confidence of Pharaoh? 6. Tell Pharaoh's dream in your own words. How did Joseph interpret it? 7. What are magicians? Why did Pharaoh go to them to have his dream interpreted? 8. What advice did Joseph give Pharaoh in regard to the expected famine?

Sentence Study. — Make sentences, using the following as subjects: —

1. Joseph ——. 2. Egypt ——. 3. The shepherds ——. 4. A great famine ——. 5. The pine tree ——. 6. I ——. 7. The good ship ——. 8. A brave knight ——. 9. The bluebird ——. 10. The great round sun ——.

Make sentences, using the following as predicates: —

1. —— mourned for his son. 2. —— made Joseph a coat of many colors. 3. —— cast him into a pit. 4. —— sold him to some merchants. 5. —— flows swiftly. 6. —— grew by the wayside. 7. —— sank beneath the waves. 8. —— is coming soon. 9. —— stood on the mountain top. 10. —— demanded a surrender.

55

JOSEPH AND HIS BRETHREN (*Continued*)

And the thing was good in the eyes of Pharaoh, and in the eyes of all his servants. And Pharaoh said unto Joseph, "Thou shalt be over my house, and according

unto thy word shall all my people be ruled; only in the throne will I be greater than thou. See, I have set thee over all the land of Egypt." And Pharaoh took off his ring from his hand and put it upon Joseph's hand, and arrayed him in fine linen, and put a gold chain about his neck. And he made him to ride in the second chariot which he had; and they cried before him, "Bow the knee;" and he made him ruler over all the land of Egypt.

And in the seven plenteous years the earth brought forth by handfuls. And Joseph gathered up all the food of the seven years, and laid up the food in the cities. And Joseph gathered corn as the sand of the sea, very much, until he left numbering; for it was without number.

And the seven years of plenteousness were ended. And the seven years of dearth began to come, according as Joseph had said; and the dearth was in all lands; but in all the land of Egypt there was bread. And when all the land of Egypt was famished, the people cried to Pharaoh for bread: and Pharaoh said unto all the Egyptians, "Go unto Joseph; what he saith to you, do." And the famine was over all the face of the earth. And Joseph opened all the storehouses, and sold unto the Egyptians. And all countries came into Egypt to Joseph for to buy corn; because that the famine was so sore in all lands.

Now when Jacob saw that there was corn in Egypt, Jacob said unto his sons, "Behold, I have heard that there is corn in Egypt: get you down thither and buy for us from thence; that we may live, and not die."

And Joseph's ten brethren went down to buy corn in Egypt. But Benjamin, Joseph's brother, Jacob sent not with his brethren; for he said, "Lest peradventure mischief befall him." And Joseph was the governor over the land, and he it was that sold to all the people of the land: and Joseph's brethren came, and bowed down themselves before him with their faces to the earth. And Joseph saw his brethren, and he knew them, but made himself strange unto them, and spake roughly unto them; and he said unto them, "Whence come ye?" And they said, "From the land of Canaan to buy food."

And Joseph remembered the dreams which he dreamed of them, and said unto them, "Ye are spies; to see the nakedness of the land ye are come." And they said unto him, "Nay, my lord, but to buy food are thy servants come. We are all one man's sons; we are true men, thy servants are no spies." And he said unto them, "Nay, but to see the nakedness of the land ye are come." And they said, "Thy servants are twelve brethren, the sons of one man in the land of Canaan; and behold, the youngest is this day with our father, and one is not."

And Joseph said unto them, "Hereby ye shall be proved. By the life of Pharaoh ye shall not go forth

hence, except your youngest brother come hither. Send one of you, and let him fetch your brother, and ye shall be kept in prison, that your words may be proven, whether there be any truth in you: or else by the life of Pharaoh surely ye are spies." And he put them all together into ward three days. And Joseph said unto them the third day, "If ye be true men, let one of your brethren be bound in prison, but go ye, carry corn for the famine of your houses, and bring your youngest brother unto me; so shall your words be verified, and ye shall not die."

And they said one to another, "We are very guilty concerning our brother, in that we saw the anguish of his soul, when he besought us, and we would not hear; therefore is this distress come upon us." And Reuben answered them, saying, "Spake I not unto you, saying, 'Do not sin against the child;' and ye would not hear?" And they knew not that Joseph understood them; for he spake unto them by an interpreter. And he turned himself about from them, and wept; and returned to them again, and took from them Simeon, and bound him before their eyes.

Then Joseph commanded to fill their sacks with corn, and to restore every man's money into his sack, and to give them provision for the way: and thus did he unto them. And they laded their asses with the corn, and departed thence. And as one of them opened his sack to give his ass provender in the inn, he espied his money;

for behold, it was in his sack's mouth. And he said unto his brethren, "My money is restored; and lo, it is even in my sack;" and their heart failed them, and they were afraid, saying, "What is this that God hath done unto us?"

And they came unto Jacob their father, and told him all that had befallen them. And Jacob their father said unto them, "Me have ye bereaved of my children: Joseph is not, and Simeon is not, and ye will take Benjamin away: all these things are against me." And Reuben spake unto his father, saying, "Slay my two sons, if I bring him not to thee; deliver him into my hand, and I will bring him to thee again." And he said, "My son shall not go down with you; for his brother is dead, and he is left alone: if mischief befall him by the way, then shall ye bring down my gray hairs with sorrow to the grave."

And the famine was sore in the land. And it came to pass when they had eaten up the corn which they had brought out of Egypt, their father said unto them, "Go again, buy us a little food." And Judah spake unto him, saying, "The man did solemnly protest unto us, saying, 'Ye shall not see my face, except your brother be with you.'" And their father Jacob said unto them, "If it must be so now, do this: take of the best fruits in the land, and carry down the man a present, a little balm, and a little honey, spices, and myrrh, nuts, and almonds.

And take double money in your hand; and the money that was brought again in the mouth of your sacks, carry it again in your hand: peradventure it was an oversight. Take also your brother, and arise, go again unto the man, and God Almighty give you mercy before the man, that he may send away your other brother, and Benjamin."

—THE BIBLE: Genesis xli–xliii.

dearth, lack, want; **per ad ven'ture**, perhaps; **ward**, prison; **ver'i-fied**, proved correct; **in ter'pre ter**, translator from one language into another; **prov'en der**, food; **be reave'**, to take away from; **pro test'**, usually, object; but in an old meaning, say earnestly.

1. How did Pharaoh show his confidence in Joseph? How did Joseph prove that he was worthy of it? 2. To what is the amount of corn which Joseph gathered likened? In which other selection was this same comparison made?

Spelling. — Peaceably, brethren, famine, devoured, established, mischief, guilty, servant, governor, gracious, roughly, famished.

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JOSEPH AND HIS BRETHREN (*Concluded*)

AND the men took that present, and they took double money in their hand, and Benjamin; and rose up, and went down to Egypt, and stood before Joseph. And when Joseph saw Benjamin with them, he said to the ruler of his house, "Bring these men home, and make ready; for these men shall dine with me at noon." And the man brought the men into Joseph's house, and

gave them water, and they washed their feet; and he gave their asses provender. And they made ready the present against Joseph came at noon: for they heard that they should eat bread there.

And when Joseph came home, they brought him the present which was in their hand into the house, and bowed themselves to him to the earth. And he asked them of their welfare, and said, "Is your father well, the old man of whom ye spake? Is he yet alive?" And they answered, "Thy servant our father is in good health, he is yet alive." And they bowed down their heads, and made obeisance. And he lifted up his eyes, and saw his brother Benjamin, his mother's son, and said, "Is this your younger brother, of whom ye spake unto me?" And he said, "God be gracious unto thee, my son." And Joseph made haste; for he did yearn upon his brother: and he sought where to weep: and he entered into his chamber, and wept there. And he washed his face, and went out, and refrained himself, and said, "Set on bread." And they set on for him by himself, and for them by themselves, and for the Egyptians, which did eat with him, by themselves, because the Egyptians might not eat bread with the Hebrews. And they sat before him, the firstborn according to his birthright, and the youngest according to his youth: and the men marveled one at another. And he took and sent messes unto them from before him: but Benjamin's mess was five times so much

as any of theirs. And they drank, and were merry with him.

And he commanded the steward of his house, saying, "Fill the men's sacks with food, as much as they can carry, and put every man's money in his sack's mouth. And put my cup, the silver cup, in the sack's mouth of the youngest, and his corn money." And he did according to the word that Joseph had spoken. As soon as the morning was light, the men were sent away, they and their asses. And when they were gone out of the city, and not yet far off, Joseph said unto his steward, "Up, follow after the men; and when thou dost overtake them, say unto them, 'Wherefore have ye rewarded evil for good? Is not this it in which my lord drinketh? Ye have done evil in so doing.'" And he overtook them, and he spake unto them these same words. And they said unto him, "Wherefore saith my lord these words? God forbid that thy servants should do according to this thing. Behold, the money which we found in our sacks' mouths, we brought again unto thee out of the land of Canaan: how then shall we steal out of thy lord's house silver or gold? With whomsoever of thy servants it be found, let him die, and we also will be thy lord's bondmen." And he said, "Now also let it be according unto your words: he with whom it is found shall be my servant; and ye shall be blameless."

Then they speedily took down every man his sack to

the ground, and opened every man his sack. And he searched, and began at the eldest, and left at the youngest: and the cup was found in Benjamin's sack. Then they rent their clothes, and laded every man his ass, and returned to the city.

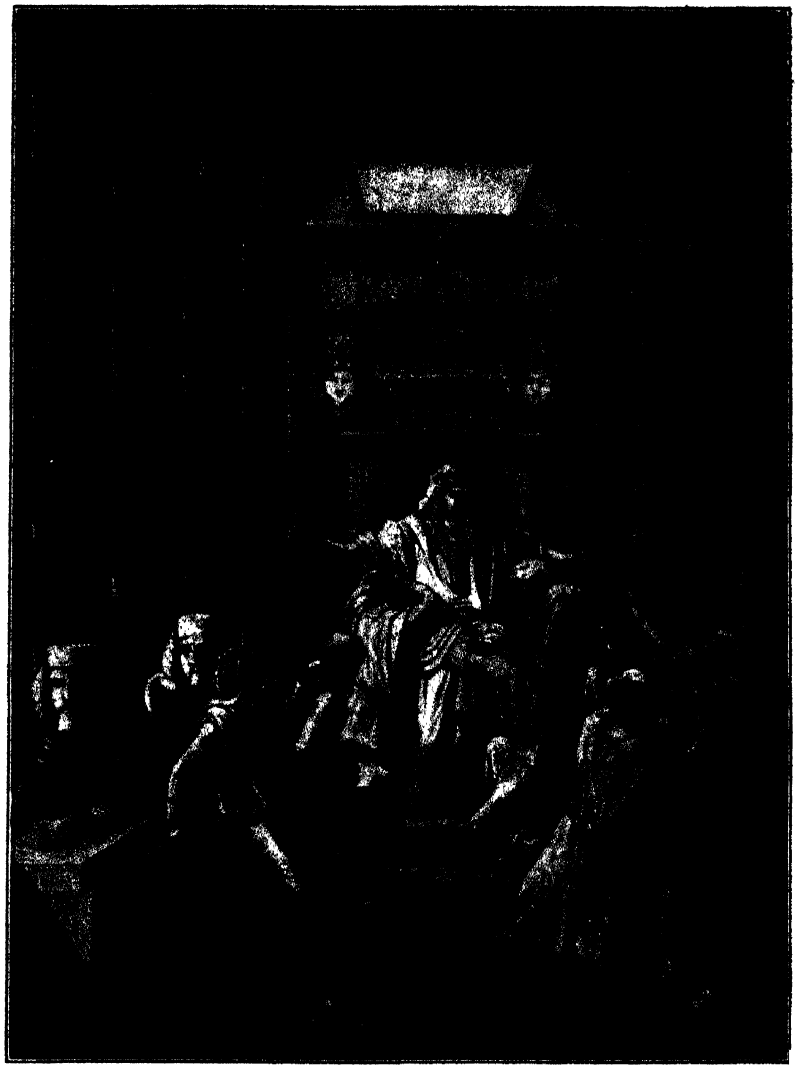
And Judah and his brethren came to Joseph's house; for he was yet there: and they fell before him on the ground. And Joseph said unto them, "What deed is this that ye have done?" And Judah said, "What shall we say unto my lord? what shall we speak? or how shall we clear ourselves? God hath found out the iniquity of thy servants: behold, we are my lord's servants, both we, and he also with whom the cup is found." And he said, "God forbid that I should do so: but the man in whose hand the cup is found, he shall be my servant; and as for you, get you up in peace unto your father."

Then Judah came near him, and said, "O my lord, let thy servant, I pray thee, speak a word in my lord's ears, and let not thine anger burn against thy servant: for thou art even as Pharaoh. My lord asked his servants, saying, 'Have ye a father, or a brother?' And we said unto my lord, 'We have a father, an old man, and a child of his old age, a little one; and his father loveth him.' And thou saidst unto thy servants, 'Bring him down unto me, that I may set mine eyes upon him.' And we said unto my lord, 'The lad cannot leave his father: for if he should leave his father, his father would die.' And

thou saidst unto thy servants, 'Except your youngest brother come down with you, ye shall see my face no more.' And it came to pass when we came up unto thy servant my father, we told him the words of my lord.

"And our father said, 'Go again, and buy us a little food.' And we said, 'We cannot go down: if our youngest brother be with us, then will we go down: for we may not see the man's face, except our youngest brother be with us.' And thy servant my father said unto us, 'Ye know that my wife bare me two sons: and the one went out from me, and surely he is torn in pieces. And if ye take this also from me, and mischief befall him, ye shall bring down my gray hairs with sorrow to the grave.' Now therefore when I come to thy servant my father, and the lad be not with us, seeing that his life is bound up in the lad's life, it shall come to pass when he seeth that the lad is not with us, that he will die: and thy servants shall bring down the gray hairs of thy servant our father with sorrow to the grave. For thy servant became surety for the lad unto my father, saying, 'If I bring him not unto thee, then I shall bear the blame to my father forever.' Now therefore, I pray thee, let thy servant abide instead of the lad a bondman to my lord; and let the lad go up with his brethren. For how shall I go up to my father, and the lad be not with me?"

Then Joseph could not refrain himself before all them that stood by him; and he cried, "Cause every man to go



From the painting by Doré

JOSEPH MAKES HIMSELF KNOWN TO HIS BRETHREN

out from me." And there stood no man with him, while Joseph made himself known to his brethren. And he wept aloud: and the Egyptians and the house of Pharaoh heard. And Joseph said unto his brethren, "I am Joseph; doth my father yet live?" And his brethren could not answer him; for they were troubled at his presence.

And Joseph said unto his brethren, "Come near to me, I pray you." And they came near. And he said, "I am Joseph your brother, whom ye sold into Egypt. Now therefore be not grieved, nor angry with yourselves, that ye sold me hither: for God did send me before you to preserve life. For these two years hath the famine been in the land: and yet there are five years, in which there shall neither be earing nor harvest. And God sent me before you to save your lives. So now it was not you that sent me hither, but God: and he hath made me a father to Pharaoh, and lord of all his house, and a ruler throughout all the land of Egypt. Haste ye, and go up to my father, and say unto him, 'Thus saith thy son Joseph, God hath made me lord of all Egypt: come down unto me, tarry not. And thou shalt dwell in the land of Goshen, and thou shalt be near unto me, thou, and thy children, and thy children's children, and thy flocks, and thy herds, and all that thou hast. And there will I nourish thee; for yet there are five years of famine; lest thou, and thy household, and all that thou hast, come to poverty.' And behold, your eyes see, and the eyes of my

brother Benjamin, that it is my mouth that speaketh unto you. And you shall tell my father of all my glory in Egypt, and of all that ye have seen; and ye shall haste and bring down my father hither."

And they went up out of Egypt, and came into the land of Canaan unto Jacob their father, and told him, saying, "Joseph is yet alive, and he is governor over all the land of Egypt." And Jacob's heart fainted, for he believed them not. And they told him all the words of Joseph, which he had said unto them: and when he saw the wagons which Joseph had sent to carry him, the spirit of Jacob their father revived; and he said, "It is enough; Joseph my son is yet alive: I will go and see him before I die."

— The Bible: Genesis xliii–xlv.

re frained', kept back (his tears); **mess'es**, food; **bond'man**, slave; **in iq'ui ty**, wickedness; **sure'ty**, something left in one's hand to make it sure that a promise will be kept.

1. Tell how Joseph's dream came true. 2. How did he repay his brothers for their treatment of him? 3. In what way did he show his love for his father? 4. Tell the story of Joseph in your own words.

Sentence Study. — Tell what kind of a sentence each of the following is. Read aloud all the subjects. Write the predicates in a column.

1. Joseph was made ruler of Egypt. 2. Where is Egypt? 3. He had a strange dream. 4. Long live the king! 5. Keep thy tongue from evil. 6. Out of the north the wild news came. 7. Drop by drop the lake is drained. 8. Was there a man dismayed? 9. The

night is calm and cloudless. 10. The tree's early leaf buds were bursting their brown. 11. Hail to the chief that in triumph advances. 12. Strike when the iron is hot. 13. Dost thou love thy fellow-men? 14. Look up and not down. Look forward and not back. Look out and not in. Lend a hand.

57

THE BURIAL OF MOSES

By Nebo's lonely mountain,
On this side Jordan's wave,
In a vale in the land of Moab,
There lies a lonely grave;
And no man knows that sepulcher,
And no man saw it e'er,
For the angels of God upturned the sod,
And laid the dead man there.

That was the grandest funeral
That ever passed on earth;
But no man heard the trampling,
Or saw the train go forth,
Noiselessly as the daylight
Comes back when night is done,
And the crimson streak on ocean's cheek
Grows into the great sun,—

Noiselessly as the springtime
Her crown of verdure weaves,

And all the trees on all the hills
 Open their thousand leaves;
So without sound of music,
 Or voice of them that wept,
Silently down from the mountain's crown
 The great procession swept.

Perchance the bald old eagle,
 On gray Beth-peor's height,
Out of his lonely eyrie,
 Looked on the wondrous sight:
Perchance the lion stalking
 Still shuns that hallowed spot.
For beast and bird have seen and heard
 That which man knoweth not.

But when the warrior dieth,
 His comrades in the war,
With arms reversed and muffled drum,
 Follow his funeral car:
They show the banners taken,
 They tell his battles won,
And after him lead his masterless steed,
 While peals the minute gun.

Amid the noblest of the land
 We lay the sage to rest,

And give the bard an honored place,
With costly marble drest,
In the great minster transept
Where lights like glories fall,
And the organ rings, and the sweet choir sings,
Along the emblazoned wall.

This was the truest warrior
That ever buckled sword, —
This the most gifted poet
That ever breathed a word;
And never earth's philosopher
Traced with his golden pen,
On the deathless page, truths half so sage
As he wrote down for men.

And had he not high honor —
The hillside for a pall, —
To lie in state while angels wait,
With stars for tapers tall, —
And the dark rock pines, like tossing plumes,
Over his bier to wave,
And God's own hand in that lonely land,
To lay him in the grave?

O lonely grave in Moab's land!
O dark Beth-peor's hill!

Speak to these curious hearts of ours,
And teach them to be still.
God hath his mysteries of grace,
Ways that we cannot tell:
He hides them deep, like the hidden sleep
Of Him He loved so well.

— CECIL FRANCES ALEXANDER.

"And Moses went up from the plains of Moab unto the mountain of Nebo, to the top of Pisgah, that is over against Jericho. . . . So Moses the servant of the Lord died there in the land of Moab, according to the word of the Lord. And he buried him in a valley in the land of Moab, over against Beth-peor, but no man knoweth of his sepulchre unto this day." — Deuteronomy xxxiv. 1-6.

sep'ul cher, grave; **train**, procession; **verd'ure**, green foliage and grass; **ey'rie**, nest; **hal'lowed**, made holy; **re versed'**, turned upside down; **sage**, wise man; **min'ster**, cathedral; **tran'sept**, when a church is built in the form of a cross, the shorter arm; **em bla'zoned**, covered with painted figures; **phi los'o pher**, wise man; **pall**, the funeral covering of the dead; **bier**, that on which a dead body rests.

1. Who was Moses? 2. Where is the river Jordan? 3. In how many ways is the loneliness of the grave emphasized? Read the lines that picture it. 4. Substitute other words for **sage, bard, minster,** and then explain the sixth stanza. 5. What contrast is drawn between the funeral of a warrior and that of Moses? 6. Why is Moses called the "truest warrior that ever buckled sword"? 7. What are some of the great "truths" that he wrote down for men? 8. Commit to memory the stanza or stanzas that you like best.

58

HIAWATHA AND PEARL-FEATHER

[As has been said before, all early people had their myths and hero legends. The American Indians, who, until recent times, lived much the same free, simple, out-of-door life that the Greek and German tribes lived many centuries ago, had theirs also. The myths of the Ojibways, who once occupied the country round the Great Lakes, were collected almost a century ago, and Longfellow turned them into verse in *Hiawatha*. The selections that follow relate the services of this hero to his tribe in slaying an evil magician, and in ridding his people of the troublesome Pau-Puk-Keewis.]

On the shores of Gitche Gumee,
Of the shining Big-Sea-Water,
Stood Nokomis, the old woman,
Pointing with her finger westward,
O'er the water pointing westward,
To the purple clouds of sunset.
Fiercely the red sun descending
Burned his way along the heavens,
Set the sky on fire behind him,
As war parties, when retreating,
Burn the prairies on their war trail;
And the moon, the Night-Sun, eastward,
Suddenly starting from his ambush,
Followed fast those bloody footprints,
Followed in that fiery war trail,
With its glare upon his features.

And Nokomis, the old woman,
Pointing with her finger westward,
Spake these words to Hiawatha:
"Yonder dwells the great Pearl-Feather,
Megissogwon, the Magician,
Manito of Wealth and Wampum,
Guarded by his fiery serpents,
Guarded by the black pitch water.
You can see his fiery serpents,
The Kenabeek, the great serpents,
Coiling, playing in the water;
You can see the black pitch water
Stretching far away beyond them,
To the purple clouds of sunset!
"He it was who slew my father,
By his wicked wiles and cunning,
When he from the moon descended,
When he came on earth to seek me.
He, the mightiest of Magicians,
Sends the fever from the marshes,
Sends the white fog from the fen lands,
Sends disease and death among us!
"Take your bow, O Hiawatha,
Take your arrows, jasper-headed,
Take your war club, Puggawaugun,
And your mittens, Minjekahwun,
And your birch canoe for sailing,

And the oil of Mishe-Nahma,
So to smear its sides, that swiftly
You may pass the black pitch water;
Slay this merciless magician,
Save the people from the fever
And avenge my father's murder!"
Straightway then my Hiawatha
Armed himself with all his war gear,
Launched his birch canoe for sailing;
With his palm its sides he patted,
Said with glee, "Cheemaun, my darling,
O my Birch-Canoe! leap forward,
Where you see the fiery serpents,
Where you see the black pitch water!"
Forward leaped Cheemaun exulting,
And the noble Hiawatha
Sang his war song wild and woful,
And above him the war eagle,
The Keneu, the great war eagle,
Master of all fowls with feathers,
Screamed and hurtled through the heavens.
Soon he reached the fiery serpents,
The Kenabeek, the great serpents,
Lying huge upon the water,
Sparkling, rippling in the water,
Lying coiled across the passage,
With their blazing crests uplifted,

Breathing fiery fogs and vapors,
So that none could pass beyond them.
But the fearless Hiawatha
Cried aloud, and spake in this wise:
"Let me pass my way, Kenabeek,
Let me go upon my journey!"
And they answered, hissing fiercely,
With their fiery breath made answer:
"Back, go back! O Shaugodaya!
Back to old Nokomis, Faint-heart!"
Then the angry Hiawatha
Raised his mighty bow of ash tree,
Seized his arrows, jasper-headed,
Shot them fast among the serpents;
Every twanging of the bowstring
Was a war cry and a death cry,
Every whizzing of an arrow
Was a death song of Kenabeek.
Weltering in the bloody water,
Dead lay all the fiery serpents,
And among them Hiawatha
Harmless sailed, and cried exulting:
"Onward, O Cheemaun, my darling!
Onward to the black pitch water!"
Then he took the oil of Nahma,
And the bows and sides anointed,
Smeared them well with oil, that swiftly

He might pass the black pitch water.
All night long he sailed upon it,
Sailed upon that sluggish water,
Covered with its mold of ages,
Black with rotting water rushes,
Rank with flags and leaves of lilies,
Stagnant, lifeless, dreary, dismal,
Lighted by the shimmering moonlight,
And by will-o'-the-wisps illumined,
Fires by ghosts of dead men kindled,
In their weary night encampments.
Westward thus fared Hiawatha,
Toward the realm of Megissogwon,
Toward the land of the Pearl-Feather,
Till the level moon stared at him,
In his face stared pale and haggard,
Till the sun was hot behind him,
Till it burned upon his shoulders,
And before him on the upland
He could see the Shining Wigwam
Of the Manito of Wampum,
Of the mightiest of Magicians.
Then once more Cheemaun he patted,
To his birch canoe said, "Onward!"
And it stirred in all its fibers,
And with one great bound of triumph
Leaped across the water lilies,

Leaped through tangled flags and rushes,
And upon the beach beyond them
Dry-shod landed Hiawatha.
 Straight he took his bow of ash tree,
On the sand one end he rested,
With his knee he pressed the middle,
Stretched the faithful bowstring tighter,
Took an arrow, jasper-headed,
Shot it at the Shining Wigwam,
Sent it singing as a herald,
As a bearer of his message,
Of his challenge loud and lofty:
"Come forth from your lodge, Pearl-Feather!
Hiawatha waits your coming!"

—Henry Wadsworth Longfellow: *The Song of Hiawatha.*

Man'i to, god; **wam'pum**, Indian money, made of shells; **wiles**, tricks; **fen'lands**, swamp lands; **jas'per**, a hard and precious stone; **war gear**, war-dress; **ex ul'ting**, rejoicing.

1. Who was Hiawatha? Who was Pearl-Feather? 2. What body of water is meant by Gitche Gumee? 3. At what time of day does this story open? 4. What "bloody footprints" are referred to in the fourteenth line? 5. Why did Nokomis wish Hiawatha to slay Pearl-Feather? 6. Why did the Indians make their bows of wood of the ash tree? 7. What was the advantage of having arrows jasper-headed? 8. Give the meaning of line 6, page 347, in your own words. 9. What is the Indian custom of declaring war? Read the lines that describe Hiawatha's declaration of war.

Sentence Study.—1. Read the first ten lines. To what does Longfellow compare the setting sun? What other comparison

could you make? Find some other comparisons in this same poem.

2. Make sentences using the following comparisons: —

Like a golden ball, as a lion, like a bird, as a feather, like velvet, as a bell, like the roar of the sea, like a pearl, like a wild rose, as a serpent.

Subject and Predicate. — The noble Hiawatha sang his war song.

What is the subject of this sentence? What is the predicate? Draw a vertical line between them. Which of the words in the subject is necessary to the sense of the sentence? Which in the predicate? Read the necessary word of the subject with the necessary word of the predicate, and see if the two together make sense.

Rule. — The necessary word in the complete subject is called the **simple subject.**

The necessary word or words in the complete predicate are called the **simple predicate.**

I. Strike out all the unnecessary words in the following complete subjects, leaving only the simple subjects. Then write each simple subject with its predicate, and see if the words taken together make sense.

1. The cool wind blows. 2. The babbling little brook flows. 3. The brown autumn leaves fall.

II. Strike out all unnecessary words in the following complete predicates, leaving only the simple predicates. Then write each simple predicate after its subject, and see if the two together make sense.

1. Orioles build hanging nests. 2. Shepherds watch their flocks. 3. Primroses peep beneath the hedge.

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HIAWATHA AND PEARL-FEATHER (*Concluded*)

STRAIGHTWAY from the Shining Wigwam
Came the mighty Megissogwon,
Tall of stature, broad of shoulder,
Dark and terrible in aspect,
Clad from head to foot in wampum,
Armed with all his warlike weapons,
Painted like the sky of morning,
Streaked with crimson, blue, and yellow,
Crested with great eagle feathers,
Streaming upward, streaming outward.
"Well I know you, Hiawatha!"
Cried he in a voice of thunder,
In a tone of loud derision.
"Hasten back, O Shaugodaya!
Hasten back among the women,
Back to old Nokomis, Faint-heart!
I will slay you as you stand there,
As of old I slew her father!"
But my Hiawatha answered,
Nothing daunted, fearing nothing:
"Big words do not smite like war clubs,
Boastful breath is not a bowstring,
Taunts are not so sharp as arrows,

Deeds are better things than words are,
Actions mightier than boastings!"
Then began the greatest battle
That the sun had ever looked on,
That the war birds ever witnessed.
All a summer's day it lasted,
From the sunrise to the sunset;
For the shafts of Hiawatha
Harmless hit the shirt of wampum,
Harmless fell the blows he dealt it
With his mittens, Minjekahwun,
Harmless fell the heavy war club;
It could dash the rocks asunder,
But it could not break the meshes
Of that magic shirt of wampum.
Till at sunset Hiawatha,
Leaning on his bow of ash tree,
Wounded, weary, and desponding,
With his mighty war club broken,
With his mittens torn and tattered,
And three useless arrows only,
Paused to rest beneath a pine tree.
Suddenly from the boughs above him
Sang the Mama, the woodpecker:
"Aim your arrows, Hiawatha,
At the head of Megissogwon,
Strike the tuft of hair upon it,

At their roots the long black tresses;
There alone can he be wounded!"
Winged with feathers, tipped with jasper,
Swift flew Hiawatha's arrow,
Just as Megissogwon, stooping,
Raised a heavy stone to throw it.



Full upon the crown it struck him,
At the roots of his long tresses,
And he reeled and staggered forward,
Plunging like a wounded bison,
Yes, like Pezhekee, the bison,
When the snow is on the prairie.
Swifter flew the second arrow,

In the pathway of the other,
Piercing deeper than the other,
Wounded sorer than the other;
And the knees of Megissogwon
Shook like windy reeds beneath him,
Bent and trembled like the rushes.

But the third and latest arrow
Swiftest flew, and wounded sorest,
And the mighty Megissogwon
Saw the fiery eyes of Pauguk,
Saw the eyes of Death glare at him,
Heard his voice call in the darkness;
At the feet of Hiawatha
Lifeless lay the great Pearl-Feather,
Lay the mightiest of Magicians.

Then the grateful Hiawatha
Called the Mama, the woodpecker,
From his perch among the branches
Of the melancholy pine tree,
And, in honor of his service,
Stained with blood the tuft of feathers
On the little head of Mama;
Even to this day he wears it,
Wears the tuft of crimson feathers,
As a symbol of his service.

Then he stripped the shirt of wampum
From the back of Megissogwon,

As a trophy of the battle,
As a signal of his conquest.
On the shore he left the body,
Half on land and half in water,
In the sand his feet were buried,
And his face was in the water.
And above him, wheeled and clamored
The Keneu, the great war eagle,
Sailing round in narrower circles,
Hovering nearer, nearer, nearer.

From the wigwam Hiawatha
Bore the wealth of Megissogwon,
All his wealth of skins and wampum,
Furs of bison and of beaver,
Furs of sable and of ermine,
Wampum belts and strings and pouches,
Quivers wrought with beads of wampum,
Filled with arrows, silver-headed.

Homeward then he sailed exulting,
Homeward through the black pitch water,
Homeward through the weltering serpents,
With the trophies of the battle,
With a shout and song of triumph.

On the shore stood old Nokomis,
On the shore stood Chibiabos,
And the very strong man, Kwasind,
Waiting for the hero's coming,

Listening to his song of triumph.
And the people of the village
Welcomed him with songs and dances,
Made a joyous feast and shouted:
"Honor be to Hiawatha!
He has slain the great Pearl-Feather,
Slain the mightiest of Magicians,
Him who sent the fiery fever,
Sent the white fog from the fen lands,
Sent disease and death among us!"
Ever dear to Hiawatha
Was the memory of Mama!
And in token of his friendship,
As a mark of his remembrance,
He adorned and decked his pipestem
With the crimson tuft of feathers,
With the blood-red crest of Mama.
But the wealth of Megissogwon
All the trophies of the battle,
He divided with his people,
Shared it equally among them.

—Henry Wadsworth Longfellow: *The Song of Hiawatha.*

stat'ure, height; **de ris'ion**, contempt; **a sun'der**, apart; **de spond'ing**, in despair; **mel'an cho ly**, sad; **clam'ored**, cried loudly.

1. What other hero was advised by a bird? 2. Tell in your own words the Indian legend of how the woodpecker comes to have a red crest. 3. What other hero have you read about that could be

wounded in one spot only? 4. Why is the pine tree called "melancholy"? 5. Describe the battle between Hiawatha and Pearl-Feather.

Composition. — I. Write the Indian legend, *How the Woodpecker got his Red Crest.* II. Tell about some bird that you have watched. Describe its appearance, its nest, its habits, its song. Try to make your description so accurate that your hearers will recognize the bird the next time they see it.

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THE HUNTING OF PAU-PUK-KEEWIS

[Pau-Puk-Keewis, a mischief-maker who had frequently upset the whole village with his pranks, finally entered the lodge of Hiawatha, strangled his pet raven, left its body hanging from the ridgepole, and then slaughtered dozens of Hiawatha's "mountain chickens."]

FULL of wrath was Hiawatha
When he came into the village,
Found the people in confusion,
Heard of all the misdemeanors,
All the malice and the mischief,
Of the cunning Pau-Puk-Keewis.
Hard his breath came through his nostrils,
Through his teeth he buzzed and muttered
Words of anger and resentment,
Hot and humming, like a hornet.
"I will slay this Pau-Puk-Keewis,
Slay this mischief-maker!" said he.

"Not so long and wide the world is,
Not so rude and rough the way is,
That my wrath shall not attain him,
That my vengeance shall not reach him!"
Over rock and over river,
Through bush, and brake, and forest,
Ran the cunning Pau-Puk-Keewis;
Like an antelope he bounded,
Till he came unto a streamlet
In the middle of the forest,
To a streamlet still and tranquil,
That had overflowed its margin,
To a dam made by the beavers,
To a pond of quiet water,
Where knee-deep the trees were standing,
Where the water lilies floated,
Where the rushes waved and whispered.
On the dam stood Pau-Puk-Keewis,
On the dam of trunks and branches,
Through whose chinks the water spouted,
O'er whose summit flowed the streamlet.
From the bottom rose a beaver,
Looked with two great eyes of wonder,
Eyes that seemed to ask a question,
At the stranger, Pau-Puk-Keewis.
On the dam stood Pau-Puk-Keewis,
O'er his ankles flowed the streamlet,

Flowed the bright and silvery water,
And he spake unto the beaver,
With a smile he spake in this wise:
"O my friend Ahmeek, the beaver,
Cool and pleasant is the water,
Let me rest there in your lodges;
Change me, too, into a beaver!"
"Yes!" replied Ahmeek, the beaver,
He the King of all the beavers,
"Let yourself slide down among us,
Down into the tranquil water."
Down into the pond among them
Silently sank Pau-Puk-Keewis;
Black became his shirt of deerskin,
Black his moccasins and leggings,
In a broad black tail behind him
Spread his foxtails and his fringes;
He was changed into a beaver.
"Make me large," said Pau-Puk-Keewis,
"Make me large and make me larger,
Larger than the other beavers."
"Yes," the beaver chief responded,
"When our lodge below you enter,
In our wigwam we will make you
Ten times larger than the others."
Thus into the clear, brown water
Silently sank Pau-Puk-Keewis;

Found the bottom covered over
With the trunks of trees and branches,
Hoards of food against the winter,
Piles and heaps against the famine,
Found the lodge with arching doorway,
Leading into spacious chambers.
Here they made him large and larger,
Made him largest of the beavers,
Ten times larger than the others.
"You shall be our ruler," said they;
"Chief and king of all the beavers."
But not long had Pau-Puk-Keewis
Sat in state among the beavers,
When there came a voice of warning
From the watchman at his station
In the water flags and lilies,
Saying, "Here is Hiawatha!"
Then they heard a cry above them,
Heard a shouting and a tramping,
Heard a crashing and a rushing,
And the water round and o'er them
Sank and sucked away in eddies,
And they knew their dam was broken.
On the lodge's roof the hunters
Leaped, and broke it all asunder;
Streamed the sunshine through the crevice,
Sprang the beavers through the doorway,

Hid themselves in deeper water,
In the channel of the streamlet;
But the mighty Pau-Puk-Keewis
Could not pass beneath the doorway;
He was puffed with pride and feeding,
He was swollen like a bladder.

Through the roof looked Hiawatha,
Cried aloud, "O Pau-Puk-Keewis!
Vain are all your craft and cunning,
Vain your manifold disguises!
Well I know you, Pau-Puk-Keewis!"

With their clubs they beat and bruised him,
Beat to death poor Pau-Puk-Keewis,
Pounded him as maize is pounded,
Till his skull was crushed to pieces.

Six tall hunters, lithe and limber,
Bore him home on poles and branches,
Bore the body of the beaver;
But the ghost, the Jeebi in him,
Thought and felt as Pau-Puk-Keewis,
Still lived on as Pau-Puk-Keewis.

And it fluttered, strove and struggled,
Waving hither, waving thither,
As the curtains of a wigwam
Struggle with their thongs of deerskin,
When the wintry wind is blowing;
Till it drew itself together,

Till it rose up from the body,
Till it took the form and features
Of the cunning Pau-Puk-Keewis
Vanishing into the forest.

— HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW: *The Song of Hiawatha.*

mis de mean'ors, evil deeds; **re sent'ment**, grief and anger; **brake**, thicket; **spa'cious**, large, roomy; **maize**, corn; **lithe and limber**, slender and easily bending.

Describe a beaver's dam that you have seen or read about. What do you learn about the habits of the beaver from this poem? Find out all else that you can about beavers.

Subject and Predicate. — Give first the complete subject, then the simple subject, of the following sentences: —

1. Longfellow wrote the poem of Hiawatha.
2. I will slay this Pau-Puk-Keewis.
3. Hiawatha departed in swift pursuit.
4. The sullen clouds scud across the sky.
5. The light of a hundred glowworms shone amidst the grass.
6. The wandering bee hums merrily by.
7. I love the smell of the warm earth.
8. The broad bright moon sails over us.
9. Under a spreading chestnut tree the village smithy stands.
10. The ground squirrel gayly chirps by his den.

Read all the complete predicates; then underline the simple predicates.

Sentence Study. — Read the following sentences until you are sure you know their meaning; then write them in your own words. Compare each of your sentences with the corresponding printed one. Which do you like the better? Which brings the more beautiful picture to mind?

1. Thus the birch canoe was builded
 In the bosom of the forest.
2. Fiercely the red sun descending
 Burned his way along the heavens.
3. And the trembling Pau-Puk-Keewis
 Heard the footsteps of the thunder.
4. A cloud lay cradled near the setting sun.
5. The alder by the river shakes out her powdery curls.
6. The buttercups with shining face
 Smile upwards as I pass.
7. The clouds are at play in the azure space.

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THE HUNTING OF PAU-PUK-KEEWIS (*Concluded*)

But the wary Hiawatha
Saw the figure ere it vanished,
Saw the form of Pau-Puk-Keewis
Glide into the soft blue shadow
Of the pine trees of the forest;
Toward the squares of white beyond it,
Toward an opening in the forest,
Like a wind it rushed and panted,
Bending all the boughs before it,
And behind it, as the rain comes,
Came the steps of Hiawatha.

To a lake with many islands
Came the breathless Pau-Puk-Keewis,
Where among the water lilies
Pishnekuh, the brant, were sailing;

Through the tufts of rushes floating;
Steering through the reedy islands.
Now their broad black beaks they lifted,
Now they plunged beneath the water,
Now they darkened in the shadow,
Now they brightened in the sunshine.
"Pishnekuh!" cried Pau-Puk-Keewis,
"Pishnekuh! my brothers!" said he,
"Change me to a brant with plumage,
With a shining neck and feathers,
Make me large, and make me larger,
Ten times larger than the others."
Straightway to a brant they changed him,
With two huge and dusky pinions,
With a bosom smooth and rounded,
With a bill like two great paddles,
Made him larger than the others,
Ten times larger than the largest,
Just as, shouting from the forest,
On the shore stood Hiawatha.
Up they rose with cry and clamor,
With a whirr and beat of pinions,
Rose up from the reedy islands,
From the water flags and lilies.
And they said to Pau-Puk-Keewis:
"In your flying, look not downward,
Take good heed, and look not downward,



THE FLIGHT OF PAU-PUK-KEEWIS

Lest some strange mischance should happen,
Lest some great mishap befall you!"
Fast and far they fled to northward,
Fast and far through mist and sunshine,
Fed among the moors and fen lands,
Slept among the reeds and rushes.
On the morrow as they journeyed,
Buoyed and lifted by the South-wind,
Wafted onward by the South-wind,
Blowing fresh and strong behind them,
Rose a sound of human voices,
Rose a clamor from beneath them,
From the lodges of a village,
From the people miles beneath them.
For the people of the village
Saw the flock of brant with wonder,
Saw the wings of Pau-Puk-Keewis
Flapping far up in the ether,
Broader than two doorway curtains.
Pau-Puk-Keewis heard the shouting,
Knew the voice of Hiawatha,
Knew the outcry of Iagoo,
And, forgetful of the warning,
Drew his neck in, and looked downward,
And the wind that blew behind him
Caught his mighty fan of feathers,
Sent him wheeling, whirling downward!

All in vain did Pau-Puk-Keewis
Struggle to regain his balance!
Whirling round and round and downward,
He beheld in turn the village
And in turn the flock above him,
Saw the village coming nearer,
And the flock receding farther,
Heard the voices growing louder,
Heard the shouting and the laughter;
Saw no more the flock above him,
Only saw the earth beneath him;
Dead out of the empty heaven,
Dead among the shouting people,
With a heavy sound and sullen,
Fell the brant with broken pinions.

But his soul, his ghost, his shadow,
Still survived as Pau-Puk-Keewis,
And again went rushing onward,
Followed fast by Hiawatha,
Crying: "Not so wide the world is,
Not so long and rough the way is,
But my wrath shall overtake you,
But my vengeance shall attain you!"

And so near he came, so near him,
That his hand was stretched to seize him,
His right hand to seize and hold him,
When the cunning Pau-Puk-Keewis

Whirled and spun about in circles,
Fanned the air into a whirlwind,
Danced the dust and leaves about him,
And amid the whirling eddies
Sprang into a hollow oak tree,
Changed himself into a serpent,
Gliding out through root and rubbish.
With his right hand Hiawatha
Smote amain the hollow oak tree,
Rent it into shreds and splinters,
Left it lying there in fragments.
But in vain; for Pau-Puk-Keewis,
Once again in human figure,
Full in sight ran on before him,
Sped away in gust and whirlwind,
On the shores of Gitche Gumee,
Westward by the Big-Sea-Water,
Came unto the rocky headlands,
To the Pictured Rocks of sandstone,
Looking over lake and landscape.
And the Old Man of the Mountain,
He the Manito of Mountains,
Opened wide his rocky doorways,
Opened wide his deep abysses,
Giving Pau-Puk-Keewis shelter
In his caverns dark and dreary,
Bidding Pau-Puk-Keewis welcome

To his gloomy lodge of sandstone.
There without stood Hiawatha,
Found the doorways closed against him,
With his mittens, Minjekahwun,
Smote great caverns in the sandstone,
Cried aloud in tones of thunder,
"Open! I am Hiawatha!"
But the Old Man of the Mountain
Opened not, and made no answer
From the silent crags of sandstone,
From the gloomy rock abysses.
Then he raised his hands to heaven,
Called imploring on the tempest,
Called Waywassimo, the lightning,
And the thunder, Annemeekee;
And they came with night and darkness,
Sweeping down the Big-Sea-Water
From the distant Thunder Mountains;
And the trembling Pau-Puk-Keewis
Heard the footsteps of the thunder,
Saw the red eyes of the lightning,
Was afraid, and crouched and trembled.
Then Waywassimo, the lightning,
Smote the doorways of the caverns,
With his war-club smote the doorways,
Smote the jutting crags of sandstone,
And the thunder, Annemeekee,

Shouted down into the caverns,
Saying, "Where is Pau-Puk-Keewis!"
And the crags fell, and beneath them
Dead among the rocky ruins
Lay the cunning Pau-Puk-Keewis,
Slain in his own human figure.
Ended were his wild adventures,
Ended were his tricks and gambols,
Ended all his craft and cunning,
Ended all his mischief-making,
All his gambling and his dancing,
All his wooing of the maidens.
Then the noble Hiawatha
Took his soul, his ghost, his shadow,
Spake and said: "O Pau-Puk-Keewis,
Never more in human figure
Shall you search for new adventures;
Never more with jest and laughter
Dance the dust and leaves in whirlwinds;
But above there in the heavens
You shall soar and sail in circles;
I will change you to an eagle,
To Keneu, the great war eagle,
Chief of all the fowls with feathers,
Chief of Hiawatha's chickens."
And the name of Pau-Puk-Keewis
Lingers still among the people,

Lingers still among the singers,
And among the story-tellers;
And in winter, when the snowflakes
Whirl in eddies round the lodges,
When the wind in gusty tumult
O'er the smoke-flue pipes and whistles,
"There," they cry, "comes Pau-Puk-Keewis;
He is dancing through the village,
He is gathering in his harvest!"

—HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW: *The Song of Hiawatha.*

e'ther (in poetry), the upper air; **re ced'ing**, getting farther away; **a byss'es**, depths; **gam'bols**, dancings and skippings.

1. What kind of bird is a brant? What does the poem tell you about it? Find out whatever else you can about it. 2. Describe the transformations of Pau-Puk-Keewis. 3 How was he finally caught? Into what was he changed? 4. Make a list of all the birds mentioned in the last four lessons; all the animals. 5. Do the lines rhyme in this poem? In what ways does the author make his story more like a poem than like a piece of prose writing?

Word Study: *Suffixes.*—Notice the following words: **hunt er, slay er, speak er, sing er, sail or.** What syllable has been added in each case? How has that syllable changed the meaning of the word?

Syllables added at the end of a word are called **suffixes.**

Add the suffix **er** or **or** to each of the following words:—

jest	engine	edit
paint	act	build
govern	conduct	direct

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ADVENTURES OF ROBINSON CRUSOE

I. The Wreck and the Island

When I waked it was broad day, the weather clear, and the storm abated, so that the sea did not rage and swell as before. But that which surprised me most was that the ship was lifted off in the night from the sand where she lay, by the swelling of the tide, and was driven up to within about a mile from the shore where I was. As it seemed still to stand upright, I wished myself on board that I might have some necessary things for my use.

A little after noon I found the sea very calm, and the tide ebbed so far out that I could come within a quarter of a mile of the ship; so I pulled off my clothes, for the weather was extremely hot, and took to the water. But when I came to the ship my difficulty was to know how to get on board; for as she lay aground, and high out of the water, there was nothing within my reach to lay hold of.

I swam round her twice, and the second time I spied a small piece of rope, which I wondered I did not see at first, hanging down by the fore chains, and this with great difficulty I got hold of, and thus climbed up into the forecastle of the ship. Here I found that the ship was bulged,

and had a great deal of water in her hold; but that she lay so on the side of a bank of hard sand, or rather earth, that her stern lay lifted up upon the bank, and her head low, almost to the water.

By this means all her quarter was free, and all that was in that part was dry; for you may be sure my first work was to search and to see what was spoiled and what was free. And, first, I found that all the ship's provisions were dry and untouched by the water; and, being very well disposed to eat, I went to the bread room, and filled my pockets with biscuit, and ate it as I went about other things, for I had no time to lose. Now I wanted nothing but a boat to furnish myself with many things which I foresaw would be very necessary to me.

It was in vain to sit still and wish for what was not to be had. We had several spare yards, and two or three large spars of wood, and a spare topmast or two in the ship. I resolved to fall to work with these, and flung as many of them overboard as I could manage for their weight, tying every one with a rope, that they might not drive away. When this was done, I went down the ship's side, and pulling them to me, I tied four of them fast together at both ends, as well as I could, in the form of a raft, and laying two or three short pieces of plank upon them crossways, I found I could walk upon it very well, but that it was not able to bear any great weight, the pieces being too light. So I went to work, and with

the carpenter's saw I cut a spare topmast into three lengths, and added them to my raft, with a great deal of labor and pains.

My raft was now strong enough to bear any reasonable weight. My next care was what to load it with, and



how to preserve what I laid upon it from the surf of the sea; but I was not long considering this. I first laid all the planks or boards upon it that I could get, and having considered well what I most wanted, I first got three of

the seamen's chests, which I had broken open and emptied, and lowered them down upon my raft. The first of these I filled with provisions, — bread, rice, three Dutch cheeses, five pieces of dried goats' flesh, which we lived much upon, and a little corn.

While I was doing this, the tide had begun to flow, though very calm, and I had the mortification to see my coat, shirt, and waistcoat, which I had left on shore upon the sand, swim away. However, this put me upon rummaging for clothes, of which I found enough, but took no more than I wanted for present use, for I had other things which my eye was more upon; as, first, tools to work with on shore. After long searching I found the carpenter's chest, which was, indeed, a very useful prize to me, and much more valuable than a shipload of gold would have been at that time. I got it down to my raft, even whole as it was, without losing time to look into it, for I knew in general what it contained.

My next care was for some ammunition and arms. There were two very good fowling pieces in the great cabin and two pistols; these I secured first, with some powderhorns and a small bag of shot, and two old rusty swords. I knew there were three barrels of powder in the ship, but knew not where our gunner had stowed them; but with much search I found them, two of them dry and good; the third had taken water. Those two I got to my raft, with the arms.

And now I thought myself pretty well freighted, and began to think how I should get to shore with them, having neither sail, oar, nor rudder; and the least capful of wind would have overset all my navigation.

I had three encouragements. 1. A smooth, calm sea. 2. The tide rising, and setting in to the shore. 3. What little wind there was blew me toward the land. And thus, having found two or three broken oars belonging to the boat, with my cargo I put to sea.

For a mile or thereabouts my raft went very well, only that I found it drive a little distant from the place where I had landed before, by which I perceived that there was some indraught of the water, and consequently I hoped to find some creek or river there which I might make use of as a port to get to land with my cargo.

As I imagined, so it was. There appeared before me a little opening of the land, and I found a strong current of the tide set into it, so I guided my raft, as well as I could, to keep in the middle of the stream. But here I nearly suffered a second shipwreck, which, if I had, I think it verily would have broken my heart; for, knowing nothing of the coast, my raft ran aground at one end of it upon a shoal, and not being aground at the other end, it wanted but a little that all my cargo had slipped off toward that end that was afloat, and so fallen into the water. I did my utmost, by setting my back against the chests, to keep them in their places, but could not

thrust off the raft with all my strength; neither durst I stir from the posture I was in, but holding up the chests with all my might, I stood in that manner near half an hour, in which time the rising of the water brought me a little more upon a level.

A little after, the water still rising, my raft floated again, and I thrust her off with the oar I had, into the channel; and then driving up higher, I at length found myself in the mouth of a little river, with land on both sides, and a strong current or tide running up. I looked on both sides for a proper place to get to shore, for I was not willing to be driven too high up the river, hoping, in time, to see some ship at sea, and therefore resolved to place myself as near the coast as I could. At length I spied a little cove on the right shore of the creek, to which, with great pain and difficulty, I guided my raft, and at last got so near that, reaching ground with my oar, I could thrust her directly in.

My next work was to view the country, and seek a proper place for my habitation, and where to stow my goods, to secure them from whatever might happen. Where I was, I yet knew not; whether on the continent, or on an island; whether inhabited, or not inhabited; whether in danger of wild beasts, or not. There was a hill, not above a mile from me, which rose up very steep and high, and which seemed to overtop some other hills, which lay as in a ridge from it, northward. I took out

one of the fowling pieces and one of the pistols and a horn of powder; and thus armed I traveled for discovery up to the top of that hill; where, after I had, with great labor and difficulty, got up to the top, I saw my fate, to my great affliction. I was on an island, and no land was to be seen, except some rocks, which lay a great way off, and two small islands, which lay about three leagues to the west.

I found also that the island I was on was barren, and, as I saw good reason to believe, uninhabited, except by wild beasts, of whom, however, I saw none; yet I saw abundance of fowls, but knew not their kinds; neither, when I killed them, could I tell what was fit for food, and what not. At my coming back, I shot at a great bird which I saw sitting upon a tree on the side of a great wood. I believe it was the first gun that had been fired there since the creation of the world. I had no sooner fired, but from all the parts of the wood there arose an innumerable number of fowls of many sorts, making a confused screaming and crying, every one according to his usual note; but not one of them of any kind that I knew.

— Daniel Defoe: *Robinson Crusoe.*

a ba'ted, gone down, become less; **quar'ter**, the stern of the ship; **am mu ni'tion**, powder; **mor ti fi ca'tion**, disappointment, vexation; **nav i ga'tion**, art of sailing; **hab i ta'tion**, dwelling place.

1. What supplies did Robinson Crusoe find on the ship? 2. Tell in your own words how he managed to get the supplies from the ship to the shore. 3. How many miles away were the nearest islands — three leagues?

Sentence Study: *Subject and Predicate.* — Underline the simple subject and the simple predicate in the following: —

1. Robinson Crusoe built a raft.
2. He lived alone for many years.
3. One day he saw footprints in the sand.
4. The breaking waves dashed high.
5. The Pilgrims landed at Plymouth.
6. The fire thunder leaps from crag to crag.
7. In the groves the robins sing.
8. In the fields fresh flowers spring.
9. By the shining Big-Sea-Water
 Stood the wigwam of Nokomis.
10. An angry man heeds no counsel.
11. A little spring once lost its way.
12. The brook flows on forever.

Word Study: *Appropriate Words.* — It is said of Lincoln that when he was a young man he could never hear any one use an inappropriate word without saying the sentence over and over until he had found the best word to express the meaning intended.

His speeches are noted for the fact that he said what he had to say simply and briefly, and that the words he used were fitting. They were the right words in the right place.

Very few people are as careful in this respect as they should be. The words **sweet, awful, fine, lovely, grand,** and **funny** are used to describe persons and things to which they do not at all apply. We may speak of an **awful shipwreck,** but not of an **awful lesson.** Look in the dictionary for the real meaning of the word. Robinson Crusoe had many **strange** adventures, not **funny** ones.

Written Exercise. — Write sentences, using appropriately the words given above. Which of them might be properly used with mountain, sunset, accident, story, day, scene, harbor, landscape, storm, anecdote?

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ADVENTURES OF ROBINSON CRUSOE (*Continued*)

II. The Fortress

My thoughts were next wholly employed about securing myself against either savages, if any should appear, or wild beasts, if any were in the island; and I had many thoughts of the method how to do this, and what kind of dwelling to make, whether I should make me a cave in the earth, or a tent upon the earth. In short, I resolved upon both.

I soon found the place I was in was not good to settle in, particularly because it was upon a low marshy ground near the sea, and I believed would not be wholesome; and more particularly because there was no fresh water near it. So I resolved to find a more healthy and more convenient spot of ground.

I consulted several things in my situation which I found would be proper for me. First, health and fresh water; secondly, shelter from the heat of the sun; thirdly, security from ravenous creatures, whether men or beasts; fourthly, a view to the sea, that if God sent any ship in sight I might not lose any advantage for my deliverance.

In search for a place proper for this, I found a little plain on the side of a rising hill, whose front towards this little plain was steep as a house side, so that nothing could come down upon me from the top. On the side of

this rock there was a hollow place, worn a little way in, like the entrance or door of a cave; but there was not really any cave, or way into the rock at all.

On the flat of the green, just before this hollow place, I resolved to pitch my tent. This plain was not above an hundred yards broad, and about twice as long, and lay like a green before my door, and at the end of it descended irregularly every way down into the low grounds by the seaside. It was on the N.N.W. side of the hill, so that I was sheltered from the heat every day, till it came to a W. and by S. sun, or thereabouts, which in those countries is near the setting.

Before I set up my tent, I drew a half circle before the hollow place, which took in about ten yards in its semi-diameter from the rock, and twenty yards in its diameter from its beginning and ending. In this half circle I pitched two rows of strong stakes, driving them into the ground until they stood very firm like piles, the biggest end being out of the ground about five feet and a half, and sharpened on the top. The two rows did not stand above six inches from one another.

Then I took the pieces of cable which I had cut in the ship, and laid them in rows one upon another, within the circle, between these two rows of stakes, up to the top, placing other stakes in the inside leaning against them, about two feet and a half high, like a spur to a post; and this fence was so strong that neither man or beast could

get into it, or over it. This cost me a great deal of time and labor, especially to cut the piles in the woods, bring them to the place, and drive them into the earth.

The entrance into this place I made to be not by a door, but by a short ladder to go over the top; which ladder, when I was in, I lifted over after me, and so I was completely fenced in, and fortified, as I thought, from all the world, and consequently slept secure in the night, which otherwise I could not do.

Into this fortress, with infinite labor, I carried all my riches, all my provisions, ammunition, and stores, of which you have the account above. And I made me a large tent, which, to preserve me from the rains that in one part of the year are very violent there, I made double, — one smaller tent within, and one larger tent above it, and covered the uppermost with a large tarpaulin, which I had saved among the sails.

Into this tent I brought all my provisions, and everything that would spoil by the wet; and having thus inclosed all my goods, I made up the entrance, which, till now, I had left open, and so passed and repassed, as I said, by a short ladder.

When I had done this, I began to work my way into the rock; and bringing all the earth and stones that I dug down out through my tent, I laid them up within my fence in the nature of a terrace, so that it raised the ground within about a foot and a half; and thus I made

me a cave just behind my tent, which served me like a cellar to my house.

III. Crusoe as a Potter

Now I had a great employment upon my hands. I had long studied, by some means or other, to make myself some earthen vessels, which indeed I wanted sorely, but knew not where to come at them. However, considering the heat of the climate, I did not doubt but if I could find any clay, I might botch up some pot as might, being dried in the sun, be hard enough and strong enough to bear handling, and to hold anything that was dry, and required to be kept so; and as this was necessary in preparing corn, meal, etc., I resolved to make some as large as I could, and fit only to stand like jars, to hold what should be put into them.

It would make the reader pity me, or rather laugh at me, to tell what odd, misshapen, ugly things I made: how many of them fell in, and how many fell out, the clay not being stiff enough to bear its own weight; how many cracked by the overviolent heat of the sun, being set out too hastily; and how many fell in pieces with only removing; and, in a word, how, after having labored hard to find the clay, to dig it, to bring it home, and work it, I could not make above two large earthen ugly things (I cannot call them jars) in about two months' labor.

Yet I made several smaller things with better success,

such as little round pots, flat dishes, and pitchers; and the heat of the sun baked them strangely hard. But all this would not answer my end, which was to get an earthen pot to hold what was liquid, and bear the fire, which none of these could do. It happened after some time, making a pretty large fire for cooking my meat, when I went to put it out after I had done with it, I found a broken piece of one of my earthenware vessels in the fire, burnt as hard as a stone, and red as a tile. I was agreeably surprised to see it, and said to myself that certainly they might be made to burn whole, if they would broken.

This set me to studying how to order my fire so as to make it burn me some pots. I had no notion of a kiln, such as the potters burn in, but I placed pots in a pile one upon another, and placed my firewood all round, with a great heap of embers under them. I fed the fire with fresh fuel round the outside, and upon the top, till I saw the pots in the inside red-hot quite through, and observed that they did not crack at all. When I saw them clear red, I let them stand in that heat about five or six hours, till I found one of them, though it did not crack, did melt or run, for the sand which was mixed with the clay melted by the violence of the heat, and would have run into glass, if I had gone on; so I slacked my fire gradually till the pots began to abate of the red color; and watching them all night, that I might not let the fire abate too fast, in the morning I had several very good

earthen pots, as hard burnt as could be desired, and one of them perfectly glazed with the running of the sand.

After this experiment, I need not say that I wanted no sort of earthenware for my use; but I must needs say, as to the shapes of them, they were very indifferent, as any one may suppose, when I had no way of making them but as the children make dirt pies.

IV. Crusoe as a Tailor

I had a great, high, shapeless cap, made of a goat's skin, with a flap hanging down behind, to keep the sun from me, as well as to shoot the rain off from running into my neck, nothing being so hurtful in these climates as the rain upon the flesh, under the clothes.

I had a short jacket of goatskin, the skirts coming down to about the middle of my thighs; and a pair of open-kneed breeches of the same. The breeches were made of the skin of an old goat, whose hair hung down such a length on either side that it reached to the middle of my legs. Stockings and shoes I had none, but had made me a pair of somethings, I scarce know what to call them, to flap over my legs, and lace on either side; but of a most barbarous shape, as indeed were all the rest of my clothes.

I had on a broad belt of goat's skin dried, which I drew together with two thongs of the same, instead of buckles; and on either side of this, instead of a sword

and a dagger, hung a little saw and a hatchet, one on one side, one on the other. I had another belt, not so broad, and fastened in the same manner, which hung over my shoulder; and at the end of it, under my left arm, hung two pouches, both made of goat's skin too, in one of which hung my powder, in the other my shot. At my back I carried my basket, on my shoulder my gun, and over my head a great, clumsy, ugly goatskin umbrella, but which, after all, was the most necessary thing about me, next to my gun. As for my face, the color of it was really not so mulatto-like as one might expect from a man not at all careful of it, and living within nineteen degrees of the equinox. My beard I had once suffered to grow till it was about a quarter of a yard long; but as I had both scissors and razors, I had cut it pretty short, except what grew on my upper lip, which I had trimmed into a large pair of Mahometan whiskers, such as I had seen worn by some Turks. Of these mustaches or whiskers, I will not say they were long enough to hang my hat upon them, but they were of a length and shape monstrous enough, and such as, in England, would have passed for frightful.

—Daniel Defoe: *Robinson Crusoe.*

se cur'i ty, safely; **rav'e nous**, very hungry; **de liv'er ance**, rescue; **sem i di am'e ter**, half the breadth of a circle; **tar pau'lin**, tarred cloth; **kiln**, oven; **ex per'i ment**, attempt, trial; **e'qui nox**, equator.

1. Describe the spot Crusoe chose for his tent, and give the advantages of that location. 2. Make a drawing of the fence he

built about his tent. 3. What is meant by "nineteen degrees from the equinox"? 4. Describe Crusoe's discovery as to the making of pottery. 5. Describe his dress.

Spelling. — Necessary, untouched, ammunition, inhabited, creatures, situation, experiment, liquid, scissors, sufficient, wretches, immediately.

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ADVENTURES OF ROBINSON CRUSOE (*Concluded*)

V. His Man Friday

There was one cause for anxiety that kept me constantly on the watch. From time to time I had seen savages land their canoes on my island, but thus far my habitation had not been discovered. I was surprised one morning early to see no less than five canoes, all on shore together on my side of the island, and the people who belonged to them all landed, and out of my sight. The number of them broke all my plans; for seeing so many, and knowing that they always came four, or six, or sometimes more, in a boat, I could not tell what to think of it, or how to attack twenty or thirty men single-handed; so I lay still in my castle. However, I made all the arrangements for an attack that I had formerly provided, and was ready for action. Having waited a good while, listening to hear if they made any noise, at length, being very impatient, I set my guns at the foot of my ladder, and clambered up to the top of the hill; standing so, however, that my head did not appear above the hill, so that they

could not perceive me by any means. Here I observed, by the help of my telescope, that they were no less than thirty in number, that they had a fire kindled, and that they had meat dressed. How they had cooked it, I knew not, or what it was; but they were all dancing round the fire.

While I was thus looking on them, I perceived by my glass two miserable wretches dragged from the boats. One of them immediately fell, being knocked down, I suppose, with a club or wooden sword, for that was their way, and two or three others were at work immediately, cutting him open for their cookery, while the other victim was left standing by himself, till they should be ready for him. In that very moment, this poor wretch, seeing himself a little at liberty, started away from them, and ran swiftly along the sands directly towards me, I mean towards the part of the coast where my habitation was.

I was dreadfully frightened (that I must acknowledge) when I saw him run my way, and especially when, as I thought, I saw him pursued by the whole body. However, I kept my station, and my spirits began to recover when I found that there were not more than three men that followed him. And still more was I encouraged when I found that he outstripped them in running, and gained ground on them, so that if he could but hold it for half an hour, I saw easily he would get away from them all.

There was between them and my castle the creek, which I mentioned in the first part of my story, when I landed my cargoes out of the ship; and I saw plainly he must necessarily swim over, or the poor wretch would be taken there. But when the savage escaping came thither, he made nothing of it, though the tide was then up; but plunging in, swam through in about thirty strokes or thereabouts, landed, and ran on with great strength and swiftness. When the three persons came to the creek, I found that two of them could swim, but the third could not, and that, standing on the other side, he looked at the others, but went no farther, and soon after went quietly back, which, as it happened, was very well for him.

I observed that the two who swam were more than twice as long swimming over the creek as the fellow was that fled from them. It came now very warmly upon my thoughts, that now was my time to get me a servant, and perhaps a companion or assistant, and that I was called plainly by Providence to save this poor creature's life. I immediately, with all possible haste, fetched my two guns, and getting up again to the very top of the hill, put myself in the way between the pursuers and the pursued, hallooing aloud to him that fled, who, looking back, was at first perhaps as much frightened at me as at them. But I beckoned with my hand to him to come back; and, in the meantime, I slowly advanced toward the two that followed; then rushing at once upon the foremost, I

knocked him down with the stock of my gun. Having knocked this fellow down, the other who pursued with him stopped, as if he had been frightened, and I advanced towards him; but as I came nearer, I perceived presently he had a bow and arrow, and was fitting it to shoot at me; so I was then forced to shoot him first, which I did, and killed him at the first shot.

The poor savage who fled, though he saw both his enemies fallen and killed, as he thought, yet was so frightened with the fire and noise that he stood stock-still. I hallooed again to him, and made signs for him to come forward, which he easily understood, and came a little way, then stopped again, and then a little farther, and stopped again; and I could then perceive that he stood trembling, as if he had been taken prisoner, and had just been taken to be killed, as his two enemies were. I beckoned him again to come to me, and gave him all the signs of encouragement that I could think of; and he came nearer and nearer, kneeling down every ten or twelve steps, as if thanking me for saving his life. I smiled at him, and looked pleasantly, and beckoned to him to come still nearer. At length he came close to me, and then he kneeled down again, kissed the ground, and laid his head upon the ground, and taking me by the foot, set my foot upon his head. This, it seems, was to show that he would be my slave forever. I lifted him up, and encouraged him all I could. But there was more work to do yet; for I

perceived the savage whom I knocked down was not killed, but stunned with the blow, and began to come to himself; so I pointed to him. Upon this my savage spoke some words to me; and though I could not understand them, yet I thought they were pleasant to hear; for



they were the first sound of man's voice that I had heard, except my own, for above twenty-five years. But there was no time for such thoughts now. The savage who was knocked down recovered himself so far as to sit up on the ground, and I perceived that my savage began to be afraid; but when I saw that, I raised my other gun at the

man, as if I would shoot him. Upon this my savage made a motion to me to lend him my sword, which hung naked in a belt by my side; so I did. He no sooner had it than he ran to his enemy, and, at one blow, cut off his head. This I thought very strange for one who, I had reason to believe, never saw a sword in his life before, except their own wooden swords. However, it seems, as I learned afterwards, they make their wooden swords so sharp, so heavy, and the wood is so hard, that they will cut off heads even with them, ay, and arms, and that at one blow too. When he had done this, he came laughing to me in sign of triumph, and brought me the sword again, and with many gestures, which I did not understand, laid it down, with the head of the savage that he had killed, just before me.

But that which astonished him most was to know how I had killed the other Indian so far off. Pointing to him, he made signs to me to let him go to him; so I bade him go, as well as I could. When he came to him, he stood like one amazed, looking at him, turned him first on one side, then on the other, looked at the wound the bullet had made, which, it seems, was just in his breast. Then he took up his bow and arrows, and came back; so I turned to go away, and beckoned to him to follow me, making signs to him that more might come after them.

Upon this he signed to me that he should bury them with sand that they might not be seen by the rest if they

followed; and I made signs again to him to do so. He fell to work, and in an instant he had scraped a hole in the sand with his hands, big enough to bury the first in, and then dragged him into it, and covered him, and did so also by the other. I believe he had buried them both in a quarter of an hour. Then calling him away, I carried him to my cave.

Here I gave him bread and a bunch of raisins to eat, and a draught of water, which I found he was indeed in great distress for; and having refreshed him, I made signs for him to go lie down and sleep, pointing to a place where I had laid a great parcel of rice straw, and a blanket upon it, which I used to sleep upon myself sometimes; so the poor creature lay down, and went to sleep.

After he had slept about half an hour, he waked again, and came out of the cave to me, for I had been milking my goats, which I had in the inclosure just by. When he espied me, he came running to me, laying himself down again upon the ground, with all the possible signs of thankfulness. At last he laid his head flat upon the ground, close to my foot, and set my other foot upon his head, as he had done before, to let me know how he would serve me as long as he lived. I understood him in many things, and let him know I was very well pleased with him. In a little time I began to speak to him and teach him to speak to me; and, first, I made him know his name should be Friday, which was the day I saved his

life. I likewise taught him to say "master," and then let him know that was to be my name. I likewise taught him to say "yes" and "no," and to know the meaning of them.

—DANIEL DEFOE: *Robinson Crusoe.*

Oral Composition. — Tell the story of Robinson Crusoe's man Friday, how Robinson first saw him, his escape from his captors, his rescue by Crusoe, his gratitude.

Word Study. — Fill in the following blanks with appropriate words (see page 381): —

1. The day was —— hot. 2. The sea was —— calm. 3. It was a —— wreck. 4. How —— the sea is after a storm! 5. Did you see that —— sunset? 6. I was —— frightened. 7. This is a —— story. 8. We have many —— flowers in our garden. 9. What a —— tree that great elm is! 10. Some dogs have very —— tricks.

Suffixes. — 1. The water had a saltish taste. 2. Friday had a manly face. 3. He showed a childish pleasure in my surroundings. 4. I addressed him in a friendly manner. 5. They attacked their comrade savagely.

What two suffixes are used in the underlined words? Substitute in each sentence a phrase to express the same meaning.

Make a list of ten other words that may take either **ly** or **ish** as a suffix.

65

THE SEA

THE sea! the sea! the open sea!
The blue, the fresh, the ever free!
Without a mark, without a bound,
It runneth the earth's wide regions round;

It plays with the clouds; it mocks the skies;
Or like a cradled creature lies.

I'm on the sea! I'm on the sea!
I am where I would ever be;
With the blue above, and the blue below,
And silence wheresoe'er I go;
If a storm should come and awake the deep,
What matter? *I* shall ride and sleep.

I love, oh, how I love to ride
On the fierce, foaming, bursting tide,
When every mad wave drowns the moon
Or whistles aloft his tempest tune,
And tells how goeth the world below,
And why the sou'west blasts do blow.

I never was on the dull, tame shore,
But I lov'd the great sea more and more,
And backwards flew to her billowy breast,
Like a bird that seeketh its mother's nest;
And a mother she was, and is, to me;
For I was born on the open sea!

The waves were white, and red the morn,
In the noisy hour when I was born;
And the whale it whistled, the porpoise roll'd,
And the dolphins bared their backs of gold;
And never was heard such an outcry wild
As welcom'd to life the ocean child!

I've liv'd since then in calm and strife,
Full fifty summers, a sailor's life,
With wealth to spend and a power to range,
But never have sought nor sighed for change;
And Death, whenever he comes to me,
Shall come on the wild, unbounded sea!

— Bryan Waller Procter.

1. Read the poem aloud in order to get the swing of the lines. What kind of feeling toward the sea does it give you? 2. Who is supposed to be speaking? 3. Read all the lines that show his love for the sea. Does he love it best in calm or in storm? 4. How can "the mad waves drown the moon"? 5. Why does he call the shore dull and tame? 6. Find all the words that he uses to describe the sea. 7. To what does he compare his return to the sea? 8. What were the various welcomes that he received at his birth? 9. What is a porpoise? A dolphin? 10. Why is death written with a capital?

Nouns. — Select and read aloud the names of five objects mentioned in the poem.

Write in columns the names of: 1. Five objects that you can see from your window. 2. Five sounds that you have heard. 3. Five things that you can feel but can neither see nor hear; as, hunger, pain, etc. 4. Five of your classmates. 5. Five places.

These words are all names of something that you can either see, feel, touch, taste, smell, or think of.

Rule. — A word used as a name is a noun.

Use the following nouns in sentences: —

1. Longfellow. 2. John. 3. Mary. 4. Mt. Washington. 5. Mississippi. 6. England. 7. book. 8. desk. 9. pencil. 10. thunder. 11. music. 12. noise. 13. wind. 14. storm. 15. ocean. 16. sorrow. 17. joy. 18. pain. 19. warmth. 20. anger.

66

THE *GRAY SWAN*

Mother. "O TELL me, sailor, tell me true,
Is my little lad, my Elihu,
A-sailing with your ship?"
The sailor's eyes were dim with dew.



Sailor. "Your little lad, your Elihu?"
He said, with trembling lip, —
"What little lad? what ship?"

M. "What little lad? as if there could be
Another such a one as he!
What little lad, do you say?

Why, Elihu, that took to the sea
The moment I put him off my knee!
It was just the other day
The *Gray Swan* sailed away."

S. "The other day?" The sailor's eyes
Stood open with a great surprise,—
"The other day!—the *Swan!*"
His heart began in his throat to rise.
M. "Ay, ay, sir; here in the cupboard lies
The jacket he had on."
S. "And so your lad is gone?"

M. "Gone with the *Swan*." *S.* "And did she stand
With her anchor clutching hold of the sand
For a month, and never stir?"
M. "Why, to be sure! I've seen from the land,
Like a lover kissing his lady's hand,
The wild sea kissing her,—
A sight to remember, sir."

S. "But, my good mother, do you know
All this was twenty years ago?
I stood on the *Gray Swan's* deck,
And to that lad I saw you throw—
Taking it off, as it might be, so!—
The kerchief from your neck."
M. "Ay, and he'll bring it back!"

S. "And did the little lawless lad,
That has made you sick and made you sad,
Sail with the *Gray Swan*'s crew?"
M. "Lawless! the man is going mad!
The best boy ever mother had!
Be sure he sailed with the crew:
What would you have him do?"

S. "And has he never written line,
Nor sent you word, nor made you sign,
To say he was alive?"
M. "Hold! if 'twas wrong, the wrong is mine;
Besides, he may be in the brine,
And could he write from the grave?
Tut, man! what would you have?"

S. "Gone twenty years, — a long, long cruise!
'Twas wicked thus your love to abuse;
But if the lad still live,
And come back home, think you you can
Forgive him?" *M.* "Miserable man,
You're mad as the sea, — you rave!
What have I to forgive?"

The sailor twitched his shirt so blue,
And from within his bosom drew
The kerchief. She was wild.

M. "My God! my Father! is it true?
My little lad, my Elihu!
My blessed boy, my child!
My dead, my living child!"

— ALICE CARY.

1. After you have read this poem through, read it again in dialogue form — one pupil taking the mother's part and another the sailor's. In this way you will realize more clearly which one is speaking. 2. What was the *Gray Swan?* How long since she had sailed away? Why does the mother say, "It was just the other day"? 3. Explain the fourth line of the third stanza. Explain the sixth line of the fourth stanza. 4. Why does the mother call the grown man her *little* lad? 5. Explain the last line of the last stanza.

Written Composition. — Write the story, suggested by the *Gray Swan*, of the boy who went to sea. Select an attractive title for your story, then write: —

1. Why he went — whether he ran away, or went to earn money for his mother. 2. Whether it was as pleasant as he expected. 3. Why he stayed away so long. 4. His return.

You may use in your composition lines or expressions that you like from any of the sea poems in this book.

Common and Proper Nouns. — How many nouns are there in the following sentences?

1. Is my little lad, my Elihu,
 A-sailing with your ship?
2. The *Gray Swan* sailed away.

Which of them are the names of particular persons or things? Which of them are names that belong to a large class of objects?

Rule. — A noun used as the name of a particular person, place, or thing is called a **proper** noun. (A proper noun is written with a capital.)

Rule. — A noun used as the name of a class of persons, places, or things is called a **common** noun.

Which of the following nouns are proper and which are common?

Elihu, country, Kansas City, man, lad, Gray Swan, United States, city, George Washington, ship.

Written Exercise. — Write ten proper nouns. Write ten common nouns.

67

OLD IRONSIDES

[In 1833 the government decided to destroy the frigate *Constitution*, popularly known as "Old Ironsides," which had been built in 1797, and had won several glorious victories during the War of 1812. Holmes, then a young man, wrote these verses in protest. They so aroused public opinion that the project was abandoned and the *Constitution* still exists.]

Ay, tear her tattered ensign down!
 Long has it waved on high,
And many an eye has danced to see
 That banner in the sky;
Beneath it rung the battle shout,
 And burst the cannon's roar; —
The meteor of the ocean air
 Shall sweep the clouds no more.

Her deck, once red with heroes' blood,
 Where knelt the vanquished foe,

When winds were hurrying o'er the flood,
And waves were white below,
No more shall feel the victor's tread,
Or know the conquered knee;—
The harpies of the shore shall pluck
The eagle of the sea!

Oh, better that her shattered hulk
Should sink beneath the wave;
Her thunders shook the mighty deep,
And there should be her grave;
Nail to the mast her holy flag,
Set every threadbare sail,
And give her to the god of storms,
The lightning and the gale!

—Oliver Wendell Holmes.

en'sign, flag; **van'quished,** conquered; **har'pies,** foul birds.

1. Read the poem aloud. What kind of vessel was "Old Ironsides"? Read the lines that prove your answer.
2. Explain — "The meteor of the ocean air."
3. Explain the last two lines of the second **stanza.**
4. What is meant by **her thunders**?
5. Why is the flag called **holy**?
6. Give the last four lines of the last stanza in your own words.
7. Learn the poem by heart.

68

WILLIAM TELL

[The legend runs that William Tell was a brave Swiss mountaineer who was banding together his comrades to free his native country from the cruel rule of Austria. Gessler, the Austrian governor, had captured Tell and his son.]

Scene I

William Tell, Albert, *his Son, and* Gessler.

Gessler. Thy name?

Tell. My name?
It matters not to keep it from thee now: —
My name is Tell.

Gessler. Tell! — William Tell?

Tell. The same.

Gessler. What! he so famed 'bove all his countrymen
For guiding o'er the stormy lake the boat?
And such a master of his bow, 'tis said
His arrows never miss! — Indeed — I'll take
Exquisite vengeance! — Mark! I'll spare thy life —
Thy boy's too! — both of you are free — on one
Condition.

Tell. Name it.

Gessler. I would see you make
A trial of your skill with that same bow
You shoot so well with.

Tell. Name the trial you
Would have me make.
Gessler. You look upon your boy
As though instinctively you guessed it.
Tell. Look upon my boy! What mean you? Look upon
My boy as though I guessed it! — Guessed the trial
You'd have me make! — Guessed it
Instinctively! You do not mean — no — no —
You would not have me make a trial of
My skill upon my child! — Impossible!
I do not guess your meaning.
Gessler. I would see
Thee hit an apple at the distance of
A hundred paces.
Tell. Is my boy to hold it?
Gessler. No.
Tell. No! — I'll send the arrow through the core!
Gessler. It is to rest upon his head.
Tell. Great Heaven, thou hearest him!
Gessler. Thou dost hear the choice I give —
Such trial of the skill thou art master of,
Or death to both of you; not otherwise
To be escaped.
Tell. O monster!
Gessler. Wilt thou do it?
Albert. He will! he will!



STATUE OF TELL AT ALTORF

Tell. Ferocious monster! — Make
A father murder his own child.
Gessler. Take off
His chains, if he consent.
Tell. With his own hand!
Gessler. Does he consent?
Albert. He does.
[GESSLER *signs to his officers, who proceed to take off* TELL'S *chains.* TELL *all the time unconscious of what they do.*
Tell. With his own hand!
Murder his child with his own hand!
The hand I've led him, when an infant, by!
'Tis beyond horror — 'tis most horrible.
Amazement! [*His chains fall off.*] What's that you've done to me.
Villains! put on my chains again. My hands
Are free from blood, and have no gust for it,
That they should drink my child's! Here! here! I'll not
Murder my boy for Gessler.
Albert. Father — father!
You will not hit me, father! —
Tell. Hit thee! — Send
The arrow through thy brain — or, missing that,
Shoot out an eye — or, if thine eye escapes,
Mangle the cheek I've seen thy mother's lips

Cover with kisses! — Hit thee — hit a hair
Of thee, and cleave thy mother's heart —
Gessler. Dost thou consent?
Tell. Give me my bow and quiver.
Gessler. For what?
Tell. To shoot my boy!
Albert. No, father, — no!
To save me! — You'll be sure to hit the apple —
Will you not save me, father?
Tell. Lead me forth, —
I'll make the trial.
Albert. Thank you!
Tell. Thank me! Do
You know for what? — I will not make the trial,
To take him to his mother in my arms,
And lay him down a corpse before her!
Gessler. Then he dies this moment — and you certainly
Do murder him whose life you have a chance
To save, and will not use it.
Tell. Well — I'll do it: I'll make the trial.
Albert. Father —
Tell. Speak not to me:
Let me not hear thy voice — Thou must be dumb;
And so should all things be — Earth should be dumb
And Heaven — unless its thunders muttered at
The deed, and sent a bolt to stop it! Give me
My bow and quiver! —

Gessler. When all's ready.

Tell. Well! lead on!

— SHERIDAN KNOWLES: *William Tell.*

in stinct'ive ly, without stopping to think, by instinct; **fe ro'cious**, fierce; **gust**, an old word for "liking"; **man'gle**, tear; **cleave**, split; **bolt**, thunderbolt, — a bolt was originally an arrow.

1. Read in dialogue form, one pupil taking Tell's part; one, Albert's; another, Gessler's. Study your parts so that you can read with expression, and make your classmates feel as if they were really watching the scene. 2. Who was Tell? Gessler? 3. Why does Tell at first repeat Gessler's words, sentence by sentence? 4. Why does he allow his chains to be taken off, and then order them put on again? 5. Why is Albert so much more confident of the result than his father? 6. Why does Tell say to his boy, "Speak not to me"? 7. Explain "Earth should be dumb and Heaven."

69

WILLIAM TELL (*Concluded*)

SCENE II

Enter, slowly, Citizens and Women, GESSLER, TELL, ALBERT, *and Soldiers — one bearing* TELL'S *bow and quiver, another with a basket of apples.*

Gessler. That is your ground. Now shall they measure thence
A hundred paces. Take the distance.

Tell. Is the line a true one?

Gessler. True or not, what is't to thee?

Tell. What is't to me? A little thing,

A very little thing — a yard or two
Is nothing here or there — were it a wolf
I shot at! Never mind.
Gessler. Be thankful, slave,
Our grace accords thee life on any terms.
Tell. I will be thankful, Gessler! — Villain, stop!
You measure to the sun!
Gessler. And what of that?
What matter whether to or from the sun?
Tell. I'd have it at my back. — The sun should shine
Upon the mark, and not on him that shoots.
I cannot see to shoot against the sun —
I will not shoot against the sun!
Gessler. Give him his way! Thou hast cause to bless
my mercy.
Tell. I shall remember it. I'd like to see
The apple I'm to shoot at.
Gessler. Stay! show me the basket! — There —
Tell. You've picked the smallest one.
Gessler. I know I have.
Tell. O! do you? — But you see
The color on't is dark — I'd have it light,
To see it better.
Gessler. Take it as it is:
Thy skill will be the greater if thou hit'st it.
Tell. True — true! I did not think of that — I
wonder

I did think not of that. — Give me some chance
To save my boy!
[*Throws away the apple with all his force.*
I will not murder him,
If I can help it — for the honor of
The form thou wearest, if all the heart is gone.
Gessler. Well, choose thyself.
Tell. Have I a friend among the lookers on?
Verner (*rushing forward*). Here, Tell!
Tell. I thank thee, Verner!
He is a friend runs out into a storm
To shake a hand with us. I must be brief,
When once the bow is bent, we cannot take
The shot too soon. Verner, whatever be
The issue of this hour, the common cause
Must not stand still. Let not to-morrow's sun
Set on the tyrant's banner! Verner! Verner!
The boy! — the boy! Think'st thou he hath the courage
To stand it?
Verner. Yes.
Tell. How looks he?
Verner. Clear and smilingly.
If you doubt it — look yourself.
Tell. No — no — my friend.
To hear it is enough.
Verner. He bears himself so much above his years —
Tell. I know! — I know.

Verner. With constancy so modest! —
Tell. I was sure he would —
Verner. And looks with such relying love
And reverence upon you —
Tell. Man! Man! Man!
No more! Already I'm too much the father
To act the man! — Verner, no more, my friend!
I would be flint — flint — flint. Don't make me feel
I'm not — you do not mind me! — Take the boy
And set him, Verner, with his back to me.
Set him upon his knees — and place this apple
Upon his head, so that the stem may front me. —
Thus, Verner; charge him to keep steady — tell him
I'll hit the apple! Verner, do all this
More briefly than I tell it thee.
Verner. Come, Albert! [*Leading him out.*
Albert. May I not speak with him before I go?
Verner. No.
Albert. I would only kiss his hand.
Verner. You must not.
Albert. I must! — I cannot go from him without.
Verner. It is his will you should.
Albert. His will, is it?
I am content, then — come.
Tell. If thou canst bear it, should not I? — Go, now,
My son — and keep in mind that I can shoot —
Go, boy — be thou steady, I will hit

The apple — Go! — God bless thee — go. — My bow! —
[*The bow is handed to him.*
Thou wilt not fail thy master, wilt thou? — Thou
Hast never failed him yet, old servant — No,
I'm sure of thee — I know thy honesty.
Thou art stanch — stanch. — Let me see my quiver.

Gessler. Give him a single arrow.

Tell. Do you shoot?

Soldier. I do.

Tell. Is it so you pick an arrow, friend?
The point, you see, is bent; the feather jagged;
[*Breaks it.*
That's all the use 'tis fit for.

Gessler. Let him have another.

Tell. Why, 'tis better than the first,
But yet not good enough for such an aim
As I'm to take — 'tis heavy in the shaft:
I'll not shoot with it! [*Throws it away.*] Let me see my quiver.
Bring it! — 'Tis not one arrow in a dozen
I'd take to shoot with at a dove, much less
A dove like that. —

Gessler. It matters not.
Show him the quiver.

Tell. See if the boy is ready.

Verner. He is.

Tell. I'm ready, too! Keep silence for



TELL SHOOTS THE APPLE FROM HIS SON'S HEAD

From an old print

Heaven's sake, and do not stir — and let me have
Your prayers — your prayers — and be my witnesses
That if his life's in peril from my hand
'Tis only for the chance of saving it. [*To the people.*
Now, friends, for mercy's sake, keep motionless
And silent.

[TELL *shoots, and a shout of exultation bursts from the crowd.* TELL'S *head drops on his bosom; he with difficulty supports himself upon his bow.*

Verner (*rushing in with* ALBERT). The boy is safe, — no hair of him is touched.

Albert. Father, I'm safe! — your Albert's safe. Dear father, —
Speak to me! Speak to me!

Verner. He cannot, boy!

Albert. You grant him life?

Gessler. I do.

Albert. And we are free?

Gessler. You are.

Albert. Thank Heaven! — thank Heaven!

Verner. Open his vest,
And give him air.

[ALBERT *opens his father's vest, and an arrow drops.* TELL *starts, fixes his eye upon* ALBERT, *and clasps him to his breast.*

Tell. My boy! — My boy!

Gessler. For what

Hid you that arrow in your breast? Speak, slave!

Tell. To kill thee tyrant, had I slain my boy!

—SHERIDAN KNOWLES: *William Tell.*

1. Measure off a hundred paces. How far is it? 2. What is meant by the "issue of this hour"? by "thankful our grace accords thee life"? 3. What does Tell mean by "The common cause must not stand still"? 4. Why would Tell not look at his boy? 5. Explain "Already I'm too much the father to be the man. I world be flint — flint — flint!" 6. What traits of character does Tell show? What traits does Gessler show?

Nouns. — Select the nouns in the following sentences. Write all the proper nouns in one column, the common nouns in another.

1. William Tell was a patriot.
2. He freed Switzerland from the oppression of a tyrant.
3. He was a famous archer.
4. I hear the music of the pines.
5. Christopher Columbus discovered America.
6. I sift the snow on the mountains below.
7. The sun, moon, and stars are heavenly bodies.
8. Straws swim but pearls lie at the bottom.
9. Fear God and keep his commandments.
10. The surf beats for centuries against the face of the rock.
11. A soft answer turneth away wrath, but grievous words stir up anger.
12. Homer was a great poet.

70

LOVE OF COUNTRY

BREATHES there the man with soul so dead
Who never to himself hath said,
"This is my own, my native land!"

Whose heart hath ne'er within him burned
As home his footsteps he hath turned
From wandering on a foreign strand?
If such there breathe, go, mark him well!
For him no minstrel raptures swell;
High though his titles, proud his name,
Boundless his wealth as wish can claim,—
Despite those titles, power, and pelf,
The wretch, concentered all in self,
Living, shall forfeit fair renown,
And, doubly dying, shall go down
To the vile dust from whence he sprung,
Unwept, unhonored, and unsung.

— WALTER SCOTT: *Lay of the Last Minstrel.*

strand, shore; **rap'tures**, pleasures, joys; **pelf**, money; **concentered all in self**, selfish, with all his thoughts centered on himself; **for'feit**, give up.

1. Explain the first line. 2. What word could you substitute for **mark**? 3. Explain the eighth line. 4. What is meant by **doubly dying**? 5. Give the last eight lines in your own words. 6. Learn this poem by heart.

Prefixes and Suffixes. — Make a list of all the prefixes in the following words, and of the words to which the prefixes are added; of all the suffixes, and the words to which the suffixes are added.

1. unwept.	6. unknown.	11. bookish.
2. unhonored.	7. undressing.	12. uncut.
3. unsung.	8. friendly.	13. ablaze.
4. founder.	9. boyish.	14. afoot.
5. visitor.	10. kingly.	15. alight.

Study these words as a spelling lesson.

71

SONG OF MARION'S MEN

[During the Revolutionary War General Francis Marion, with a small band of cavalry, was long a thorn in the side of the British, who had defeated our main forces and held the Southern states in their power.]

Our band is few but true and tried,
Our leader frank and bold;
The British soldier trembles
When Marion's name is told.
Our fortress is the good greenwood,
Our tent the cypress tree;
We know the forest round us,
As seamen know the sea.
We know its walls of thorny vines,
Its glades of reedy grass,
Its safe and silent islands
Within the dark morass.

Woe to the English soldiery
That little dread us near!
On them shall light at midnight
A strange and sudden fear:
When, waking to their tents on fire,
They grasp their arms in vain,
And they who stand to face us
Are beat to earth again;

Whose heart hath ne'er within him burned
As home his footsteps he hath turned
From wandering on a foreign strand?
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A strange and sudden fear:
When, waking to their tents on fire,
They grasp their arms in vain,
And they who stand to face us
Are beat to earth again;

And they who fly in terror deem
A mighty host behind,
And hear the tramp of thousands
Upon the hollow wind.

Then sweet the hour that brings release
From danger and from toil:
We talk the battle over,
And share the battle's spoil.
The woodland rings with laugh and shout,
As if a hunt were up,
And woodland flowers are gathered
To crown the soldier's cup.
With merry songs we mock the wind
That in the pine top grieves,
And slumber long and sweetly
On beds of oaken leaves.

Well knows the fair and friendly moon
The band that Marion leads —
The glitter of their rifles,
The scampering of their steeds.
'Tis life to guide the fiery barb
Across the moonlit plain;
'Tis life to feel the night wind
That lifts his tossing mane.
A moment in the British camp —
A moment — and away,

Back to the pathless forest,
Before the peep of day.

Grave men there are by broad Santee,
Grave men with hoary hairs;
Their hearts are all with Marion,
For Marion are their prayers.
And lovely ladies greet our band
With kindliest welcoming,
With smiles like those of summer,
And tears like those of spring.
For them we wear these trusty arms,
And lay them down no more
Till we have driven the Briton,
Forever, from our shore.

— WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

glades, open spaces; **mo rass'**, swamp; **deem**, think; **barb**, war horse; **Santee**, a river in South Carolina; **hoar'y**, white.

1. Who is the speaker? 2. Who was Marion? Why did the British soldier tremble at mention of his name? Find some reasons for it in the poem. 3. Explain the fifth and sixth lines of the first stanza. 4. Why is it well for them that they know the forest "as seamen know the sea"? Find the answer in the poem. 5. Read the lines that tell us something about Marion's methods of attacking the enemy. 6. What kind of scene does the third stanza call to mind? Contrast this with the scene of the second. 7. Why is the moon called **friendly**? 8. Find the Santee River on your maps. 9. Why are the arms called **trusty**?

Nouns. — Make a list of all the nouns in the first stanza.

72

PAUL REVERE'S RIDE

LISTEN, my children, and you shall hear
Of the midnight ride of Paul Revere,
On the eighteenth of April, in Seventy-five;
Hardly a man is now alive
Who remembers that famous day and year.
He said to his friend, "If the British march
By land or sea from the town to-night,
Hang a lantern aloft in the belfry arch
Of the North Church tower as a signal light,—
One, if by land, and two, if by sea;
And I on the opposite shore will be,
Ready to ride and spread the alarm
Through every Middlesex village and farm,
For the country folk to be up and to arm."

Then he said, "Good night!" and with muffled oar
Silently rowed to the Charlestown shore,
Just as the moon rose over the bay,
Where swinging wide at her moorings lay
The *Somerset*, British man-of-war;
A phantom ship, with each mast and spar
Across the moon like a prison bar,
And a huge black hulk, that was magnified
By its own reflection in the tide.

Meanwhile, his friend, through alley and street,
Wanders and watches with eager ears,
Till in the silence around him he hears
The muster of men at the barrack door,
The sound of arms, and the tramp of feet,



And the measured tread of the grenadiers,
Marching down to their boats on the shore.

Then he climbed the tower of the Old North Church,
By the wooden stairs, with stealthy tread,
To the belfry chamber overhead,
And startled the pigeons from their perch

On the somber rafters, that round him made
Masses and moving shapes of shade, —
By the trembling ladder, steep and tall,
To the highest window in the wall,
Where he paused to listen and look down
A moment on the roofs of the town,
And the moonlight flowing over all.

Beneath, in the churchyard, lay the dead,
In their night encampment on the hill,
Wrapped in silence so deep and still
That he could hear, like a sentinel's tread,
The watchful night wind, as it went
Creeping along from tent to tent,
And seeming to whisper, "All is well!"
A moment only he feels the spell
Of the place and the hour, and the secret dread
Of the lonely belfry and the dead;
For suddenly all his thoughts are bent
On a shadowy something far away,
Where the river widens to meet the bay, —
A line of black that bends and floats
On the rising tide, like a bridge of boats.

Meanwhile, impatient to mount and ride,
Booted and spurred, with a heavy stride
On the opposite shore walked Paul Revere.
Now he patted his horse's side,

Now gazed at the landscape far and near,
Then, impetuous, stamped the earth,
And turned and tightened his saddle girth;
But mostly he watched with eager search
The belfry tower of the Old North Church,
As it rose above the graves on the hill,
Lonely and spectral and somber and still.
And lo! as he looks, on the belfry's height
A glimmer, and then a gleam of light!
He springs to the saddle, the bridle he turns,
But lingers and gazes, till full on his sight
A second lamp in the belfry burns!

A hurry of hoofs in a village street,
A shape in the moonlight, a bulk in the dark,
And beneath, from the pebbles, in passing, a spark
Struck out by a steed flying fearless and fleet:
That was all! And yet, through the gloom and the light,
The fate of a nation was riding that night;
And the spark struck out by that steed, in his flight,
Kindled the land into flame with its heat.

He has left the village and mounted the steep,
And beneath him, tranquil and broad and deep,
Is the Mystic, meeting the ocean tides;
And under the alders that skirt its edge,
Now soft on the sand, now loud on the ledge,
Is heard the tramp of his steed as he rides.

It was twelve by the village clock
When he crossed the bridge into Medford town.
He heard the crowing of the cock,
And the barking of the farmer's dog,
And felt the damp of the river fog,
That rises after the sun goes down.

It was one by the village clock,
When he galloped into Lexington.
He saw the gilded weathercock
Swim in the moonlight as he passed,
And the meetinghouse windows, blank and bare,
Gaze at him with a spectral glare,
As if they already stood aghast
At the bloody work they would look upon.

It was two by the village clock,
When he came to the bridge in Concord town.
He heard the bleating of the flock,
And the twitter of birds among the trees,
And felt the breath of the morning breeze
Blowing over the meadows brown.
And one was safe and asleep in his bed
Who at the bridge would be first to fall,
Who that day would be lying dead,
Pierced by a British musket ball.

You know the rest. In the books you have read
How the British Regulars fired and fled, —

How the farmers gave them ball for ball,
From behind each fence and farmyard wall,
Chasing the redcoats down the lane,
Then crossing the fields to emerge again
Under the trees at the turn of the road,
And only pausing to fire and load.

So through the night rode Paul Revere;
And so through the night went his cry of alarm
To every Middlesex village and farm, —
A cry of defiance and not of fear,
A voice in the darkness, a knock at the door,
And a word that shall echo forevermore!
For, borne on the night wind of the Past,
Through all our history, to the last,
In the hour of darkness and peril and need,
The people will waken and listen to hear
The hurrying hoof beats of that steed,
And the midnight message of Paul Revere.

— Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

bar'rack, house for soldiers; **gren a diers'**, foot soldiers, originally so called because they carried grenades or bombs; **som'ber,** dark; **sen'ti nel,** guard; **im pet'u ous,** eager; **spec'tral,** ghastly; **tran'quil,** quiet; **a ghast'**, horrified; **e merge'**, come out.

1. How long ago did Paul Revere take his famous ride? 2. From what point did he start? Where did he go? Follow his course on your map. How long a ride was it? 3. Where is the Old North Church? Find out if it is still standing. 4. What

was he riding for? At the beginning of what war was this? 5. What is a phantom? Why is the *Somerset* called a **phantom ship**? 6. Why is the ladder **trembling**? 7. What is meant by the night encampment of the dead? 8. What was the **line of black** that the watcher in the belfry saw? How did the British come? Find the answer in the poem. 9. Why is the church steeple called **spectral** and **somber**? 10. Explain the line "The fate of a nation was riding that night." 11. What do the next two lines mean? 12. What did Paul Revere's ride accomplish? Read the lines of the poem that tell us. 13. What does the author mean in the last stanza when he says that in the time of danger Paul Revere's message and the hoof beats of his steed will always be heard? 14. Tell the whole story in your own words.

Spelling. — Study and write from dictation the first five lines.

Pronouns. — I. To whom do the underlined words in the following passage refer? Read the stanza aloud and substitute for the underlined words the name for which each stands.

> And lo! as he looks, on the belfry's height,
> A glimmer, and then a gleam of light!
> He springs to the saddle, the bridle he turns,
> But lingers and gazes, till full on his sight
> A second lamp in the belfry burns.

II. To what does the word **they** refer in the following passage? Read aloud, substituting for **they** the noun for which it stands. Which reads the more smoothly, the version in which you repeat the noun many times, or the one in which some word is used in place of the noun?

> And the meetinghouse windows, blank and bare,
> Gaze at him with a spectral glare,
> As if they already stood aghast
> At the bloody work they would look upon.

Rule. — A word which is used in place of a noun is called a **pronoun.**

III. In the following sentences substitute for the pronouns the nouns for which they stand: --

1. The brook said, "I chatter over stony ways."
2. As **he** approached the village, Rip Van Winkle met a number of people.
3. A wind came up out of the sea
 And said, "O mists, make room for **me.**"
4. Squirrels like to make **their** nests in hollow trees.
5. Little Boy Blue, come blow **your** horn.
6. Sleep, baby, sleep!
 Thy father guards the sheep.
7. The plowman homeward plods **his** weary way.
8. The sea birds screamed as **they** wheeled around.

73

UNION AND LIBERTY

FLAG of the heroes who left us their glory,
Borne through their battlefields' thunder and flame,
Blazoned in song and illumined in story,
Wave o'er us all who inherit their fame!
Up with our banner bright,
Sprinkled with starry light,
Spread its fair emblems from mountain to shore,
While through the sounding sky
Loud rings the Nation's cry, —
UNION AND LIBERTY! ONE EVERMORE!

Light of our firmament, guide of our Nation,
Pride of her children, and honored afar,
Let the wide beams of thy full constellation
Scatter each cloud that would darken a star!

Empire unsceptered! what foe shall assail thee,
Bearing the standard of Liberty's van?
Think not the God of thy fathers shall fail thee,
Striving with men for the birthright of man!

Lord of the Universe! shield us and guide us,
Trusting Thee always, through shadow and sun!
Thou hast united us, who shall divide us?
Keep us, O keep us the MANY IN ONE!

—OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

bla'zoned, ornamented, made beautiful; **il lu'mined**, made bright; **em'blems**, signs — the flag is a sign of the nation, it stands for it; **fir'ma ment**, sky; **con stel la'tion**, group of stars; **un scep'tered**, without a scepter (the staff borne by a king), — that is, without a king; **van**, front; **blight'ed**, withered.

1. Read the poem through. What does the poet tell us about the flag in the first and second stanzas? 2. What heroes are meant (first line)? 3. What songs do you know that "blazon" the flag? Tell some story that you have read about the flag. 4. What is a constellation? What is meant by "the full constellation" in the second stanza? 5. What does "Empire unsceptered" mean? To what empire does it refer? Name an empire that is sceptered. 6. What is the "birthright of man"? 7. To whom does **thou** refer in the fourth stanza. 8. What is meant by **shadow** in the last stanza? By **sun**? 10. Why does the poet call our country the "many in one"?

Pronouns. — Select all pronouns in the following sentences: —

1. Lord of the Universe! shield us and guide us!
2. Think not the God of thy fathers shall fail thee.
3. Up with our banner bright!
4. Thou hast united us, who shall divide us?
5. Amidst the storm they sang.
6. Six days shalt thou labor and do all thy work.
7. Though He slay me, yet will I trust Him.
8. We should be as careful of our words as of our actions.
9. The year is going; let him go.
10. Thrice is he armed that hath his quarrel just.
11. Her voice was ever soft, gentle, and low.
12. She loved each living thing.
13. They toil not, neither do they spin.
14. Here hath been dawning
 Another blue day:
 Think, wilt thou let it
 Slip useless away?

Written Exercise. — Make also a list of the nouns in these sentences.

74

THE BLUE AND THE GRAY

By the flow of the inland river,
Whence the fleets of iron have fled,
Where the blades of the grave grass quiver,
Asleep are the ranks of the dead:
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;
Under the one, the Blue,
Under the other, the Gray.

These in the robings of glory,
Those in the gloom of defeat,
All with the battle blood gory,
In the dusk of eternity meet:
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;
Under the laurel, the Blue,
Under the willow, the Gray.

From the silence of sorrowful hours
The desolate mourners go,
Lovingly laden with flowers
Alike for the friend and the foe:
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;
Under the roses, the Blue,
Under the lilies, the Gray.

So with an equal splendor
The morning sun rays fall,
With a touch impartially tender,
On the blossoms blooming for all.
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;
Broidered with gold, the Blue,
Mellowed with gold, the Gray.

So, when the summer calleth,
On forest and field of grain,

With an equal murmur falleth
The cooling drip of the rain:
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;
Wet with the rain, the Blue,
Wet with the rain, the Gray.

Sadly, but not with upbraiding,
The generous deed was done.
In the storm of years that are fading
No braver battle was won:
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;
Under the blossoms, the Blue,
Under the garlands, the Gray.

No more shall the war cry sever,
Or the winding rivers be red;
They banish our anger forever
When they laurel the graves of our dead:
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;
Love and tears for the Blue,
Tears and love for the Gray.

—Francis Miles Finch.

go'ry, bloody; **des'o late**, lonely; **im par'tial ly**, equally, justly; **up braid'ing**, reproof; **sev'er**, divide.

1. Why is this poem called *The Blue and the Gray?* Which soldiers wore the blue? Which the gray? 2. What is meant by

the "fleets of iron" in the first stanza? by the "inland river"? 3. To which soldiers does **these** refer in the first line of the second stanza? Which soldiers suffered the "gloom of defeat"? 4. Why was the **laurel** over the blue and the **willow** over the gray? 5. Explain the first four lines of the fourth stanza. 6. What generous deed is meant in the sixth stanza? 7. What battle is meant in this stanza. 8. Explain the fourth line of the last stanza. 9. On what day do we decorate the graves of our soldiers? 10. What does the word **sever** mean? In what way did the war sever? What war was this?

75

A VISIT TO A REINDEER CAMP

IT is one of the first days of December. Our watches and a faint streak of light in the south tell us that it is near noon, but the sun is seen no more. It has set for good this year, and some six or seven weeks are to pass before we shall see it again.

In front of the sheriff's residence eight harnessed reindeer are waiting to take us to a reindeer camp about twenty miles off. Although always impatient, the splendid animals seem more so when on the point of traveling. The sleigh, or *pulk* as it is called, seems from its construction to be better adapted to water than land traveling. Cut a low boat in halves, take the stem part and close it behind with a perpendicular sheet of wood, and you have a *pulk*. It is about the length of a man, without any covering whatever, and completely empty, the

driver squatting down in the bottom. As it is, moreover, provided with a keel, it will be pretty clear that it is about as easily managed as a boat on land.

You will wonder why the Lapps use this primitive, and, as it seems, awkward vehicle, which would seem to show that reindeer driving was an invention of yesterday; and it is common for one who uses it for the first time



to make all sorts of suggestions for its improvement. But experience teaches that the Lapps know best what suits their needs, and that the *pulk* ought to remain as it is.

What is most annoying to the stranger is that the *pulk* does not, like the sleigh, travel on runners, but on a little keel, and capsizes, in consequence, at the slightest bump or want of balance on the part of the driver, and that it is drawn by a single trace, and not by shafts. It

follows that the reindeer cannot hold it back when going downhill, and this fact often causes the traveler to come down rather more swiftly than he might wish. Finally, the driver uses only one rein, and therefore has not complete control over the deer.

There are, however, very good reasons why the Lapps prefer their own methods. A sleigh would, for instance, sink far deeper into the loose snow, and be knocked to pieces over rough ground, as they drove through forests and across mountains. The sleigh would capsize quicker than the *pulk*, strange as it may seem, for the latter only capsizes in the hands of an inexperienced driver. The expert has it completely in his power, and understands how to keep it straight by balancing it with the weight of his body in places where a sleigh would be hopelessly upset. Furthermore, a sleigh would become entangled in the branches and underbrush of the forest. The *pulk*, being wedge-shaped, can follow wherever the reindeer can get through, for there is nothing at the sides to offer any resistance.

The eight fur-clad men, of whom I was one, were ready at last. It was to be my first drive in a *pulk*. At the last moment somebody kindly gave me a few hints as to the placing of my body. I got inside, wound the reins around my wrist, and before I had even time to think or look ahead, the whole caravan shot forward, and off we went in the wildest manner, without order, right and

left, the *pulks* swaying to and fro, and seesawing by way of variety on their keels. As the ground was but scantily covered with snow, the movements of the *pulk* reminded me most vividly of a boat in a heavy sea. At one moment two or three *pulks* jolted against each other with the most alarming cracking noise, and at the next they were yards apart.

I knew enough to understand that the secret of driving was to stick to the vehicle. I therefore let reindeer be reindeer, and did my best to accommodate myself to the pitchings of the *pulk* by all the arts of balancing. Although I am at a loss to understand how, I managed to keep my seat, and when the first surprise was past, I began to look around me.

We were speeding along in the most reckless manner and at a terrific rate. I never rode a horse in a steeplechase, but from my slight knowledge of the sport I am prepared to wager that the dangers are as nothing to this daring flight over fields and meadows, uphill, downhill, over bowlders, logs, and streams, without, as it seemed, aim or object. There was no question of guiding — the reindeer appears to select its own course, without the slightest regard for either man or *pulk*. It is, in fact, even for the most expert Lapp driver, only possible to make the reindeer follow a general course; it chooses the road for itself.

After about two hours' driving, which was the most

interesting and exciting journey I ever undertook, we arrived at the place where the Lapp families had settled with their herd. A column of smoke and the barking of a couple of dogs welcomed us to the abode of the Lapp nomads.

— SOPHUS TROMHOLT: *Under the Rays of the Aurora Borealis.*

con struc'tion, the way a thing is made; **a dapt'ed**, fitted, suited; **per pen dic'u lar**, straight up and down; **prim'i tive**, very old; **ex'pert**, skillful person; **steeple-chase**, a race on horseback, over all obstacles, to some distant object, originally, to a steeple; **nom'ads**, wandering tribes.

1. Judging from the first paragraph, in what part of the world is this? Why is there only a faint streak of light at noon here? During what part of the year does the sun not shine? Would you rather visit this part of the world in December or June? Why? 2. Find **Lapland** on your maps. How far north of your own home is it? 3. Make a drawing of a **pulk** from the description given. 4. Describe the peculiarities of traveling with reindeer.

Pronouns. — 1. Write three sentences about the Laplanders, using a different pronoun in each in place of their name.

2. Write three sentences about the Laplander's sleigh or pulk, using a different pronoun in each instead of the word **pulk**.

3. Write three sentences about yourself, using a different pronoun in each in place of your own name.

4. What pronouns can you use in speaking of yourself? In speaking of other people? In speaking of things?

5. Copy the following sentences, and fill in the blanks with pronouns that you might use in speaking to another person: —

(1) —— must wake and call me early.

(2) Where —— treasure is, there will —— heart be also.

(3) Be just before —— are generous.

(4) Hesitate not to perform —— duty.

Fill in the following blanks with pronouns that you might use in speaking of some person or thing.

(1) The village master taught —— little school.
(2) A woman sat in unwomanly rags,
Plying —— needle and thread.
(3) I come to bury Cæsar, not to praise ——.
(4) The evil that men do lives after ——.
(5) All men are at some time masters of —— fate.
(6) Money is a good servant, but —— is a bad master.

76

A VISIT TO A REINDEER CAMP (*Concluded*)

THE "dwelling" of the mountain Lapp has not much in common with what civilized beings mean by this term. There is no question of building, rooms, or roof. The mountain Lapp lives, summer and winter, in snow and sunshine, in his tent. A simple structure of a few long logs raised on end, over these a cover of coarse woolen stuff, or a rough canvas, — this is home.

The tent is conical in shape, and the diameter varies from twelve to sixteen feet. The height is eight to ten feet. At the top is an opening which is window, chimney, and ventilator all in one. Immediately below it is the hearth — always lighted, — on which the food is cooked and by which the tent is warmed. On one side of the tent is a small opening, which may be closed with a door made of canvas.

This narrow apartment, in which one can hardly stand erect, is the dining room, parlor, and bedroom, kitchen and pantry of the whole family. Of furniture there is none. The ground, covered with birch boughs, is chair, table,



cupboard, floor, and bed. In the day the occupants squat around the fire, eating, drinking, or working, and during the night they huddle around it. Undressing at night or toilet in the morning are things unknown to the mountain Lapp. He sleeps all the winter and part of the

summer in his dress, in the winter in skin with the hair inwards. The entire family lives in one small tent; there is no room for proper washing. Even if he were clean, he would in a few moments become dirty from the smoke, soot, and dust.

When a tent is occupied by half a dozen people, there is indeed not much room to spare; the air is filled with smoke, and is, therefore, not what might be called pure, particularly as the tent is shared by three or four dogs.

It is obvious that life in such a tent is not very refined or well regulated. There are no fixed meals, for the members of the family have to take their turns in guarding the reindeer. A large kettle hangs always over the fire, and when a Lapp wants to eat he dips his hand into the pot, and fetches out a choice morsel of meat, which he devours with the aid of the long sheath knife carried by his side, the fingers serving as fork. A visitor to the land of the Lapps must not be too dainty.

The stay of the Lapp in a certain place depends on many things, as, for instance, the richness of the reindeer moss or the presence of wolves; but it is seldom that he remains quiet in the same spot for more than three or four days. Then he can rest no longer, but moves the tent at least a couple of miles away. The goods are gathered together and carried — in the winter in *pulks*, but in the summer, with far greater difficulty, on the back of the reindeer — to the next camping place.

The life of these nomad Lapps is closely connected with the mountain, the desert, and the free open air. Here, only here, is his true home. The blue sky and the mountain air he has breathed from his birth become a necessity to his nature as he grows up. The Lapp passes almost his entire life in the open air, and his tent does not even protect him against the autumn rain, the winter snow, or the spring storms. Sometimes the rain floods his tent or the snow envelops it, and sometimes the wind levels it with the ground. But still the snowy desert is his chosen home, and it is only here that he can be studied and judged with justice.

— SOPHUS TROMHOLT: *Under the Rays of the Aurora Borealis.*

Oral Composition. — Describe the dwelling of the Lapp, and his dress, and tell something about his mode of life.

Written Composition. — 1. Write a short composition on *Traveling in Different Countries*, by means of the reindeer in Lapland; dogs and sledges among the Eskimos; the camel in the desert; the elephant in India; etc.

Select two or three of these methods and describe them. Tell why each is best in the country where it is used.

You might "make believe" that you have taken a trip around the world and have tried these and other curious methods of traveling. Tell which you enjoyed most and why.

Spelling. — Reindeer, animals, experience, sleigh, question, guiding, families, exciting, circumstance, recollections, existence, autumn, height, knowledge, capsize.

77

THE PASSENGER PIGEON

THE passenger pigeon, or, as it is usually named in America, the wild pigeon, moves with great rapidity, propelling itself by quickly repeated flaps of the wings, which it brings more or less near to the body, according to the degree of swiftness which is required. Its great power of flight enables it to pass over an astonishing space in a very short time. This is proved by facts well known in America. Thus, pigeons have been killed in the neighborhood of New York, with their crops full of rice, which they must have collected in the fields of Georgia and Carolina, these districts being the nearest in which they could possibly have procured a supply of that kind of food. As they can digest food entirely in twelve hours, they must, in this case, have traveled between three hundred and four hundred miles in six hours, which shows their speed to be at an average about one mile in a minute. A speed such as this would enable one of these birds, were it so inclined, to visit the European continent in less than three days.

They have also great power of vision, which enables them, as they travel at that swift rate, to inspect the country below, and discover their food readily. This I have also proved to be the case by having observed them, when passing over a sterile part of the country, or one

scantily furnished with food suited to them, keep high in the air, so as to enable them to survey hundreds of acres at once. On the contrary, when the land is richly covered with food, they fly low, in order to discover the part most plentifully supplied.

Their body is of a long, oval form, steered by a long, well-plumed tail, and propelled by well-set wings, the muscles of which are large and powerful for the size of the bird. When one is seen gliding through the woods and close to the observer, it passes like a thought, and on trying to see it again, the eye searches in vain; the bird is gone.

The multitude of wild pigeons in our woods is astonishing. Indeed, after having viewed them so often, and under so many circumstances, I even now feel inclined to pause, and assure myself that what I am going to relate is fact. Yet I have seen it all, and that too in the company of persons who, like myself, were struck dumb with amazement.

In the autumn of 1813 I left my house at Henderson, on the banks of the Ohio, on my way to Louisville. In passing over the Barrens, a few miles beyond Hardensburgh, I observed the pigeons flying from northeast to southwest, in greater numbers than I thought I had ever seen them before, and wishing to count the flocks that might pass within the reach of my eye in one hour, I dismounted, seated myself on an eminence, and began to mark with my pencil, making a dot for every flock that

passed. In a short time, finding the task which I had undertaken an impossible one, as the birds poured on in countless numbers, I rose, and counting the dots then put down, found that one hundred and sixty-three had been made in twenty-one minutes. I traveled on, and still met more the farther I proceeded. The air was literally filled with pigeons; the light of noonday was obscured as by an eclipse; and the continued buzz of wings made me drowsy. Not a single bird alighted, for not a nut or acorn was that year to be seen in the neighborhood. They consequently flew so high that different trials to reach them with a rifle failed; nor did the reports disturb them in the least. I cannot describe to you the extreme beauty of their movement through the air when a hawk chanced to press upon the rear of a flock. At once, like a torrent, and with a noise like thunder, they rushed into a compact mass, pressing upon each other towards the center. In these almost solid masses they descended, and swept close over the earth with the greatest velocity, mounted perpendicularly so as to resemble a vast column, and, when high, were seen wheeling and twisting within their continued lines, which then resembled the coils of a gigantic serpent.

Before sunset I reached Louisville, distant from Hardensburgh fifty-five miles. The pigeons were still passing in undiminished numbers, and continued to do so for three days in succession. The people were all in arms. The

banks of the Ohio were crowded with men and boys, constantly shooting at the pilgrims, which there flew lower as they passed the river. Multitudes were thus destroyed. For a week or more the population fed on no other flesh than that of pigeons, and talked of nothing but pigeons.

— JOHN JAMES AUDUBON: *The Birds of America.*

pro pel'ling, pushing forward; **ster'ile**, barren; **sur vey'**, look over; **com pact'**, pressed together; **un di min'ished**, not made less; **suc ces'sion**, one after another.

1. Compare the rate at which the passenger pigeon travels with the **rate** at which a railroad train goes. How long would it take a **train** to go three hundred miles? 2. How large flocks of birds **have** you ever seen? 3. Describe the appearance of the passenger pigeon. Why do you think it is so called?

Adjectives. — 1. The pigeon flies rapidly. 2. The wild pigeon flies rapidly. 3. The beautiful pigeon flies rapidly.

What information does the second sentence give which the first one lacks? the third?

What work, then, do the words **wild** and **beautiful** do in the sentence? To what word do they belong? To what kind of words — or to what part of speech — do they belong?

She is young. She is small. She is good.

What work do the words **young**, **small**, and **good** do? To what word do they belong? To what part of speech?

Rule. — A word used to describe or to limit the meaning of a noun or pronoun is called an **adjective.**

Use the following adjectives in sentences: —

brave	kind	friendly	tall
funny	old	blue	white
quiet	red	wise	few
high	weak	honest	fifth
sad	clean	two	many

78

THE PASSENGER PIGEON (*Concluded*)

It may not, perhaps, be out of place to attempt an estimate of the number of pigeons contained in one of those mighty flocks, and of the quantity of food daily consumed by its members. The inquiry will tend to show the astonishing bounty of the great Author of nature in providing for the wants of his creatures. Let us take a column one mile in breadth, which is far below the average size, and suppose it passing over us without interruption for three hours, at the rate mentioned above of one mile a minute. Allowing two pigeons to the square yard, we have one billion, one hundred and fifteen millions, one hundred and thirty-six thousand pigeons in one flock. As every pigeon daily consumes fully half a pint of food, the quantity necessary for supplying this vast multitude must be eight millions seven hundred and twelve thousand bushels per day.

As soon as the pigeons discover enough food to entice them to alight, they fly round in circles, viewing the country below. During their flight, on such occasions, the dense mass which they form exhibits a beautiful appearance, as it changes its direction, now displaying a glistening sheet of azure, when the backs of the birds come into view, and then suddenly presenting a mass of rich deep

purple. They then pass lower, over the woods, and for a moment are lost among the foliage, but again emerge, and are seen gliding aloft. They now alight, but the next moment, as if suddenly alarmed, they take to wing, producing by the flapping of their wings a noise like the roar of distant thunder, and sweep through the forests to see if danger is near. Hunger, however, soon brings them to the ground. When alighted, they are seen industriously throwing up the withered leaves in quest of the fallen mast. The quantity of ground thus swept is astonishing, and so completely has it been cleared that the gleaner who might follow in their rear would find his labor completely lost. As the sun begins to sink beneath the horizon, they depart in a body for the roosting place, which not unfrequently is hundreds of miles distant, as has been found by persons who have kept an account of their arrivals and departures.

Let us now inspect their nightly gathering places. I repeatedly visited one of these on the banks of the Green River in Kentucky. It was, as is always the case, in a portion of the forest where the trees were of great size, and where there was little underwood. I rode through it upwards of forty miles, and, crossing it in different parts, found its average breadth to be rather more than three miles. My first view of it was about a fortnight after the period when they had made choice of it, and I arrived there nearly two hours before sunset. Few pigeons were

then to be seen, but a great number of persons, with horses and wagons, guns and ammunition, had already established camps on the borders. Everything proved to me that the number of birds coming to this part of the forest must be almost beyond belief. As the period of their arrival approached, their foes anxiously prepared to receive them. Some were furnished with iron pots containing sulphur, others with torches of pine knots, many with poles, and the rest with guns. The sun was lost to our view, yet not a pigeon had arrived. Everything was ready, and all eyes were gazing on the clear sky, which appeared in glimpses amidst the tall trees. Suddenly there burst forth a general cry of "Here they come!"

The noise which they made, though yet distant, reminded me of a hard gale at sea, passing through the rigging of a close-reefed vessel. As the birds arrived and passed over me, I felt a current of air that surprised me. Thousands were soon knocked down by the pole men. The birds continued to pour in. The fires were lighted, and a magnificent, as well as wonderful and almost terrifying, sight presented itself. The pigeons, arriving by thousands, alighted everywhere, one above another, until solid masses as large as hogsheads were formed on the branches all round. Here and there the perches gave way under the crash, and falling to the ground, destroyed hundreds of the birds beneath, forcing down the dense groups with

which every stick was loaded. It was a scene of uproar and confusion. I found it quite useless to speak, or even to shout, to those persons who were nearest to me. Even the reports of the guns were seldom heard, and I was made aware of the firing only by seeing the shooters reloading.

The pigeons were constantly coming, and it was past midnight before I perceived a decrease in the number of those that arrived. The uproar continued the whole night. Towards the approach of the day, the noise in some measure subsided. Long before objects were distinguishable, the pigeons began to move off in a direction quite different from that in which they had arrived the evening before, and at sunrise all that were able to fly had disappeared. The howlings of the wolves now reached our ears, and the foxes, lynxes, cougars, bears, raccoons, opossums, and polecats were seen sneaking off, while eagles and hawks of different species, accompanied by a crowd of vultures, came to enjoy their share of the spoil.

—JOHN JAMES AUDUBON: *The Birds of America.*

es'ti mate, reckoning; **in ter rup'tion**, stop; **en tice'**, tempt; **az'ure**, blue; **mast**, acorns or other nuts; **glean'er**, one who gathers after the reapers; **dis tin'guish a ble**, able to be seen or heard.

1. Who is meant by the Author of Nature? 2. Find as many instances as you can of the intelligence of these birds. 3. Describe the scene at one of their roosting places. 4. Why are such great flocks of pigeons never seen now?

Spelling: *Words frequently misspelled.*

1. separate.
2. scissors.
3. receive.
4. deceive.
5. believe.
6. besiege.
7. friend.
8. niece.
9. neighbor.
10. government.
11. shepherd.
12. Wednesday.
13. February.
14. business.
15. necessary.
16. Tuesday.
17. college.
18. conquer.
19. errand.
20. prairie.
21. absence.
22. knowledge.
23. similar.
24. courteous.
25. bureau.
26. autumn.
27. ancient.

79

THE GLADNESS OF NATURE

Is this a time to be cloudy and sad,
When our mother Nature laughs around;
When even the deep blue heavens look glad,
And gladness breathes from the blossoming ground?

There are notes of joy from the hangbird and wren,
And the gossip of swallows through all the sky;
The ground squirrel gayly chirps by his den,
And the wilding bee hums merrily by.

The clouds are at play in the azure space
And their shadows at play on the bright green vale,
And here they stretch to the frolic chase,
And there they roll on the easy gale.

There's a dance of leaves in that aspen bower,
There's a titter of winds in that beechen tree,
There's a smile on the fruit, and a smile on the flower,
And a laugh from the brook that runs to the sea.

And look at the broad-faced sun, how he smiles
On the dewy earth that smiles in his ray,
On the leaping waters and gay young isles;
Ay, look, and he'll smile thy gloom away.

— WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

1. Why may we speak of Nature as our mother? 2. Name all the different things in the poem that show joy. 3. What time of year is meant? Find the lines that tell us. 4. What kind of a bird is a hangbird? What is another name for it? 5. What unusual word is used to describe the bee? What does it mean? 6. What does **azure** mean? What is the azure space? 7. What is meant by the **play** of the clouds? 8. What kind of a tree is an aspen? By what other name is it called? The next time you see one, notice how the leaves "dance," even when the leaves of other trees are quiet. Look at the leaf closely, and see if you can find out why it does so. 9. What is a **bower**? What is the **laugh** of the brook? 10. Do you like this poem? What do you like about it?

Grammar. — Find all the adjectives in the following: —

1. The clouds are at play in the azure space.
2. Even the deep blue heavens look glad.
3. The last stanza of *The Gladness of Nature.*
4. A fair little girl sat under a tree.
5. Three fishers went sailing out into the west.
6. This was the noblest Roman of them all.
7. My good blade carves the casques of men.
8. Speak! Speak! thou fearful guest!

9. I was a viking wild.
10. Then out spake brave Horatius.
11. King Francis was a hearty king and loved a royal sport.
12. There went three kings into the East,
 Three kings both great and high.
13. Where the pools are bright and deep,
 Where the gray trout lies asleep,
 Up the river and o'er the lea,
 That's the way for Billy and me.
14. "You are old, Father William," the young man said.
15. Our band is few, but true and tried.
16. All things bright and beautiful,
 All creatures great and small,
 All things wise and wonderful,
 The Lord God made them all.

80

THE CLOUD

I BRING fresh showers for the thirsting flowers
From the seas and the streams;
I bear light shade for the leaves when laid
In their noonday dreams.
From my wings are shaken the dews that waken
The sweet buds every one,
When rocked to rest on their mother's breast,
As she dances about the sun.
I wield the flail of the lashing hail,
And whiten the green plains under;
And then again I dissolve in rain,
And laugh as I pass in thunder.

I sift the snow on the mountains below,
And their great pines groan aghast;
And all the night 'tis my pillow white,
While I sleep in the arms of the blast.
Sublime on the towers of my skyey bowers
Lightning, my pilot, sits;
In a cavern under is fettered the thunder,
It struggles and howls at fits.
Over earth and ocean with gentle motion
This pilot is guiding me,
Lured by the love of the genii that move
In the depths of the purple sea.

That orbèd maiden with white fire laden
Whom mortals call the moon
Glides glimmering o'er my fleecelike floor
By the midnight breezes strewn;
And wherever the beat of her unseen feet,
Which only the angels hear,
May have broken the woof of my tent's thin roof,
The stars peep behind her and peer.
And I laugh to see them whirl and flee
Like a swarm of golden bees,
When I widen the rent in my wind-built tent,—
Till the calm rivers, lakes, and seas,
Like strips of the sky fallen through me on high,
Are each paved with the moon and these.

—Percy Bysshe Shelley.

flail, used in threshing; **dis solve'**, melt; **sub lime'**, grand; **at fits**, from time to time, by fits and starts; **lured**, tempted; **ge'ni i**, spirits; **orb'ed** (in verse, often pronounced as two syllables), round; **woof**, the warp and the woof are the threads used in weaving; **rent**, tear.

1. Who is speaking in this poem? 2. Explain how it brings showers from the seas and streams. 3. Who is the "mother" of the buds? 4. What is a flail? 5. At what time of year does the cloud do the things spoken of in the first stanza? In the second? 6. To what does the poet liken the stars? 7. What is meant by the rivers and lakes being paved with the moon and stars?

Written Composition. — Describe a great storm that you remember — either a rain, hail, or snow storm. Where were you at the time? What damage was done by the storm? What sights did you see?

When you have finished, read it all over, and see if you can improve it by changing a word here and there. Do not use the same words over and over again. Perhaps the following lists will help you.

storm, tempest, hurricane.
blew, howled, roared, shrieked.
big, great, large, tremendous.
force, fury, might, violence.
destroyed, ruined, broke, overthrew, damaged.

81

THE BROOK

I COME from haunts of coot and hern:
I make a sudden sally,
And sparkle out among the fern,
To bicker down a valley;

By thirty hills I hurry down,
Or slip between the ridges,
By twenty thorps, a little town,
And half a hundred bridges.

I chatter over stony ways
In little sharps and trebles;
I bubble into eddying bays,
I babble on the pebbles;

With many a curve my banks I fret
By many a field and fallow,
And many a fairy foreland set
With willow-weed and mallow;

I chatter, chatter, as I flow
To join the brimming river;
For men may come, and men may go,
But I go on forever.

I wind about, and in and out,
With here a blossom sailing,
And here and there a lusty trout,
And here and there a grayling,

And here and there a foamy flake
Upon me as I travel,
With many a silvery waterbreak
Above the golden gravel,



And draw them all along, and flow
To join the brimming river;
For men may come, and men may go,
But I go on forever.

I steal by lawns and grassy plots,
I slide by hazel covers;
I move the sweet forget-me-nots
That grow for happy lovers.

I slip, I slide, I gloom, I glance,
Among my skimming swallows;
I make the netted sunbeam dance
Against my sandy shallows.

I murmur under moon and stars
In brambly wildernesses;
I linger by my shingly bars,
I loiter round my cresses;

And out again I curve and flow
To join the brimming river;
For men may come, and men may go,
But I go on forever.

— ALFRED TENNYSON.

haunts, places much visited (compare a "haunted" house); **coot**, a water fowl; **hern**, heron; **sal'ly**, leap forth; **bick'er**, quarrel; **thorps**, villages; **sharps and trebles**, musical terms; **fal'low**, ground plowed but not planted; **fore'land**, cape.

1. Who is speaking? Compare in this respect with *The Cloud*. 2. What is a **coot**? a **hern**? What does this tell you about the kind of place from which the brook comes? 3. Read the second **stanza**. Compare this place with the one from which the brook starts. What is the difference? 4. What is meant by **fretting the banks**? 5. Find all the different things that the brook sees on its journey. 6. How does the brook make the sunbeams dance? 7. Read a stanza that makes you think the brook is noisy; one that makes you think it is quiet. 8. Select and read aloud the stanza that you like the best of all.

Written Composition. — If you have ever followed the windings of a brook, if you have fished in one, or sailed boats on it, if you have ever dammed the waters of a little stream, or waded in it, tell of your experiences with it. You might call your story *A Brook I Know*.

Adjectives. — Notice the great number of adjectives that Tennyson uses. Select ten of them, and write them with the noun which they limit or describe. Use these same adjectives in sentences of your own with different nouns.

Pronouns and Nouns (*Review*). — What pronoun is repeated many times in the poem? What other pronouns are used? Make a list of the nouns in the first stanza.

82

MY HEART'S IN THE HIGHLANDS

My heart's in the Highlands, my heart is not here;
My heart's in the Highlands a-chasing the deer;
Chasing the wild deer, and following the roe,
My heart's in the Highlands, wherever I go.

Farewell to the Highlands, farewell to the North,
The birthplace of valor, the country of worth;
Wherever I wander, wherever I rove,
The hills of the Highlands forever I love.

Farewell to the mountains high covered with snow;
Farewell to the straths and green valleys below;
Farewell to the forests and wild-hanging woods;
Farewell to the torrents and loud-pouring floods.
My heart's in the Highlands, my heart is not here,
My heart's in the Highlands a-chasing the deer;
Chasing the wild deer, and following the roe,
My heart's in the Highlands, wherever I go.

— Robert Burns.

straths, ravines.

1. Where are the Highlands? 2. Why do you think they are so dear to the writer? 3. Read the lines that tell you something about the scenery of the Highlands.

Oral Composition. — Read the poem again. Notice all the pleasant things the poet recalls about life in the mountains.

Have a class discussion on the subject, Where I had rather spend a summer, — in the mountains or at the seashore.

Divide the class, and have half prepared with arguments in favor of the mountains, the other half ready to state the advantages of the seashore.

Adjectives. — Find all the adjectives in the second stanza.

Fill in the following blanks with adjectives: —

1. Burns wrote —— poems. 2. This poem shows his —— love for his —— home. 3. I am —— and ——. 4. Hark! what a —— cry! 5. —— and —— I sat down to rest. 6. Is your lesson ——? 7. There are —— children in my class. 8. I am —— years old.



83

I REMEMBER, I REMEMBER

I REMEMBER, I remember
The house where I was born,
The little window where the sun
Came peeping in at morn;
He never came a wink too soon,
Nor brought too long a day;
But now I often wish the night
Had borne my breath away!

I remember, I remember
Where I was used to swing,
And thought the air must rush as fresh
To swallows on the wing;
My spirit flew in feathers then,
That is so heavy now,
And summer pools could hardly cool
The fever on my brow!

I remember, I remember
The fir trees dark and high;
I used to think their slender tops
Were close against the sky:
It was a childish ignorance,
But now 'tis little joy
To know I'm farther off from heaven
Than when I was a boy.

— THOMAS HOOD.

1. If you read carefully, you will see that each stanza is about a different thing. About what is the first? the second? the third? 2. Which stanza brings the clearest picture to your mind? 3. Explain the fifth and sixth lines of the first stanza. 4. What words does the poet use to describe fir trees? Are there any of these trees in your neighborhood? If so, look at them, and see if they answer the poet's description — dark and high, with slender tops?

Written Composition. — Can you recall something that you had and enjoyed particularly when you were quite a little child; as your first knife, or your first big doll, or your first book?

Perhaps you will think of something else that you look back upon with great pleasure. Write about the pride and satisfaction you took in it, how you felt when you broke or lost it, etc.

Verbs. — Read this group of words: —

The children —— to one another.

Why is it unsatisfactory? Is there any way of deciding what the children did?

You will see that the word which should tell or assert something about the children is omitted, and so the words convey no meaning to us. If you should write the word **shouted** in the blank space, that word would tell you what the children did, or would

assert something about the children. With what other word that asserts something about the children might you fill the blank?

The words which assert are very important words in the sentence, for the meaning of the whole sentence depends upon them.

In the following sentences which words assert?

1. The woodman spared the tree.
2. The wild bird sang.
3. The branches bent in the wind.
4. The sun shone.
5. The girl reads slowly.
6. I saw a bright star.
7. The little brook flows through the meadow.
8. I hear the chiming of the bells.
9. The swallow twitters in the eaves.
10. The ship sails before the breeze.

Rule. — A word which asserts is called a **verb**.

84

FOUR-LEAF CLOVERS

I KNOW a place where the sun is like gold,
And the cherry blooms burst with snow;
And down underneath is the loveliest nook,
Where the four-leaf clovers grow.

One leaf is for hope, and one is for faith,
And one is for love, you know,
But God put another in for luck —
If you search, you will find where they grow.

But you must have hope, and you must have faith,
You must love and be strong, and so,
If you work, if you wait, you will find the place
Where the four-leaf clovers grow.

—ELLA HIGGINSON.

1. Describe the place where the clovers grow. 2. Notice the expression "burst with snow" in the second line. Which do you think the prettier way of expressing the thought, — as the poet has, or in prose? Why? 3. Tell for what each leaf stands. 4. Read the last stanza carefully. What meaning can you find in it besides the actual finding of four-leaf clovers?

Verbs. — Fill in the following blanks with appropriate verbs.

1. **The** wheel ——. 2. I —— a beautiful rainbow. 3. The **stockings** —— by the chimney. 4. The soldiers —— bravely. 5. **The** tree —— very large. 6. The water —— cold to-day. 7. **The** child —— his toy. 8. I —— a long letter. 9. The river —— to the sea. 10. The sun —— through the clouds. 11. Solemnly —— the village choir. 12. He —— slowly and sadly **away.**



85

THE WHISTLE

When I was a child of seven years old, my friends, on a holiday, filled my pockets with coppers. I went directly to a shop where they sold toys for children; and being charmed with the sound of a whistle that I met by the way in the hands of another boy, I gave all my money for one. I then came home, and went whistling all over the house, much pleased with my whistle, but disturbing all the family. My brothers, and sisters, and cousins, understanding the bargain I had made, told me I had given four times as much for it as it was worth; put me in mind of the good things I might have bought with the rest of the money; and laughed at me so much for my folly that I cried with vexation; and the reflection gave me more chagrin than the whistle gave me pleasure.

This, however, was afterward of use to me; so that often, when I was tempted to buy some unnecessary thing, I said to myself, "Don't give too much for the whistle;" and I saved my money.

As I grew up, came into the world, and observed the actions of men, I thought I met with many, very many, who gave too much for the whistle.

When I saw one too ambitious of court favor, sacrificing his time, his repose, his liberty, his virtue, and per-

haps his friends, to attain it, I have said to myself, "This man gives too much for his whistle."

When I saw another fond of popularity, constantly employing himself in political bustles, neglecting his own affairs, and ruining them by that neglect, "He pays, indeed," said I, "too much for his whistle."

If I knew a miser, who gave up every kind of comfortable living, all the pleasure of doing good to others, all the esteem of his fellow-citizens, and the joys of friendship, for the sake of accumulating wealth, "Poor man," said I, "you pay too much for your whistle."

When I met with a man of pleasure, sacrificing improvement of the mind, and ruining his health in its pursuit, "Mistaken man," said I, "you are providing pain for yourself, instead of pleasure; you give too much for your whistle."

If I see one fond of appearance, or fine clothes, fine houses, fine furniture, all above his fortune, for which he goes in debt, and ends his career in a prison, "Alas!" say I, "he has paid dear, very dear, for his whistle."

In short, I believe that a great part of the miseries of mankind are brought upon them by the false estimates they have made of the value of things, and by their giving too much for their whistles.

Yet I ought to have charity for those unhappy people, when I consider that, with all this wisdom of which I am boasting, there are certain things in the world so tempt-

ing that, if they were put to sale by auction, I might very easily be led to ruin myself in the purchase, and find that I had once more given too much for the whistle.

— BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.

cha grin', shame; **court favor**, the good will of a king and his court; **sac'ri fic ing**, giving up; **at tain'**, reach, get, **es teem'**, good opinion; **ac cu'mu la ting**, gathering.

1. In what way was Benjamin Franklin's experience with the whistle of use to him in later life? 2. How does the miser "pay too much for his whistle"? 3. Find another instance in the story where a person "pays too much for his whistle" without spending any money. 4. Read the last paragraph carefully. Suggest some of the things that might have tempted Franklin again to pay too much for his whistle. 5. Recall a time when you yourself did this. 6. What does the expression really mean? Put the thought into other words and see if you like it as well as Franklin's way of saying it.

Verbs. — Make a list of all the verbs in the following sentences: —

1. He pays too much for his whistle.
2. Time and tide wait for no man.
3. Pride goeth before destruction.
4. The new years come and the old years go.
5. A traveler through a dusty road
 Strewed acorns on the lea.
6. The weary day turned to his rest.
7. The winds roared and the lightning flashed.
8. And lo! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest.
9. With my crossbow I shot the albatross.
10. I bring fresh showers for the thirsting flowers.
11. The small courtesies sweeten life; the greater ones ennoble it.
12. A sunny temper gilds the edges of life's blackest clouds.
13. The plowman homeward plods his weary way.
14. Success follows earnest effort.
15. The glorious sun began its course.

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86

CONTENTMENT

"Man wants but little here below."

LITTLE I ask; my wants are few;
I only wish a hut of stone,
(A *very plain* brown stone will do,)
That I may call my own: —
And close at hand is such a one,
In yonder street that fronts the sun.

Plain food is quite enough for me;
Three courses are as good as ten; —
If Nature can subsist on three,
Thank Heaven for three. Amen!
I always thought cold victual nice; —
My *choice* would be vanilla ice.

I care not much for gold or land; —
Give me a mortgage here and there, —
Some good bank stock, some note of hand,
Or trifling railroad share, —
I only ask that Fortune send
A *little* more than I shall spend.

Jewels are baubles; 'tis a sin
To care for such unfruitful things; —

One good-sized diamond in a pin, —
 Some, *not so large*, in rings, —
A ruby, and a pearl, or so,
Will do for me; — I laugh at show.

My dame should dress in cheap attire;
 (Good, heavy silks are never dear;) —
I own perhaps I *might* desire
 Some shawls of true Cashmere, —
Some marrowy crapes of China silk,
Like wrinkled skins on scalded milk.

I would not have the horse I drive
 So fast that folks must stop and stare;
An easy gait — two, forty-five —
 Suits me; I do not care; —
Perhaps, for just a *single spurt*,
Some seconds less would do no hurt.

Of books but few, — some fifty score
 For daily use, and bound for wear;
The rest upon an upper floor; —
 Some *little* luxury *there*
Of red morocco's gilded gleam,
And vellum rich as country cream.

Thus humble let me live and die,
 Nor long for Midas' golden touch;

If Heaven more generous gifts deny,
I shall not miss them *much*, —
Too grateful for the blessing lent
Of simple tastes and mind content!

— OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

sub sist', exist, live; **vict'ual**, food; **mort'gage**, money lent with a house as security; **note of hand**, a signed promise to repay money; **bau'bles**, worthless finery; **at tire'**, dress; **vel'lum**, a very fine white leather.

1. Read the poem all through. Is it intended to be humorous or serious? 2. What kind of things does the writer ask for, — simple or expensive? Name all the things he wants. 3. How many were the "few" books he wanted? 4. What is the story of *Midas and the Golden Touch*? 5. "Man wants but little here below" is a line quoted from an old poem. Why does the poet use it at the head of his verses?

Grammar. — Tell the part of speech of every word in the following sentences: —

1. Good actions ennoble us.
2. The sea is a jovial comrade.
3. God bless our fatherland.
4. A good cause makes a stout heart.
5. Falsehood is cowardice; truth is courage.
6. Virtue is its own reward.
7. Keep thy heart a temple holy.
8. The violet lifts its calm blue eye.
9. All the lovely wayside things
 Their white-winged seeds are sowing.
10. Cæsar said, "I came, I saw, I conquered."
11. Little I ask; my wants are few.
12. The early bird catches the worm.
13. The result tests the work.

14. Cheerful looks make every dish a feast.
15. A chieftain's daughter seemed the maid;
Her satin snood, her silken plaid,
Her golden brooch, such birth betrayed.

Tell what kind of sentence each of the above is, and give the complete subject, the complete predicate, the simple subject, and the simple predicate of each.

87

THE BLIND MEN AND THE ELEPHANT

A Hindoo Fable

It was six men of Indostan
To learning much inclined,
Who went to see the Elephant
(Though all of them were blind),
That each by observation
Might satisfy his mind.

The First approached the Elephant,
And happening to fall
Against his broad and sturdy side,
At once began to bawl:
"God bless me! but the Elephant
Is very like a wall!"

The Second, feeling of the tusk,
Cried, "Ho! what have we here
So very round and smooth and sharp?
To me 'tis mighty clear

This wonder of an Elephant
Is very like a spear!"

The Third approached the animal,
And happening to take
The squirming trunk within his hands,
Thus boldly up and spake:
"I see," quoth he, "the Elephant
Is very like a snake!"

The Fourth reached out his eager hand,
And felt about the knee.
"What most this wondrous beast is like
Is mighty plain," quoth he;
"'Tis clear enough the Elephant
Is very like a tree!"

The Fifth, who chanced to touch the ear,
Said: "E'en the blindest man
Can tell what this resembles most;
Deny the fact who can,
This marvel of an Elephant
Is very like a fan!"

The Sixth no sooner had begun
About the beast to grope,
Than, seizing on the swinging tail
That fell within his scope,

"I see," quoth he, "the Elephant
Is very like a rope!"

And so these men of Indostan
Disputed loud and long,
Each in his own opinion
Exceeding stiff and strong,
Though each was partly in the right,
And all were in the wrong!

—JOHN GODFREY SAXE.

Try this experiment: let six or eight children close their eyes and feel of some object, irregular in shape, that another presents to each in turn. Then let them describe the object, and see if they come much nearer the truth than the blind men who went to see the elephant.

Summary. — A word used as a name is called a **noun.**

A noun used as the name of a particular person, place, or thing is called a **proper noun.**

A proper noun is written with a capital letter.

A noun used as the name of a class of persons, places, or things is called a **common noun.**

A word used in place of a noun is called a **pronoun.**

A word used to describe or to limit the meaning of a noun or pronoun is called an **adjective.**

A word which asserts is called a **verb.**

Exercise. — Find in the poem five nouns, five adjectives, five pronouns, five verbs.

PRONUNCIATION OF PROPER NAMES

[This list contains all proper names about the pronunciation of which pupils would be in doubt. Diacritical marks are employed as in Webster's dictionaries. Names from *Hiawatha* are, as a rule, omitted. The meter of the verse indicates their accentuation, and the poet has made the spelling represent clearly the vowel sounds. It should be remembered, however, that in this poem accented *u* should be given its long sound (as in *use*).]

Aachen, Ä′-ken.
Aberbrothok, A-ber′-bro-thok.
Abou Ben Adhem, Ä′-boo Ben Ä′-dem.
Admetus, Ad-mē′-tus.
Æetes, Ē-ē′-tes.
Ægean, Ē-jē′-an.
Æolus, Ē′-o-lus.
Aershot, Är′-shot.
Æthiop, Ē′-thi-op.
Agamemnon, Ag-a-mem′-non.
Aix, Āks.
Andromeda, An-drom′-e-da.
Andvari, And′-vä-rē.
Apollo, A-pol′-lo.
Argo, Ar′-go.
Argonauts, Ar′-go-nauts.
Argus, Ar′-gus.
Asgard, As′-gard.
Ashur, Ă′-shur.
Athene, A-thē′-nē.
Avalon, Av′-a-lon.

Baal, Bā′-al.
Baldur, Bal′-dur.
Beau Séjour, Bō Sā-zhour′.
Bedivere, Bed′-i-vere.
Beowulf, Bā′-o-wulf.
Beth peor, Beth-pē′-or.
Blancandrin, Blan-can′-drin.
Bragi, Brä′-gē.
Branstock, Bran′-stock.
Brimo, Brē′-mo.
Brynhild, Brin′-hild.
Busilwater, Bu′-sil-wa′-ter.

Calypso, Ka-lip′-so.
Canute, Ka-nūt′.
Cassiopeia, Kas-si-o-pī′-a.
Centaur, Sen′-taur.
Chalcidope, Kal-cī′-o-pē.
Charlemagne, Sharle′-mān.
Chelron, Kī′-ron.
Circe, Sir′-sē.
Colchian, Kol′-ki-an.
Colchis, Kol′-kis.
Corax, Kō′-rax.
Cordova, Kor′-do-va.
Cyclops (*singular*), Sī′-clops.
Cyclopes (*plural*), Sī-clō′-pēs.

Dromi, Drō′-mē.
Durendal, Du-ren′-dal.

Elihu, E′-li-hu.

Elli, El′-li.
Eurylochus, U-ril′-o-kus.
Excalibur, Ex-cal′-i-bur.

Fafnir, Faf′-nēr.
Faldrun, Fal′-drūn.
Fenrir, Fen′-rēr.
Frey, Frī.
Frigga, Frig′-ga.

Gabriel, Gā′-bri-el.
Gaheris, Gā′-her-is.
Galahad, Gal′-a-had.
Ganelon, Gan′-e-lon.
Gareth, Gā′-reth.
Gawaine, Gä′-wān.
Gessler, Ges′-sler.
Ghent, Gent.
Grane, Grä-ne.
Grimhild, Grim-hild.
Gudrun, Gud-drūn′.
Guenevere, Gwen′-e-vēr.
Gunnar, Gun′-nar.

Hagen, Hä′-gen.
Hardenburgh, Har′-den-burg.
Hasselt, Has′-selt.
Hector, Hec′-tor.
Hera, Hē′-ra.
Hercules, Her′-cu-lēs.
Hermes, Her′-mēs.
Hermod, Her′-mod.
Hesperides, Hes-per′-i-dēs.
Hiawatha, Hē-a-wä′-tha.
Hildebrand, Hil′-de-brand.
Hodur, Ho′-dur.
Hugi, Hu′-gē.

Iagoe, Ē-ä′-goo.
Iliad, Il′-i-ad.
Ilium, Il′-i-um.
Iopa, Ē-ō′-pa.
Ishmaelites, Ish′-mā-el-ites.
Ismarus, Is′-ma-rus.

Jason, Jā′-son.
Joris, Yō′-ris.

Laeding, Lād′-ing.
Laertes, Lā-er′-tēs.
Lamorack, Lam′-o-rack.
Lancelot, Lan′-ce-lot.
Leodegrance, Le-ō′-de-grance.
Linet, Lē-net′.
Logi, Lō′-gē.
Lokeren, Lok′-e-ren.
Loki, Lō′-kē.
Lotus, Lō′-tus.
Lyones, Lī′-o-nes.

Manito, Man′-i-to.
Marco Bozzaris, Mar′-co Bōz-zä′-ris.
Marsilius, Mar-sil′-i-us.
Mecheln, Mek′-eln.
Medea, Mē-dē′-a.
Medusa, Me-dū′-sa.
Menelaus, Men-e-lā′-us.
Merlin, Mer′-lin.
Midas, Mī′-das.
Miolnir, Mi-ol′-nēr.
Moab, Mō′-ab.
Modred, Mōd′-red.

Naegling, Nāg′-ling.
Nausikaa, Nau-sik′-ä-ä.
Nebo, Nē′-bō.
Neckan, Neck′-an.
Niblung, Nib′-lung.

Odin, Ō′-din.
Odysseus, Od-is′-sūs.
Odyssey, Od′-i-si.

Olger, Ol′-ger.
Olympus, O-lim′-pus.
Orpheus, Or′-phūs.

Pallas, Pal′-las.
Penelope, Pen-el′-ō-pē.
Pentecost, Pen′-te-cost.
Persaunt, Per′-saunt.
Perseus, Per′-sūs.
Phæacians, Phē-ā′-ci-ans.
Pharaoh, Phā′-rō.
Phrixus, Phrik′-sus.
Platæa, Pla-tē′-a.
Polites, Po-lī′-tes.
Polyphemus, Pol-i-phē′-mus.
Poseidon, Po-sī′-don.
Potiphar, Pot′-i-phar.

Regin, Rā′-gin.
Roncevalles, Rons-val′.

San Remo, San Rā′-mo.
Saragossa, Sa-ra-gos′-sa.
Sennacherib, Sen-nak′-e-rib.
Shahrazad, Shah-rä-zäd′.
Siegfried, Sēg′-frēd.
Siggeir, Sēg′-gār.
Sigmund, Sēg′-mūnd.
Signi, Sēg′-nē.
Skirnir, Skēr′-nēr.
Skrymir, Skrī′-mēr.
Sleipnir, Slīp′-nēr.
Sulicte, Sū′-li-ōte.

Telemachus, Tel-em′-a-kus.
Thialfi, Thē-al′-fē.
Tongres, Tougr.
Tristram, Tris′-tram.
Turpin, Tur′-pin.

Ulysses, Ū-lis′-sēz.
Utgard, Ut′-gard.
Uther, Ū′-ther.

Valhalla, Val-hal′-lä
Valkyr, Val′-kēr.
Viking, Vī′-king
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Wiglaf, Wig′-laf.

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